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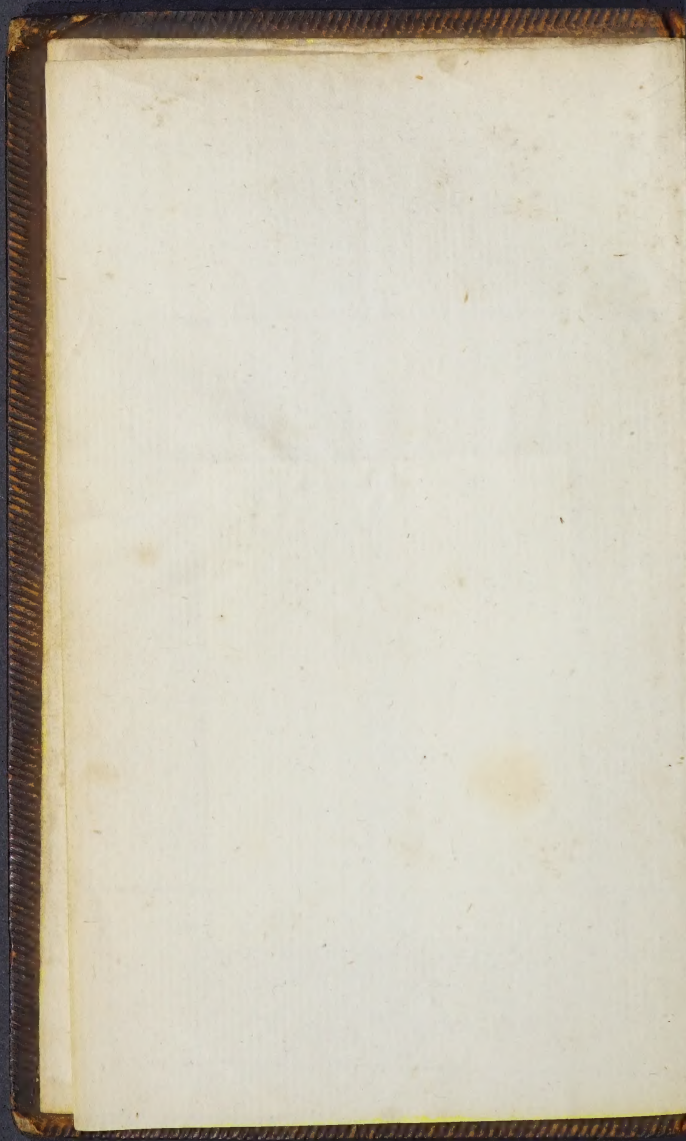


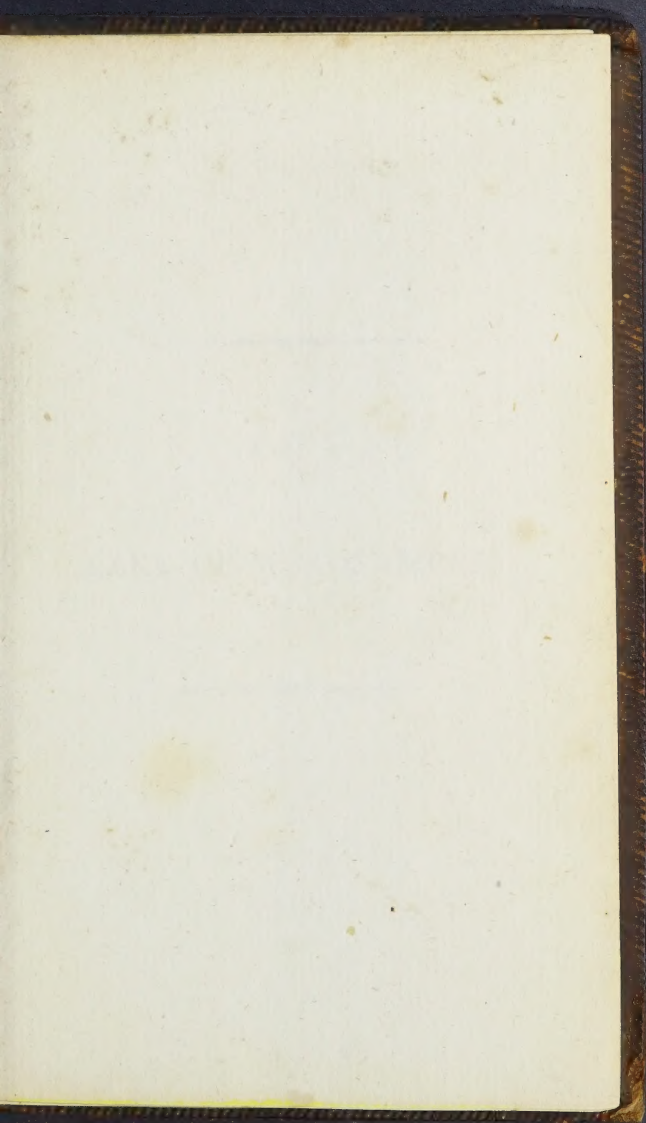
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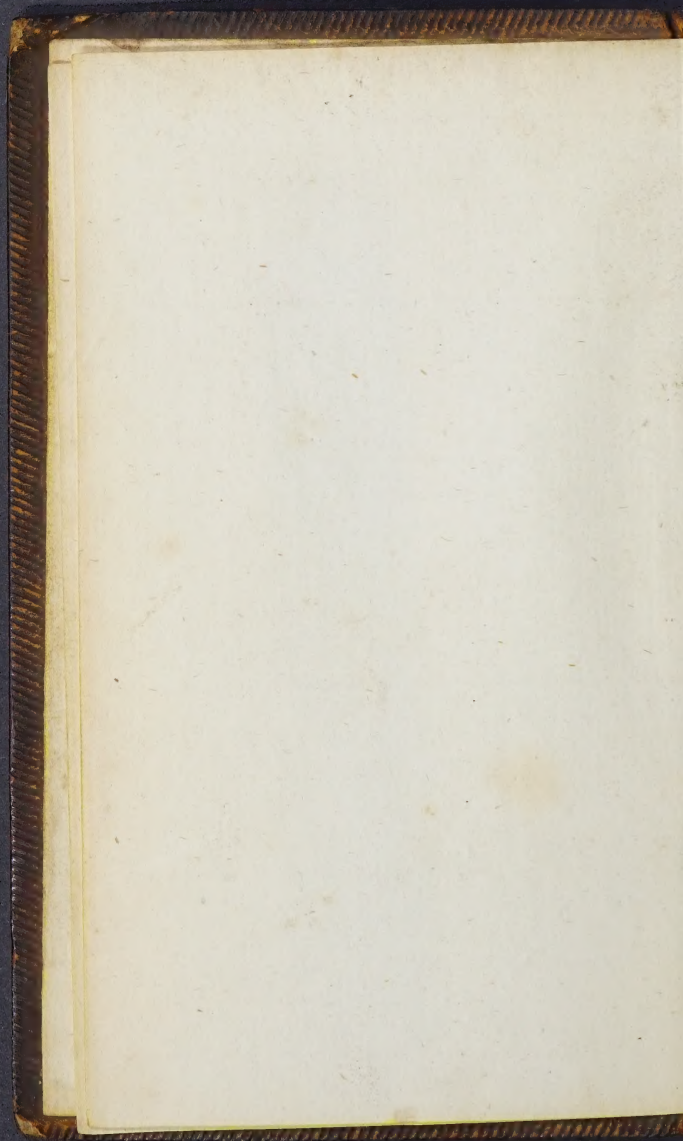
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T H E

LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

THE
LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE
LETTERS OF MARIA.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. LANE,
AT THE
Minerva,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

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THE
LIFE OF WINDHAM

A NOVEL

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

BY THE EDITOR OF THE
LONDON GAZETTE

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PRINTED FOR W. LANE

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OFFICE, ST. MARTIN'S LANE

W. LANE

THE
LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

LETTER I.

MAJOR UMPHREVILLE

TO

EDWARD.

WILL dissipation for a moment pause
in her career? will pleasure for a
moment cease her strenuous strain? and will the
voice of a father be heard? Edward, answer
me. —

I would know what are your pursuits,
and why you have secluded yourself from me
so long.

VOL. I.

B

Edward,

Edward, in your country's cause, *by my side*, I have seen you perform deeds of valour. In the heat of battle, in the press of danger, I marked you well—I had *then* no reason to blush for my son—*Now* I tremble for him. I fear that, in the luxurious lap of ease he is forgetting “*the soldier's occupation.*” Boy, is it so? Is the glory of a long line of illustrious ancestors tarnished, sullied? Edward! Edward!

But I will not indulge ideas that may be unjust—Forgive them, my boy; they are the offspring of anxiety, and parental tenderness. I suspect not the honour of my son; I believe, I know, that he is worthy of the name he bears, and the profession to which he belongs.

My Edward, I long to embrace you—There is something of importance of which I would inform you. Let me therefore see you as soon as possible.

HENRY UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER II.

EDWARD

TO

MAJOR UMPHREVILLE.

COULD my father suspect that I was unworthy such a parent! Could he believe that I had dishonored the actions of his glorious forefathers!—Let him entertain such suspicions no longer.

On the wings of filial affection I hasten to convince him, that he does not deserve them; that he is not unworthy of being the son of such a father; that he has not dishonored the name of

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

B 2

LET-

LETTER III.

EDWARD

TO

CECILIA.

FROM what a dream of happiness were we roused by my father's letter! In the society, in the possession of my charming Cecilia, honor, filial affection, the whole world, were disregarded, and *almost* forgotten. My beloved, why is the draught of such exquisite happiness so small? Why is the honey-fraught cup dashed so soon from our lips? Alas, since my separation from you, I complain of the cruelty of fortune, without remembering that she gave me the possession of my heart's greatest treasure.

Cecilia,

Cecilia, you will blush at my weakness, but I will nevertheless discover it to you.

A thousand adieus had trembled on our tongues. A thousand times I prepared to depart, and as often returned to catch another final adieu, to ravish another kiss from those lips. At length, I summoned all my fortitude, and tore myself from your embraces. Slowly, and with unwilling steps, I had got almost to the end of the delightful vale in which our rural habitation is situated. I turned, and cast

— *One longing, ling'ring look behind.*

Warm fancy painted you *still* in view. I thought I beheld you leaning on the garden gate, and, with straining sight, pursuing me as I measured my career along the vale.— An impulse which I could not resist, made me resolve to bid you once, once more farewell. I had actually got half the length of the vale on my return, when the force of the impulse was somewhat weakened, and

reason had re-assumed her empire over me. The cruelty of wounding your feelings, by a second separation, struck me forcibly, and I resolved to pursue my solitary, comfortless journey.

My Cecilia, a philosopher would smile with contempt at this trivial description of the situation of my heart; but philosophers are unable to discern the finer feelings; and thank Heaven I am not writing to one.

To you, I know, "*trifles light as air*," will be welcome, when those trifles come from Edward.

Adieu, my Cecilia, your letters will be the only alleviations of absence. Be not sparing of them.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER IV.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

STAFFORD, in early infancy we contracted a friendship, an affection for each other, which a more ripened age and maturer judgment have not, I think, decreased; I believe, I know you to be my friend—Oh! Stafford, a heart torn by a thousand contending emotions, flies to you for consolation, and asks of you advice. Will you give the bleeding sufferer comfort? alas! I fear that it is impossible it should ever admit of comfort more! I am going to discover to you a secret, with which you are as yet unacquainted, and which I have hitherto concealed from your knowledge. Pardon me for this first breach of friend-

B 4

ship—

ship—I concealed it only because I feared to incur your censure by a discovery.

Towards the latter end of the unfortunate war with America, in which I served as ensign in my father's regiment, I was ordered out with a select number of men to reconnoitre the adjacent country. I had completed my commission and was returning to the camp, when, in a narrow defile, we were on a sudden attacked by a detachment of the enemy. Unexpected as the attack was, I put my men in proper order, and returned the fire of the foe with effect.

They were posted in a very advantageous situation from which it was necessary to dislodge them, in order to effect our return to the camp. We charged them therefore with fixed bayonets, and an obstinate engagement ensued. Victory at length declared for us and the enemy fled with precipitation. Flushed with success we pursued them to some distance. They took shelter in a house
which

which we surrounded, commanding them to surrender themselves prisoners of war. They refused, and we attacked them fiercely.—After a sharp discharge of our small guns, they consented to lay down their arms and I entered the house with my men to secure our prisoners. In one of the apartments, guess my astonishment to behold a beautiful female, in the deepest affliction, hanging over the body of her mother, who had been wounded by a random shot, and who, to all appearance, was in the arms of death. For a moment I was unable to move. Recollecting myself however quickly, and prompted by humanity and concern for the sufferings of the beautiful female, I advanced to the dying person, and offered her my services. In the greatest grief, the young lady, wringing her hands, exclaimed. “All, all is too late! see! she is dying—my mother, oh my mother!” Roused by the voice and the distress of her daughter, the poor lady opened her eyes and forced them with unutterable fondness on her child. “Assistance

“ance comes too late,” she cried—“My wound is mortal, and I feel that the moment of dissolution is not far distant—For me death has no terrors so exquisite as the idea of leaving my Cecilia without a protector or even a friend.—Alas! when I am gone, as soon I shall be, who, who shall be the guardian of your honour?” “That guardian, madam,” (I replied) is here, and Heaven pour its severest vengeance upon my head if I prove unworthy of my trust.” The eyes of the dying sufferer which were before fixed on her daughter, were now cast languid upon me.—“The drowning, sir,” she said with a feeble voice, “the drowning wretch will catch at straws,—the miserable will feed on hope—I give my Cecilia to your protection, and the curses of a parent fall heavy on you if you betray the confidence reposed in you.

Observing that she approached fast to her end, I attempted to make the young lady leave the room—“What,” she exclaimed,
leave

“leave her—when she is dying—oh no—no—no—“my mother look upon me—bless your daughter—she kneels to receive it.”—“My child, my Cecilia,” replied her mother, endeavouring to raise herself, but in vain, “my child, the Almighty take you under his protection—may he not suffer you to feel the loss of a parent. May he strengthen in your heart the love of virtue, and remember, my Cecilia, remember, tho’ overwhelmed with the most poignant misfortunes, you can never be said to be truly miserable, as long as you pursue the strait road of virtue—and now, my child, my strength decays apace, I must bid you a lasting adieu—The father of us all preserve and bless my”—something more she would have added but her voice was gone—a convulsive motion of body seized her. She screamed, clasped her hands together, and expired. The situation of Cecilia was agonizing in the extreme. For a few moments after the death of her mother she sat looking on the body without uttering a word or

shedding

shedding a tear. At length she sunk upon her knees by the side of her deceased parent beseeching her to look upon her, to speak to her.—Convinced at length that the vital spark was extinguished for ever, she tore her hair, and went into strong convulsions. As my attendance would have been now improper, I gave some few directions relative to the corpse, and left the young lady to the care of two old negroes, her mother's servants.

Having secured our prisoners, I set out with my men on our return to the camp, where we arrived without any further interruption in the evening. I related to my father the engagement we had had, and the death of the lady, but concealed from his knowledge the charge I had undertaken, fearful that it might not receive his approbation.—

Early the next morning I set out for the habitation of my beauteous ward, whom I found recovered from her convulsive fits, but

but still languid and dissolved in tears for her recent loss. In the first flow of grief the voice of friendship is but little heard and regarded. I permitted her therefore to weep without attempting to convince her that grief was ineffectual, and rather increased her tears, by sorrowing with her for the loss of an affectionate tender parent.

The soothing power of time by degrees softened the excess of her sorrow, and at length left only a pleasing melancholy and sweet regret behind.

We began now to turn our thoughts to futurity, and to determine what mode of conduct we should adopt.—Cecilia saw the numberless dangers with which she was surrounded in a country where war and dissolution reigned with all their horrors.

In this dilemma, without much time for deliberation, because it was thought that the army would soon be ordered to strike
their

their tents, and march to a place at a great distance, I proposed that she should throw off the disguise of her sex, which would only subject her to many enquiries and perhaps insults.

The lovely maid blushed deeply at my proposal, to which she seemed at first extremely averse. By arguments, however, I convinced her at length that lesser evils ought to be adopted in preference to greater, and that the measure was absolutely necessary if she valued her honour or her virtue.—She consented to my plan, and I furnished her with every thing necessary to equip her in male attire.

Stafford, never can I forget the sweet confusion with which she received me, when she had first changed her dress—her cheeks dyed with the crimson hue of modesty, her eyes thrown, unwilling to encounter mine, upon the ground. By not appearing however to observe her confusion, she soon recovered

covered from it, and we prepared to set out for the camp.

Her mother had left some valuable jewels and a sum of money far from inconsiderable. —These Cecilia gave into my charge.—A small trunk of female habiliments, she also packed up, and the furniture and other things she bestowed on the two negro servants who had served her long and faithfully.

I would have prevented her from paying a farewell visit to the grave of her mother, but she seemed determined to bestow on it the tribute of a tear. I suffered her to go alone, that she might indulge the full swell of grief,

——— "*the luxury of woe,*"
unobserved and without restraint—

After being absent about an hour she returned, her eyes betraying evident marks of the sorrow in which she had been involved,
but

but more composed than I could have expected.

We set out immediately for the camp, where I introduced her to my father as a young gentleman who had fled from the Americans on account of his attachment to the British cause, and whom I had received into my friendship and protection.

My father received my charge with great politeness, and paid him many compliments on the step he had taken.

In order to avoid the least shadow of suspicion I informed him also that as the young gentleman had brothers who were in the American army, he would thereby be prevented from taking an active part in favour of that party to which he was attached. My father was perfectly satisfied, and I believe never entertained the smallest doubt of the truth of the relation I had given him.

The

The most delicate part of the task now remained, and that was, how I should lodge Cecilia. This, however, I at length affected without wounding her delicacy. My tent was a very large one, and I divided it into two apartments, by a curtain drawn across the middle—My own tent-bed I resigned to her, and with a mattress I made myself a bed on the ground. Fain, however, would Cecilia have prevailed on me to have suffered her to lie on the ground, but this request, it may be easily believed, I would not grant by any means.

Stafford, I was now happy beyond expression. The beauty, the amiable manners of Cecilia stole by degrees upon my heart, and raised a flame there, which the last breath of life will alone be able to extinguish.

After some time, in which I found my passion increase, I discovered it to her, and

VOL. I.

C

was

was blessed with a confession of mutual affection.

The war now drew towards a conclusion, and we thought it most advisable to defer our union till our regiment should be ordered home. This event was not far distant—peace was concluded, and we embarked for England, where, after a short passage, we arrived, my charge pleading in excuse to my father for accompanying us, that after his desertion from the Americans, he could entertain small hopes of living in peace were he to return to them—besides Congress had confiscated the whole of his estate.

Immediately on our arrival in England, I claimed her promise, to which, with blushes, she consented to adhere. We were married, and never man possessed a more lovely bride. Her jewels I converted into cash, with which I purchased her an annuity, in order to provide for her, should any accident,

dent, or the chance of war, deprive her of my assistance. Small indeed was our fortune, but it was sufficient to purchase the necessaries of life. The superfluities and the luxuries we were content to want.

We retired to a sweet little spot in the county of Warwick, whether I informed my father I was going on a visit to a brother officer.

In this retirement, happy as my fondest wishes could desire, we spent three short months, such months, alas, as my future life I fear will not be able to equal.

My father summoned me to London on business of importance, which my foreboding fears told me would overthrow the blissful superstructure I had raised. The second day after my arrival in town, he acquainted me with his intentions.

“ Edward, (he said) you know the small, very small fortune, which has descended to me from my ancestors. The profession of a foldier was but ill adapted to increase it, and few I believe of those who served in America returned without being incumbered with debts—At least, Edward, I did not—The whole of my small fortune is mortgaged, as well as my half-pay, as major. Besides this, I am indebted to a broker in the sum of five thousand pounds for necessaries sent to us both during the continuance of the American war. He has been with me lately, and has dropt hints, that unless his demand is discharged, he shall proceed to extremities. In this situation, my Edward, I look to you, and to you only for relief. You know the friendship that has always subsisted between Mr. Gardon and myself, and the affection he entertains for you. You know also that he has always vowed you should be his son-in-law. His daughter, I believe, will have no objection to you—nay, I have always thought that she entertained a partiality

riality for you—you might easily obtain her hand, and her immense fortune would not only pay off the mortgages on the estate of our ancestors, but restore our family to its ancient splendor. Edward, you are silent—What say you to my plan ?”

An earthquake would not, I am sure, have struck me with such astonishment as my father’s speech—my knees knocked together—my cheeks turned pale, and a cold sweet burst from every pore. I saw my father anxiously expected an answer, and with great difficulty I stammered out, that I wished to be allowed two or three days before I gave my final determination. To this he willingly assented.

Oh, Stafford, Stafford, what can I do ? I cannot accede to my father’s plan because united to my Cecilia, and yet, that the author of my being should be dragged to a loathsome prison—’Tis dreadful !—horrible ! Whether shall I turn for comfort ?—Friend

of my heart, to you my soul flies for consolation and advice—give them, Oh, give them quickly—I have but a few days to delay—My final answer will soon be expected—Stafford, what must that final answer be?

ED. UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER V.

CECILIA

TO

EDWARD.

THE weary traveller pursuing his journey with not a star to guide him on his way, if perchance some distant hospitable light appear, how does his bosom glow with pleasure and with joy!—Such a sensation did your Cecilia feel when the letter from her Edward was brought—And yet, infinitely

nitely welcome as it was, you do not tell me in it when you will return—You do not acquaint me why your father sent for you—Oh, Edward, if I thought you wanted any inducement to hasten back to your sweet retired habitation, I would tell what improvements I have made since your departure—that I have just received from London some books, which I had heard you admire, and which I immediately sent for.—These I have ranged in proper order in the little parlour, which I shall henceforth distinguish by the appellation of your Study, and where I shall hope to receive from you many a lesson on those subjects, with which I am so superficially acquainted. Edward, I am sure, I shall be an apt scholar to you; and that, under such a master, I shall not fail to improve—Hasten back, then, and let me begin.

While you are absent, I cannot make myself easy—I wander about from room to room, and can remain for any length of

time only in that room where your portrait is hung.

Tho' I cannot expect your return quite so soon, yet I walk every evening to the end of the vale, and to the public road, fondly flattering myself, that I may *possibly* meet you. After loitering some time, I return, and with sensations, I must confess, of grief and disappointment.

Edward, you will without doubt smile at my folly. I give you leave with all my heart, and shall be glad to hear that I have created a smile, even tho' it should be at my weakness. When you know that all my happiness is centered in you, that I exist only in possession of your company and conversation; I am sure, my Edward, you will not, longer than may be absolutely necessary, absent yourself from the arms of your faithful

CECILIA.

LETTER VI.

EDWARD

TO

CECILIA.

MY Cecilia, I beg you not to be uneasy at my absence—Be assured I will return as soon as possible—but my father's affairs are deranged, and I am entirely engaged in putting them in order—Grieve not, my Cecilia, the time will come when—Oh, when we shall be happy, and be separated no more.

EDWARD.

LET-

LETTER VII.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

STAFFORD, why have I not heard from you? why have you remained silent on a subject of such importance? I will suppose that you have not received my letter—and yet that cannot be: Are you then offended with me? Oh, forgive and advise me! To-morrow is the day on which my father expects my final answer—To-morrow! What must I say to him? Must I tell him that I am married—Oh, God! into what misery would the discovery plunge him! Should I not see him dragged to a loathsome prison, where, in all human probability, he would groan out the sad remainder of his days! What a horrible, dreadful

dreadful prospect! And yet if I should consent to his wishes, what grief would my poor Cecilia experience!—Would she not sink overwhelmed with sorrow and affliction?—Oh, Stafford, Stafford, when I behold my father's countenance, on which grief and anxiety are so apparent—when he looks at me, and seems to say, “My son, your father throws himself upon you for what is dearer to him than life, for his liberty,” my very heart strings are torn asunder.

Earliest friend of my soul, again I beseech you to direct me, and that you may be convinced of what consequence your advice is, I dispatch this by a special messenger, who will bring me back your answer.

EDWARD.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

CECILIA

TO

EDWARD.

MY Edward, why did you not tell me before that your father's affairs were deranged? Why did you keep the secret from me? Were you afraid of confiding it to your Cecilia?—Oh, no, no—I know my Edward's gentle nature too well—He feared to wound her feelings by the intelligence—I have sent this note by express—Perhaps my annuity would be of use to your father in the settlement of his affairs. If it would, let it be sold directly. What, shall Cecilia refuse to submit herself to the storm that hangs over the head of her Edward's father?

CECILIA.

LET-

LETTER IX.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

HOW unfortunate, Stafford, that you were absent from Cambridge when your presence was so particularly necessary. You do not return till to-day—Alas! now all advice will be too late—I have given my irrevocable consent. The die is cast, and I am doomed to be a wretch for ever. I went yesterday to my father's principal creditor to endeavour to soften him—The task was fruitless; I found him inexorable, cruel, a very man of the world. I returned disconsolate to my father—he was in his study—I entered rather suddenly—He was sitting in a melancholy attitude, and I perceived

ceived a fear upon his cheek. Oh, Stafford, to see an old man weep is at all times wounding to sensibility—but for a son to behold his father shedding tears at the severity of his fate, is a sight too affecting for the powers of language to describe. — “Well, Edward, (said my parent) have you thought on the subject I mentioned to you—Shall I end my days in a prison?” “Oh, God forbid, Sir,” (I replied.)— “Then you consent to my wishes.” I had gone too far to recede. The melancholy situation in which I had found him, banished even Cecilia from my mind. I replied that his happiness preceded every other consideration, and that—Oh, Stafford, I acceded to his request.

His countenance immediately underwent a change. He grasped my hand, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, intreated the Almighty to pour down blessings unnumbered upon my head. Alas! I fear that his petition

tion will be ineffectual. My peace is lost for ever.

This afternoon I was introduced to my future bride, who paid me more attention than she received in return from me, and, who by her behaviour, convinced me that the match would not be against her inclination. For the two parents, they appeared happy in the extreme, and from their being closetted together for some time, I judge every thing is finally settled.

Oh, my poor Cecilia, what hast thou done to deserve this ?

EDWARD.

LET-

LETTER X.

EDWARD

TO

CECILIA.

THANKS to my generous Cecilia for her offer—but I must not accept it—what?—leave my beloved destitute of support should any accident happen to me? Impossible. Besides, my Cecilia, my father's embarrassments are to such an amount, that your annuity would be of little avail. Sorry am I to inform you, that I am unable to fix any time for my return.—In such a situation are my father's affairs, that they will take up a great length of time before they are properly adjusted. Cecilia, you can easily suppose how ill I support my absence from the beloved of my heart, but
when

when my father calls upon me, surely I ought to obey the summons.

I have sent you some books which will amuse you, and beguile the tedious hours of separation—Think of me often, my Cecilia, and believe me to be always your affectionate husband.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER XI.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

TO-MORROW is the day fixed for our nuptials: What preparations are making for them! How grand! Alas! no delight does this splendour afford me! How

VOL. I.

D

infinitely

infinitely more happy should I be in the possession of my humble cot and my Cecilia. But it must not, must not be—Every countenance wears smiles of joy but mine—Mine, alas ! cannot wear a pleasure which does not proceed from the heart. My father and Mr. Gandon look so important, and my future bride so pleased, that I almost wish I could learn the task of dissimulation. To-morrow ! To-morrow tears me from Cecilia for ever, ever—Gracious God !—I shall not be able to endure it—What ? give my Cecilia to endless misery and wretchedness—my Cecilia, who was consigned to my care with such a charge—It shall not be—I will discover the secret immediately to my father—My father ! alas, what will then be his sufferings ! Will not a prison be the result of my discovery, and can I be happy while the author of my existence is groaning beneath the horrors of a deprivation of liberty ? Oh, no—no—Stafford. The die is cast—my father must be relieved, and

I consent to surrender every pretension to happiness and peace in this world.

Farewell, my dear friend—May you never, never know what kind of sensation that is which springs from a certainty of eternal misery.

EDWARD.

LETTER XII.

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD

TO

EDWARD.

I AM just returned to Cambridge, and have but this moment finished reading several letters from you. Edward, for God's sake, if it be not too late, recede—Consider what you are doing, that you are

D 2

violating

violating every law, human and divine.—Would to Heaven that I had received your letters sooner—I might then have prevented the fatal step—Perhaps I may not be now too late—I have dispatched this by an express, that if the die be not already cast, it may not be cast at all.

HUGH STAFFORD.

LETTER XIII.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

IT is indeed too late. The indissoluble knot is tied, and I received not your's till an hour after the ceremony had been finished. What were my sensations while the clergyman was performing it! I trembled

bled like an aspen-leaf—and when these words were pronounced, “*If any man can shew any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together,*” a cold sweat burst from every pore. I was more than once tempted to discover the secret of my former marriage, but the consequences that my father would experience from such a mode of conduct deterred me, and the priest performed his office. The fortune of the young lady is immense—One hundred thousand pounds were paid down immediately after the ceremony, out of which a settlement of one thousand pounds a year is made on the bride. Mr. Gandon is supposed to be worth as much more, which, at his death, will of course come to his daughter.

Stafford, you will ask how the match was so soon concluded—I will tell you.—My father and Mr. Gandon were school-fellows—They contracted a friendship for one another, and at that early age resolved, if they should marry, and the one had a girl and

D 3

the

the other a boy, to unite them at a proper age. Mr. Gandon, who pursued the path of commerce, was more successful than my father, nevertheless he still adhered to his promise, and soon after my father arrived from America, reminded him of it.

The embarrassments under which my father laboured are already settled, the mortgages paid off, and the debt due to the broker paid. I could not help bestowing on the latter a severe sarcasm for the flinty materials of which his heart is composed. The wretch seemed very little sensible of the satire, and the idea of having obtained the payment of his debt, made him insensible to every thing besides. Good God! that there should be wretches in the world whose love of gold should absorb every other consideration.

From this subject, I turn to one more grateful, yet more afflicting—to my Cecilia—Alas! how must I conduct myself to her;

I cannot discover my marriage—impossible—
It would, I am sure, produce a fatal effect—I
must conceal the secret carefully—and yet
should she, by any means, discover it? Oh,
God, how wretched has filial obedience
made me, or rather how miserable am I
rendered by not entrusting my father with
the secret while I was in America.

Oh, Stafford, Stafford, on you my soul
relies for comfort in my affliction, if any
thing can alleviate the sorrows that rend the
heart of

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER XIV.

CECILIA.

TO

EDWARD.

I TROUBLE you with letters, my Edward, without having any thing material to acquaint you with. But it is a relief to me to write to you, and it affords me more pleasure than books or any thing else. When I look back on the day of departure, I find you have been absent from me near a month. What a length of time! Nothing would have been able to have supported me during this tedious separation, but the knowledge that my Edward is employed

ed in the concerns of his father. I should indeed be unworthy of his affection if I were so selfish as to wish him to neglect them. Nevertheless, my Edward, it cannot be wrong to desire you to dispatch them as soon as possible, that Cecilia may again be blest with your presence. Thanks for your last present of books. I have read some of those which were marked, as having received your particular approbation.—The observations I have made on them, I will not communicate to you, till you return—Oh, blest period! when, when wilt thou arrive?

CECILIA.

LET-

LETTER XV.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

BEFORE I quitted America, I wrote to congratulate you on the prospect of peace, and to rejoice with you in the idea that war and dissolution would no longer stalk over your native fields, "with ruin in their train." I related to you the death of my mother, and the generous protection I received from a British officer. Oh, Eliza, to that officer I am now united by a tie the most binding, the most dear.

Whatever

Whatever you can imagine of happiness—whatever ideas you may form of an enviable situation—such ideas will not surpass the felicity which belongs to the lot of your Cecilia.—Happy in the possession of the most tender husband, the most faithful friend—blest with a moderate competence, and with that retirement which it has always been my wish to possess, what can I wish in addition to my present lot? Eliza, when I take a view of the morning of my life, how different is it from the present!

I remember that my father, long pressed by misfortunes in his native country, collected the small remnant of his shattered fortune, and transported himself, with my brother, my mother, and myself, then very young, to America—that he experienced numerous difficulties before we were peacefully settled in the possession of a small plantation, which he at first hired. Meeting with success, he afterwards purchased it, and in the very moment when he was raising to himself a large fortune,

fortune, the American war broke out. In that contest so fatal to the lives and fortunes of thousands, he joined the forces of Great Britain, (after converting as much of his effects into money as the shortness of the time would permit) and lost my brother, then but sixteen years of age, with him.—They fought for their country, and they fell.—With the sequel you are already acquainted.

Now, how changed the prospect!—I look around me, and behold no more the effects produced by the blasting hand of war, desolated fields, and deserted plains—wives lamenting the loss of husbands—children deprived of parents—fathers mourning for sons—or maidens pining for the loss of those to whom they had given their virgin vows.—These, the certain consequences of war, are no more the objects of my sight. Here I cast my eye around, and the blessings of peace are apparent every where—fields, rich with the golden grain—meadows on which vast herds
of

of cattle feed without dread or danger—husbandmen surveying the rich earth, nor fearing that the hand of war will render their labours useless, or spread desolation o'er their plains. These are thy blessings, Peace! These the enjoyments derived from thee! Thou art the parent of every pleasure!—Beneath thy gentle reign, Genius raises her head with confidence, and receives from thee security and support!—Commerce lives but in thy smiles! And all the Arts and Sciences droop without thy assistance!

Eliza, you have once experienced the miseries of war—You feel now the blessings of peace—To you, therefore, this tribute to the gentle maid will not, I know, be disagreeable. From this retirement, where I mix not with the world, I have no news to send you. That superlative happiness, however, is the lot of your Cecilia, will, I know, be all the news Eliza will wish to hear.

CECILIA UMPHREVILLE.

LET.

LETTER XVI.

LETITIA

TO

ELEANOR.

THAT you have not heard from me for such a length of time has been no fault of mine. Why, Eleanor, what do you think I have been doing? Don't be alarmed, my dear, only tying myself up—What? attempting to hang yourself? Me thinks you exclaim—No—guess again—tying myself up in matrimony? You have hit the mark—'tis very true indeed; I wonder I survived it. To be sure the man is tolerable—is tall, has good eyes, decent teeth,
and

and legs not quite so straight as drumsticks. But the deuce is in the man; he never trusts his mouth with a smile. Now, I vow, the wretch has some bad teeth he wants to hide—faith I have a good mind to tell him so. By the bye, I hate my own name—Um-phre-ville—I have divided it in such a manner that you may spell it without hesitating. Now, I dare say, you never heard of such a name, nor I neither, before—I told my good father-in-law so, and that I thought it a very ridiculous one. My dear, replied the Major, we can boast of many eminent men for our ancestors, and can trace our family as far back as the conquest, and down the good man brought a folio history of England. William de Umphreville, in Henry the first's reign, was knighted for his gallant deeds. His son Roger—Oh, Lord, Sir, I exclaimed, I beg your pardon, but I cannot stay a moment longer—I must go and give my maid some orders—Another time, Sir, I shall be glad to climb up the whole family-tree with you. My husband

was out when this same conference happened, but in the evening, when we had all assembled together, I resumed the debate—Spouso was, as usual, *en penseroso*. I addressed myself to him—My Lord!—The man stared—What do you stare at? A'n't you my Lord and master to my sorrow? The wretch bowed and smiled faintly. I continued my discourse. Pray, my Lord, what do you think of this same name of your's—I declare I don't like it at all—I have been telling your father so, but I can't get him to be of my opinion. *Gandon*—there's some sense in that name. *Gandon* doubtless is derived from *Gander*, whence comes *Goose*. But *Unphreville*—there's no giving a guess where it came from: It is non-descript, or a kind of amphibious name, neither belonging to earth, air, fire, or water. I stopped a little in order to see if I could provoke a dispute; but not a man of them spoke:—they all laughed at me. I told them they were afraid to enter the lists, and to induce them to an altercation, I petitioned my husband

husband to procure an act of Parliament for changing his name. I thought I saw a bit of a frown from on the brow of the good Major. I was glad of it, and resolved to proceed. Now, my Lord and master I will draw up the act myself. The preamble shall run thus: "Whereas *Umphreville* is acknowledged by every one to be a mighty outlandish name, and is besides very difficult to pronounce, it is thought expedient to alter it. But as some of the family (and I looked at the Major) are rather fond of it, because it can be traced as high as William the Conqueror, it is judged proper not to abolish the name entirely, but to preserve a part: It is therefore enacted, that from and after the passing of this act, the name of *Umphreville* be changed for that of *Umph*, whereby the first syllable will be preserved." The Major, notwithstanding he looked somewhat serious before, could not preserve his gravity when I started the idea of calling him Major *Umph*, but burst out into a fit of laughter, in which he was joined by

my father, and even that piece of dulness my husband.

I had had my whim, and therefore tormented them no longer, but I request when you write to me again, that you will inclose your letter in a cover, and direct the inclosure to Mrs. Umph. It will be a joke, and afford me some sport—*Apropos*, I had almost forgot to tell you, that we are going to pay a visit to the old family-seat of the Major in Worcestershire. Adieu.

LETITIA UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

EDWARD.

TO

CECILIA.

MY Cecilia can never be troublesome. Her letters are the sole consolation, the only comfort I have. But she does not tell me how she is in health—I fear, my love, you pine in my absence, and that you are not so well as I could wish. I cannot Cecilia, support the pangs of absence. My thoughts are fixed solely on you—I think of you always. In some fond dream, when fancy roves without restraint, I imagine myself at our sweet retreat—that I am enjoying the delightful prospect of nature with my Ceci-

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lia—

lia—that I hear the sweet music of her voice, and am completely happy. The dear delusion lasts but a short, short time—I wake, and wake to certainty, and to misery. Does my love ever dream of her Edward? Does he ever employ her sleeping thoughts? Does she feel what it is to wake, and find that her Edward is many, many miles distant. But I make you, Cecilia, uneasy—I do not teach you to support the moments of separation without repining. But how can I teach a lesson to another of which I am not yet master myself?—Adieu, my Cecilia, know always that I love you tho' thousands of miles were to divide us.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD

TO

EDWARD.

YOU ask me, my Edward, for consolation. What consolation can I give you? You are deprived of the woman you love—you are supposed to be united to one to whom you cannot bestow your heart. Edward, I tremble at what you have done.—I would not wound you, but it is necessary to tell you those consequences, which perhaps you do not as yet see. No law can justify your present union. You have been before united according to the forms prescribed by the church. There can be no objection

E-3 made

made to the first marriage: — It cannot be set aside. Should you have children by this second marriage, they cannot inherit the fortune you enjoy in right of your wife, because they will not be the legitimate children of your body. To what a dilemma are you reduced! To discover the secret of your first marriage will plunge you into everlasting ruin, and materially injure your character. The only expedient that remains is silence, and a careful concealment. Oh, Edward, would to Heaven I had been in Cambridge before this step had been taken. I have a strong foreboding that it will indeed be a fatal one. That it may not is the wish and the prayer of your sincere friend,

HUGH STAFFORD.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

STAFFORD, I know full well the dreadful delima in which I am involved—I know, that should I have children by this second marriage, they will be illegally born. I feel, Oh, I feel indeed all the misery of my situation. But will the step I have taken admit of no justification. God knows I did not seek this second union. Small as our fortune was, I could have lived with my Cecilia with more, infinitely more happiness than I do now, possessed of wealth

E 4 unbounded.

unbounded. But my father—could I see him sinking beneath the load of affliction? Could I behold the tear trickle down his aged cheeks, and not endeavour to wipe it away? Could I know that a prison would be his future habitation, and not stretch out my arm to relieve him. Oh, God! Oh, God!—how bitter are my sufferings!—how exquisite my misery!

Wherever I turn, horror stares me in the face. When the daughter of Mr. Gandon, by her playful behaviour and her affectionate gaiety, endeavours to please and amuse me, my reason almost forsakes me to think that I have wronged her, and that she possesses no claim to the title of my wife.

On the other hand, when in the moment of solitude I represent to myself my beloved Cecilia—when I think that even now she may be pouring forth prayers to Heaven for my welfare—that she may be expecting my return, and doing a thousand little things to surprise

surprise and delight me, when she sees me again, my brain is on fire, and I am almost distracted. Stafford, Scafford, what a situation is mine! Life can afford me no comfort. Oh, God! Oh, God! pardon the transgressions of

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER XX.

CECILIA

TO

EDWARD.

EDWARD, your last letter has alarmed me infinitely. I perceive by it that you are not well—that you are uneasy and unhappy. For God's sake, my dear Edward, tell me. Has any event happened

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with

with which you are afraid to acquaint me? Let me know all, I entreat you. Have not I a right to share your sorrows, as well as your joys? I imagine a thousand dreadful things—figure to myself my Edward sinking beneath accumulated woes—I fancy he wants a comforter to sooth his sorrows, and whisper peace to his breast. I can bear the separation no longer. Suffer me to see you, if but for a day, that I may know whether my prelagings fears have any foundation.

The Father of all take my Edward into his protection.

CECILIA.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

LETITIA

TO

ELEANORA.

UMPHREVILLE CASTLE.

WELL, here we are in this, the ancient mansion of the Umphrevilles — ancient enough, o' my conscience! — During the whole of our journey hither, the Major, so pleased and so happy, conversed on no other subject but the antiquity of his castle, and the solemn awe with which he was inspired when he entered this abode of his forefathers. Now, I have a mortal hatred to family pride, and a long roll of ancestors. I told the Major I disliked

musty old bones, and thought him very cruel not to suffer them to sleep in peace.—The musty old bones, I thought, stuck in his throat a little—However I would gratify my whim. Lord, my dear Sir, what signifies all this fuss about one's ancestors. I dare say, notwithstanding the grandeur of the Umphrevilles, some of them were bakers or butchers, or perhaps good fat ignorant Aldermen. The Major, as I expected, looked *enragée*. Bakers and Butchers, madam? Aye, my dear Major, and a'n't they of more real use than a parcel of folks, whose sole employment was to murder their fellow creatures? Now, for my part, I am very glad that my grandfather was a grocer—I am sure I ought to be thankful that he was no hero.

Now, Major, you know that the greatest men in all ages have laughed at this same pride of birth? The witty *Prior*, in his own epitaph, says,

Nobles

*Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Stuart and Nassau claim higher?*

What do you think of those two last lines, Major? — A'nt they excellent? — By this time we were arrived at the end of our journey, and were desired to alight. The first object that struck my sight was an immense draw-bridge, and a frightful moat. Where are we going, for Heaven's sake? Why, this is exactly like the entrance to a prison. You will find some difference, my dear madam, replied old dignity. With seeming fear I laid hold of my spouse's arm, and walked over the draw-bridge. A large pair of gates were opened by a servant — What frightful fellow is that, Ned? — he looks like one of the cyclops. He is an old servant, who has been in the family many years — my father has a great respect for him. Oh, I don't doubt it. I think there is an amazing resemblance between them.

Edward

Edward smiled, and we walked on. We were conducted thro' a large hall, which had a venerable appearance indeed. I called it an old barn, loud enough for the Major to hear: However he took no notice. At the end of the hall two folding doors were thrown open, and the Major handed me into a large parlour floored and wainscotted with oak, the windows Gothic, and on every one of them the arms of the family painted. Round the room were hung several whole length portraits, which I was informed were all Umphreville's. I thought so, my dear Major; there certainly is a family squint, which has been handed down, I suppose, from William the Conqueror.— After we were seated, the servants were all summoned into the parlour, and introduced to me, their new mistress. These I received very graciously, and when I had dismissed them out of the room, I congratulated the Major on his choice, as all of them possessed a strong likeness to the Umphreville family,

mily, to which, I supposed, even they might be collaterally related.

The Major smiled graciously, and hoped his servants, whether related to the Umphreville family or not, would conduct themselves in such a manner as to receive my approbation. The answer pleased me, and I was resolved to let him alone for the whole evening. Now, Eleanora, what with rambling over the castle and the grounds belonging to it, I am quite tired. The story of my peregrinations, therefore, must be the subject of another letter.

LETITIA UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

CECILIA

TO

EDWARD.

I AM more and more distressed. I have had the most frightful dreams imaginable, and though I place not much confidence in them, the continuance of them has infinitely alarmed me. My Edward, tho' I wrote to you but a few days ago, I cannot forbear writing again; I know something has happened to you—you are ill—you are unhappy. Suffer me to come and attend you. You must not refuse me, unless you would send me to my grave. My sweet rural habitation is become odious and disagreeable. What, what are delightful prospects,

pects, enchanting views, when the heart is not at ease!—Send me, Edward, an answer instantly, and again, again I entreat you to let me come and attend you. Have you not often told me that I was able to alleviate every sorrow, and to lighten every care.—If you told me true, you will not, will not, refuse my request.

CECILIA.

LETTER XXIII.

EDWARD

TO

CECILIA.

I CANNOT resist the intreaties of my Cecilia; She pleads so powerfully that I should be void of feeling if I refused to accede

cede to her request. Not many hours after you receive this short note, expect to be folded in the arms of your enamoured

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER XXIV.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

I ACQUAINTED you with our journey to Umphreville Castle. I had ordered all letters directed to me to be sent thither. I received two from my Cecilia—they were full of apprehensions for my health, and contained suppositions that some secret grief preyed upon my mind. The gentle fair

fair one wished to see me. She entreated me to permit her to come to town, and attend me. This would have been highly improper. There was no alternative but to pay her a visit. I made an excuse that some particular business required my attendance in town, and hastened to her.

Stafford, Stafford, how did I execrate myself for my second marriage when she flew into my arms, and then dropping on her knees, returned thanks to Heaven for her present felicity. By Heaven I could not restrain the tear—It would burst from my eye in spite of my endeavours to prevent it—Fortunately Cecilia did not perceive it. After the first transports of our meeting, she shewed me all the improvements she had made—the study furnished with a small, but well selected collection of books—the parlour adorned with her own landscapes. These, she said, have been my employment during your absence—Small was the consolation they afforded me, but I thought they might please

my Edward, whose partiality for his Cecilia would not perhaps permit him to see the numberless faults in them. Her pleasure, however, was somewhat decreased, by the pallid appearance of my cheeks. She would not be convinced but that I had been ill, and by her looks seemed to upbraid me for not permitting her to attend me. I pleaded at length guilty to the charge, but assured her, her presence would soon effect a cure.

Ah, Stafford, I fear that it will produce a contrary effect. The knowledge of the wrongs I have done her, will be a thorn in my breast, which the hand of death alone will be able to extract.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

LETITIA

TO

ELEANOR.

UMPHREVILLE CASTLE.

I RESUME the story of my peregrinations. The first night of my arrival, when I was shewn to my bed-chamber, I was surprised to behold the pannels hung with whole length portraits in the same manner as the parlour. I told my husband, whatever respect I had for the family, I should not suffer a whole regiment of ancestors in my bed-chamber. The next morning,

F 3. therefore,

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therefore, I placed a black patch on every one of their eyes, and powdered their fine curled wigs. I was resolved my papa, the Major, should see what I had done, and therefore called him up. As soon as he entered the room, he started. Lord, Sir, what's the matter?—I am sure you ought to be obliged to me for the care I have taken. In this large room I thought your ancestors might take cold in their eyes, and therefore placed a black patch over them.—I have also put a little powder in their hair, in order to make them less frightful. In spite of his displeasure at this degradation of his ancestors, he could not help smiling at their ludicrous appearance, and ordered them immediately to be removed into another chamber, where the black patches and the powder were taken off, and the phiz of every man restored to its original ugliness. The next morning immediately after breakfast, the Major rose and begged to conduct me through the castle. I consented most willingly, because I foresaw I might derive
some

some entertainment from the peregrination. As we passed through the hall, I told the Major it was an excellent place to play at battledore and shuttlecock, and I supposed his ancestors had put it to that use. Battledore and shuttlecock!—He said no more, but walked on. This, my dear, said my conductor, taking me into a large room, was formerly the Council Chamber, where the Barons in King John's reign often met. Here it was determined to force that monarch to sign that glorious bulwark of our liberties, MAGNA CHARTA. How my heart glows with transport whenever I enter this venerable apartment:—Does it Major? I exclaimed.—I protest now it produces a quite contrary effect upon me. I declare it makes me shiver all over. I wonder the Barons did not choose a warmer room. We passed through the Council Chamber to a room at the end of it. This, said the Major, is the armoury—Look, my dear, at the old fashioned swords with which it is hung. How ancient!—Here is the

sword with which Roger de Umphreville, at the battle of Cressy, cleft a French knight in two. A noble action truly! The French knight was very much obliged to him.—With this battle-axe Hubert, the son of Roger de Umphreville, cut his way through a number of the enemy, who surrounded him in an engagement. The king knighted him for his gallantry. Lord, Major, what murderous propensities those ancestors of your's had. Murderous propensities?—My dear, they were noble glorious actions. Umph!—From the armoury we proceeded to the chapel. This, my dear, said the Major, is the chapel of the castle.—Aye, I suppose, your ancestors used to retire to beg forgiveness for those horrid actions. The Major, without paying any regard to my remark, continued his discourse. In this venerable spot, are the remains of all my ancestors deposited. I thought so, my dear Sir, by the vile smell of rotten musty bones.—Pah!—For Heaven's sake let me get out of this venerable place as fast

as I can. I hate charnel houses. My request was acceded to, and I was next conducted to an apartment strongly fortified. In this place were the prisoners taken in battle often confined. Very humane indeed in your ancestors to shut up a parcel of poor devils, and feed them upon bread and water. In this manner, Eleanora, did I turn into ridicule the whole castle, which, however, I must seriously confess is a very grand and noble building, and inspires the beholder with high ideas of the power and consequence of the first possessors. The Major has related to me several legendary tales of his ancestors, which I may perhaps hereafter communicate to you. In spite of my propensity to ridicule, some of them were so interesting, that I was obliged to pay frequently the tribute of a tear during the relation, notwithstanding my endeavours to the contrary. The Major was pleased, and I suffered him for once to enjoy himself unmolested. Spouso is gone to London, so that I have nothing to do but to wander through.

thro' the castle, listen to my garrulous father-in-law, and plague you with my nonsense.

LETITIA UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER XXVI.

LETITIA

TO

ELEANOR.

THE day is dreadful!—The rain descends in torrents, and the wind roaring through the turrets of the castle, produces an awful effect. *On such a day as this*, I cannot, as usual, amuse myself with trifles, and with nonsense. I am inclined to be so serious that I think I can relate to you one of those legendary tales I mentioned to you without being *ennuyée*.

SIR

SIR ALAN;

A TALE,

OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

HENRY and ALAN were the only sons of Sir Roger de Umphreville, who, in the reign of Edward the second, had received the honor of knighthood. In the early part of their lives, the brothers had discovered to what pursuits a more advanced period of age would lead them. Henry was addicted to literature; Alan delighted in hearing recounted the martial exploits of his ancestors. At the early age of eighteen, he earnestly desired to be sent against the
enemies

enemies of his country, and to prove himself worthy of bearing the name of Umphreville. Sir Roger, whose whole life had been spent "*on tented plains*," heard the request of his son with transport, and acceded to it without the least reluctance. Alan was soon equipped, and with a recommendatory letter to the reigning Monarch, Edward the third, set out from Umphreville Castle, his young heart exulting in the idea of equaling the exploits of any of his forefathers.—Edward, who entertained a great respect for Sir Roger, received the young soldier with affability, and perceiving his impatient ardour, resolved to send him on immediate service.

The *Dukes of Anjou and Berry* were at that time ravaging the plains of *Guienne*, and committing great hostilities in many of the towns of that province.

John de Chandos and *Guichard d'Angle* were immediately dispatched by Edward to
Montauban,

Montauban, to oppose the progress of the Duke of Anjou. The event was fortunate for Alan, who was sent a volunteer under them. In several skirmishes that happened after their arrival at Montauban, he signalized himself in such a manner as to obtain the reputation of a gallant foldier, and the applause of his commanders.

The Castle of *Belle Perche*, in the province of *Bourbonnois*, was deemed a fortress of importance, which it was necessary to the interest of the English to secure. Alan, who had by this time gained some experience in the military art, solicited the honor of conducting the enterprize. His request was complied with, and a body of freebooters was placed under his command.— Alan, transported at the honor conferred on him, set out on this expedition at the dead of the night, and arrived at the castle of *Belle Perche* by dawn of day. His men he placed in a wood at some distance, while he reconnoitred the strength of the fortress.—

After

After having made his observations, he returned to his small armament, and drawing them up in proper order, soon arrived before the castle. A summons to surrender was immediately dispatched, which was treated with contempt. The attack was immediately commenced. Alan was unprovided with artillery, and unable to batter the castle. He was therefore forced to adopt an artifice, which required much delicacy in the execution. His forces he divided into two bodies. One he ordered to conceal itself behind a hill at a very trifling distance from the castle, with orders to march up as soon as they perceived the other body give way. After these directions, he advanced to the drawbridge, his soldiers drawn up in as small a compass as possible. A general discharge drew the attention of the besieged. Seeing so very small a body, and knowing their superiority of number, they resolved to make a sally. The draw-bridge was let down, and the sally was made. Alan received the enemy's fire with resolution, and returned

returned it, resolving immediately afterwards to put his artifice into execution. As if conscious of the superiority of the enemy, his men retreated, and turning their backs, fled before them. Flushed with so easy a conquest, the enemy pursued them into the open plain. The concealed body immediately came up, and Alan with his men, faced and attacked his pursuers, who were in the utmost confusion, and could not be restored to order. The French fled in their turn, imagining they should still be able to regain the draw-bridge. In this they were disappointed. The *corps de reserve* were between the bridge and them, and prevented their return. Alan, however, knowing that no time was to be lost, stopped not to maintain a contest with the enemy, but hastened with his men, and marching over the draw-bridge, obtained admittance into the castle. The bridge was immediately drawn up, and the astonished enemy were prevented from regaining their former situation. The fortress, in perfect confidence

confidence of victory, had poured forth almost its whole force. Alan therefore had no further difficulty to encounter. The freebooters had generally been allowed the liberty of plundering, but Alan would not permit them, and, upon their expressing some discontent, he threatened to sacrifice any one with his own hand, who dared to disobey his commands. The resolute air with which he delivered this speech, added to the love they had for him, made them consent to give up their ancient privileges.

After having disposed his men properly, and fixed the English flag on the walls, he proceeded to examine the contents of the castle, accompanied by two of the officers under him. On entering one of the apartments, he was astonished to behold several ladies, one of whom, by her age and the dignity of her appearance, seemed to be superior to the rest. Alan, after having recovered from his surprise, advanced to the lady whom he judged to be of the highest rank,

rank, and assured her, that tho' the chance of war had made her his prisoner, yet she might depend on receiving the utmost respect, and the greatest attention. The other ladies should also be treated with delicacy and respect. In answer to this address, he was informed that his prisoners were the Lady Isabella, mother to the Queen of France and the Duke of Bourbon, with her attendants.

After receiving this information, Alan bowed and retired, requesting leave to pay his respects sometimes to her ladyship, which was very readily granted. He then proceeded to explore the rest of the castle, in which he found provisions and ammunition sufficient to maintain a long siege.—The next object of his examination was into the strength of the castle, which exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and afforded him matter of wonder at the misconduct of the besieged, in venturing a sal-
VOL. I. G ly,

ly, which was in their situation, he thought, entirely unnecessary.

Alan now dispatched a messenger to *John de Chandos* and *Guichard d'Angle*, informing them of his success, and the manner in which he had effected his errand so quickly. Great commendations were bestowed on him for his gallantry, and his excellent manœuvre, and, as a recompence, the Government of the castle was bestowed on him. The breast of Alan was delighted with this warm applause. Every measure necessary to the preservation of the castle being adopted, he paid diligent court to the Lady Isabella, who soon conceived a great esteem for him on account of the respect with which he treated her. He was desired to favour her with his company whenever it was agreeable to him; and when the duties of his station were dispatched, he was generally with his noble prisoner, and her attendants.

Alan

Alan was of an elegant person, and destitute of that ferocity which generally characterized the soldiers of those times. His manners were gentle and engaging. With true courage he possessed humanity, the general attendant of true courage.—

———— *Fierce as the lion, yet withal
As the lamb gentle.*————

Added to this, he touched the lute with great skill and sweetness.

Among the attendants of Lady Isabella, one was honored with the notice of her ladyship in a superior degree. Her name was *Constance de Chatellon*, and she was allied to some of the most distinguished families in France. Her brother, at that very time, held an important post in the army.— Her person was beautiful in the extreme, and the qualities of her heart were no less eminent than the beauty of her form. The heart of Alan at first sight of her was, by an

G 2 irresistible

irresistible impulse, engaged—nor was that of Constance in a different situation. The noble air of Alan, the elegance with which he addressed Lady Isabella, the tender tone of his voice, the humanity which every word he spoke breathed, interested her greatly; and while she knew him to be the conqueror of the castle, she acknowledged him at the same time to be the conqueror of her heart. A passion so reciprocal could not long remain concealed, nor were opportunities wanting to discover it. Alan played on the lute—Constance had a charming voice. They frequently united their skill to amuse Lady Isabella, and while Constance sung, Alan accompanied her with his lute.

In this manner some months elapsed, during which time Alan laboured to discover if his passion were returned. He flattered himself that it was, but he wanted courage to open the situation of his heart. Frequently did he endeavour to assume resolution enough to speak, but the words died away

away upon his tongue, his voice faltered, and he was obliged to retire overwhelmed with confusion. His passion at length grew too violent to be longer concealed, yet his diffidence remained the same, and could not be overcome. He resolved therefore to adopt the expedient of discovering his affection by the following billet:—

“ Lovely Constance,

“ I have long endeavoured to make you acquainted with a passion as ardent, as pure, as ever warmed the human heart—but my diffidence is unconquerable. An hundred times have I come into your presence with a resolution to tell you the sincerity of my affection, and as often have I retired without being able to effect my purpose. I am therefore reduced to the necessity of writing that which I cannot tell you in person. May I hope that you do not disdain to receive my vows? That you do not despise my passions? That you will not bid me despair?—

pair?—Lovely Constance, with what anxious impatience will your answer be expected by the enamoured

ALAN UMPHREVILLE.”

There could not be wanting an opportunity to deliver this. After they had finished their usual evening concert, with tremulous voice he delivered her the billet, telling her that he fancied she had dropped it.—Constance penetrated easily into Alan’s intentions, and for a moment modesty and affection held a contest in her bosom, whether she should take it. Affection prevailed, and, with a deep blush, she received it from the trembling hands of her admirer, her own confusion scarce less than his. It was not long before the contents were known. Retired to her chamber and alone, she hesitated not to give full indulgence to her feelings. She kissed the dear billet a hundred times—read it as often, and placing it in her bosom, felt a pleasure which she had never known before. During the

whole night she closed not her eyes—she debated within herself what reply she should return. To bid Alan despair would be cruel. This suggestion was soon banished, and she determined to allow him hope. With this resolution she arose early—wrote an hundred different notes—some were too expressive of her feelings—others told too little. The following, however, she resolved at length to send:—

“ Constance cannot be displeased with the declaration contained in Alan’s billet. Love is an involuntary passion, and ought not therefore to be the object of contempt. Let not Alan resign himself to the influence of despair.

CONSTANCE DE CHATELLON.”

Alan passed a most uncomfortable night.—Sleep forsook his pillow, and the next morning he paid his compliments with a pallid countenance, and with a tremulous tone of voice. Constance saw and pitied

his confusion, from which she resolved to relieve him immediately. Presenting him with her answer, she told him that she had written out that air which he had so much admired. Alan received the note with transport, and instantly made an excuse to retire. He opened it with confusion.—The contents, however, relieved him in a moment from his apprehensions, and sorrow and anxiety immediately gave place to exultation and to happiness. He returned immediately to the object of his affections.—He found her alone—Lady Isabella had retired to her morning devotions, and the rest of the attendants were employed in their chambers. A deep blush crimsoned her cheeks on Alan's entrance. His diffidence had now left him. He approached, and dropping gracefully on one knee, thanked her for her condescension, and poured forth the feelings of his heart in the most animated language. Constance, who had at first resolved to give him yet no further encouragement than her billet contained, was
swayed

swayed from her purpose. The attitude, the tenderness visible in the countenance of Alan, his words so expressive, could not be resisted. A hue as glowing as that possessed by the damask rose dyed her cheeks. Pressed for an answer to his address, she hesitated a little, but at length blessed him with an avowal of a mutual flame.

The exulting Alan was almost distracted with his happiness. He was seized with a kind of delirium, and in the madness of his transports, ventured to ravish from the lips of Constance a kiss. A look of displeasure from her immediately convinced him of his error. He dropped on his knees, and implored forgiveness—attributed his conduct to the extacy of his happiness, and expressed such sorrow for his offence, that Constance could no longer continue in displeasure, and he was forgiven. Restored now to some degree of calmness and composure, the happy lovers enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* of two hours continuance—hours replete with more happy

py moments than they had ever before experienced. This delightful interchange of vows of affection and constancy, was at length interrupted by the entrance of Lady Isabella and her attendants, and the conversation of course became general.

In the manner in which Alan was received by his noble prisoner, it cannot but be supposed that he had many opportunities of enjoying her company—of telling often the fond tale of love, and of repeating those vows of constancy which had been so often repeated before.

Alan had now been near a year Governor of the castle, during which time his humane and respectful conduct had gained him the love and esteem of every one, but more particularly of Lady Isabella, who scrupled not to intrust him with all her concerns, an honor of which he proved himself not unworthy.

It

It was about the expiration of the year that the *Duke of Bourbon*, with a numerous army, resolved to release his mother from her captivity, and accordingly began his attack on the castle, after having received in answer to his summons to Alan to surrender, that he would defend the place till not a soldier remained. The situation of Alan at this juncture was rather distressing. On the one hand, he loved Constance, the confident of Lady Isabella, and for her ladyship he entertained the most perfect respect. On the other hand, he owed to his sovereign allegiance and fidelity, and to the dictates of honor, obedience. Painful, therefore, as the task was, he was forced to maintain a contest against the Duke, and to maintain it with rigour. Lady Isabella judged what his feelings were, and resolved not to add an additional pang to them by withdrawing her esteem. However, as often as he deemed a sally necessary, she would address him in this short petition—"Oh, Alan, spare my son." Constance, though the affection she
had

had for her ladyship was great, found that which she entertained for Alan infinitely superior. Whenever, therefore, he summoned his men to an expedition out of the castle, she would say to him while the tears trickled down her cheeks—"Oh, Alan, hazard not too much a life so dear to me."

The siege had now continued three months with perseverance and bravery on the part of the Duke, and with an obstinate defence on the side of Alan. One evening, when the enemy, waiting for ammunition, had relaxed in their attempt, Constance, with streaming eyes and heaving breast, told Alan that Lady Isabella wished to have a private conference with him. Astonished at the distress in which he saw her, he would have drawn the cause of it from her before he obeyed the summons, but she waved her hand in silence, and made a motion for him to follow her. Alan bowed, and obeyed.—Immediately on his being introduced to her ladyship, Constance would have retired, but

Isabella

Isabella detained her. "Generous Alan, she said, I have on all occasions experienced the most noble treatment at your hands.— You have poured such sweets into the bitter draught of captivity, that the bitter has scarce been tasted. After paying this merited tribute to your virtues, I will hasten to inform you why I wished to speak to you. There is something of infinite importance with which I would acquaint my son, the Duke of Bourbon. All communication between us is stopped of course by the siege. Still, however, it is absolutely necessary that I should transmit a letter to him. Alan, Oh, Alan, on you alone I place my reliance. You, and you only, can deliver it to him."

Alan was astonished. "Suspend your astonishment till you have heard me. In the disguise of a courier you will easily obtain admittance to the Duke. In my letter to him I have informed him who you are, but have threatened him with the eternal displeasure of a parent if he dare to detain you,

or

or if he refuse you safe conduct to the castle. Say, Alan, will you add to the obligations under which I labour at present?—Will you accede to my request?”

Alan hesitated for some time. He beheld on the one hand the danger of the enterprise—his prudence bade him refuse—Humanity, and the respect he had for Lady Isabella, weakened on the other hand the dictates of prudence, and determined him at length to accede to her ladyship's wishes.

The situation of Constance, during this deliberation, was painful in the extreme.—Her duty to Isabella told her, that she ought to wish Alan to grant her request, while her love for Alan made her hope that he would refuse. His acquiescence relieved her from her suspense, and plunged her into the deepest affliction, which she was forced to use all her efforts to conceal. Lady Isabella, as soon as she was acquainted with Alan's determination, returned him her
thanks

thanks in the warmest terms, and implored a thousand blessings on his head. He retired to put on his disguise. Before he departed from the castle, he acquainted the next in command to him, that he was going to reconnoitre the situation of the enemy, and should he not return, he was to take upon himself the government of the place, and defend it to the last extremity. The officer promised to obey his orders, and he went to take leave of Lady Isabella, who gave him the letter, bestowing on him again a thousand thanks. In the passage that from her apartment, he met Constance overwhelmed with affliction. He intreated her prayers, and a repetition of her affection for him. Constance could not reply—the emotions of her bosom were too powerful—she reclined her head upon his shoulders, and bedewed it with her tears. Alan was deeply affected—He pressed her in a tender embrace, and bade her adieu. After a few moments she raised her head, and sobbing out, “ Alan—Alan—God be your protector,”

ceptor," withdrew to her apartment to give vent to her affliction.

Over the face of creation night had now drawn her sable veil. Not a star illuminated the Heavens—All was still and silent.—The enemy were sunk in profound sleep, and even the centinels slumbered on their posts. The drawbridge was let down, and Alan left the castle after agreeing on a signal which he should use on his return. He soon arrived on the confines of the enemy's camp, and was desired by the centinels to declare his business. He replied that he was a courier, come with dispatches for the Duke of Bourbon, to whose tent he was immediately conducted by a guard of soldiers. The Duke was not yet retired to rest. Alan was introduced to him, and delivered the letter, which he opened, after having bade the guard retire. During the perusal of the contents, he eyed Alan attentively, and with seeming astonishment. At length, when he had finished reading it, he

4

advanced

advanced to him, telling him that he was under infinite obligations to him, and bestowing at the same time great encomiums on his valour, and his ready acquiescence with his mother's request. "Tho' public enemies, his Highness said, we may be private friends, and though the cause for which I fight obliges me to maintain a contest against you, yet I can respect courage and virtue in an enemy, and pay to those qualities the tribute they deserve."

Alan returned a suitable answer to the Duke's speech, informing him that he would deliver any letter or message to his mother with which he might think fit to honor him. The Duke was pleased with this fresh instance of Alan's generosity, and wrote a short letter to his mother, which he delivered to him, forcing on him at the same time a diamond ring of considerable value, as a memorial of his friendship and esteem.—Alan, taking leave of his Highness, was by his order conducted to the confines of the

camp, where the guard left him to pursue his journey.

On arriving at the moat of the castle, he made the signal agreed upon, the bridge was let down, and he returned from the hazardous enterprize in perfect safety.

In the most painful anxiety Constance had been waiting in the court-yard of the castle, during almost the whole time of his absence. The transition from grief to the most extravagant joy at his return, was almost too much for her tender frame. She was forced to support herself against a pillar, gasping for breath. From this situation she soon recovered, and when Alan advanced to her, cast a look of such joy and affection at him, that it more than repaid him for the dangerous expedition he had undertaken. Constance immediately conducted him to Isabella, who, notwithstanding the confidence she had in her son's honor, had entertained some fears for Alan's safety.—

These instantly vanished at his presence— She would not, however, peruse the letter from her son till she had pressed on the bearer a present of a considerable value, which he would have refused, had he not feared to incur her displeasure. The letter was replete with commendations of Alan's generosity and intrepidity, which Isabella failed not to communicate to him.

The siege continued for three months longer with the same ardour with which it was begun. Provisions and ammunition in the castle were very much reduced, and Alan began to fear that he should be under the necessity of surrendering the place. In this dilemma he resolved to make one effort to save it. The next in command to him was an officer of great intrepidity, and undaunted resolution. Him, therefore, Alan resolved to send to the *Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke*, whom he knew were in Guienne with a large army. The officer accepted the charge with joy, and prepared

for his departure with alacrity. As delay would have been certain ruin, he set out immediately, fortunately eluded the vigilance of the enemy, and passed through their camp by reason of a very dark night. The *Earls of Pembroke and Cambridge*, on receiving Alan's letter, resolved to march instantly to the relief of the castle, with their whole force. Their measures were so quick, that they arrived before the Duke of Bourbon had notice of their being on their march. The Duke had under him the greatest part of the forces in Guienne.—The Earls, therefore, judged that if they could induce him to hazard a battle, the fate of the whole province would be at once decided. For this reason they challenged him to battle, which he, on what account is not ascertained, declined. On his refusal, they resolved to adopt another expedient.—The Lady Isabeila, they knew, would be redeemed with a large sum, which would serve to defray part of the charges of the present war. They therefore dispatched a messenger

messenger to Alan, commanding him to leave the castle with his forces, taking with him Isabella and her attendants. In the mean time they would prevent any opposition from the Duke, and keep him from pursuing him. He was farther directed to convey his prisoners to England in an English vessel, which was at a port at no great distance. The next day Alan, in obedience to his orders, departed from the castle with his men and prisoners, and began his march for the sea side—the Duke of Bourbon not daring to oppose them. During their march he endeavoured to console the Lady Isabella, by assuring her that her stay in England would be but short, and that she would soon either be ransomed or exchanged. For Constance she needed no comfort—The knowledge that she should not be separated from her beloved Alan, banished every other consideration, and enabled her to bear her fate without the least repining. Alan found by the sea side the vessel of which the Earl had informed him, the master of which, in

obedience to orders, received Isabella, her attendants, and Alan on board. The guard that had attended them was dispatched to join the army of the Earls, and the vessel immediately set sail. The voyage was of no long duration. The wind being fair, they soon arrived at the destined port, and Alan immediately conducted his prisoners to the Court of Edward. That monarch received his royal prisoner with great respect, and after detaining her some time at Court, committed her to the custody of Alan, at her particular request. Before her departure, however, he conferred on him the honor of knighthood. Sir Alan immediately set off with his charge, and her attendants, for Umphreville Castle. On his arrival there, he was sensibly afflicted by the intelligence of his father's death, who, however, had not forgotten him during his absence, but had divided his estate equally between him and his elder brother. Henry still retained his fondness for literary pursuits, but they had not decreased his affection

fection for his brother, whom he received with the greatest tenderness. After paying a sincere tribute to the memory of Sir Roger, Alan employed himself solely in attending upon his guests, and in making the burden of captivity light.

Now, that he was returned to his native country, he pressed Constance to reward his faithful love by marriage. To this she objected, stating, that when hostilities should be concluded, her brother would, she doubted not, consent to their union—while, however, hostilities continued, it was probable he would refuse his acquiescence, in which case she should be deprived of a large fortune conditionally left to her. Alan, whose fortune was not inconsiderable, pressed her to an immediate union, protesting that he valued not the trifling consideration of additional wealth. Constance, however, was steady in her refusal, and Alan was forced to submit to her will. In the enjoyment of each other's company, the hours "*danc-*

ced merrily along,"—even Lady Isabella felt not the miseries of confinement, and enjoyed the beauties of the country that surrounded the castle, and the amusements which were prepared on her account.

Half a year had now elapsed since their first arrival at the castle. On a sudden Constance grew melancholy and uneasy—sighed frequently even in the company of Alan, and was often discovered in tears. Surprised at the change in her behaviour, Alan pressed her to disclose the cause, which she attributed to some dreams she had had, in which she saw her brother expiring on the field of battle. Of the folly of placing any confidence in dreams he laboured to convince her, but his attempts were fruitless.—Her affliction still continued, and nothing that he could advance produced the least effect. Plunged into excess of sorrow he passed a month, during all which time not the least alteration appeared in the demeanour of Constance. Alan had a servant who had
been

been in the family from an infant, and who had accompanied him in his expedition to Guienne. Hubert had lately become melancholy and dejected. Alan observed it, but as he knew the man loved him, he conjectured that his uneasiness was occasioned by the grief with which he saw his master overwhelmed.

In the dead of night, when solemn stillness reigned over the castle, and all nature was wrapped in a profound silence, save where the wind, passing through the decayed parts of the castle, occasioned a hoarse awful sound, Hubert, with affliction and consternation in his looks, entered the chamber of Alan.—Alan was wrapped in thought; for sorrow, with her wakeful power, had driven sleep from his eye-lids. The entrance of Hubert roused him from his meditations, and, starting up, he laid his hand upon his sword. By the lamp, however, which burnt in his room, he discovered that it was Hubert. Surprised at a visit at
so

so unusual an hour, he demanded his business. Hubert briefly told him that he had for some time observed Constance at midnight descend into the great hall, and passing into the garden, meet, in an old Gothic building, some stranger, with whom she generally remained two hours.

The eyes of Alan darted fire during the recital, and he could scarce suffer his servant to proceed to the end. Seizing his sword, he desired him to follow him immediately. Hubert laying hold of his hand, intreated him to hear him a moment.—Alan with difficulty consented. Hubert then advised him to moderate his passion a little, and endeavour to be convinced of the infidelity of Constance, before he adopted any other expedient. Alan saw the propriety of the counsel, and resolved to follow it. Taking, therefore, the lamp, they descended into the garden by a private staircase, and hastened to the spot. A glimmering
ing

ing light feebly illuminating the windows, convinced them that some person was there. The windows were low. Alan mounted an old bench, and looked thro' one, which commanded a view of the interior part of the building, and to his inexpressible surprise beheld a stranger kneeling at the feet of Constance, who did not seem to listen to him with any aversion. The whole frame of Alan was convulsed with rage. He would have burst into the building and sacrificed them both to his revenge—but Hubert held him, intreated him to wait patiently and endeavour to hear their discourse, representing at the same time to him, that as they met there every night, opportunities could not be wanting to gratify his vengeance. After much persuasion Alan consented to follow the advice of Hubert, and regained his former situation. The windows being shut, however, prevented him from being able to hear their discourse.

The

The castle bell tolled two—Constance immediately rose to quit the stranger, who, with a tender embrace, suffered her to depart. It was with difficulty that Hubert prevented Sir Alan a second time from obeying the dictates of his vengeance; however he prevailed, and conveyed him to his chamber. Here he gave full vent to his rage—called down from Heaven the severest curses on the head of the faithless Constance, and the stranger who had estranged her affections from him. When the transports of his rage subsided, the deepest sorrow seized him, and he spent the remainder of the night in tears and lamentations at the disappointment of all his hopes. When the day returned, he pleaded a slight indisposition, and remained in his chamber. With the utmost impatience he waited the approach of night. With lingering step night at length came. The bell tolled twelve. Sir Alan was already prepared, and when Hubert entered his chamber with the information that Constance had gone to the place of rendezvous, he

he seized his sword, and followed her, attended by Hubert. One of the windows had been designedly opened by Hubert in the day time. In a low tone of voice Alan heard the stranger address himself to her: "Will my beloved Constance comply with the wishes of her Lionel? Will she make him happy?"—Constance replied only by her tears, and reclined her head on the shoulders of the stranger, who continued his speech: "I fear, Constance, I have lost your affections, that you no longer love me"—"Oh, Lionel, she replied, how much you wrong me. Witness Heaven with what ardour, with what sincerity I have always loved you; but ought I to be ungrateful to one who has behaved so nobly?"

Fatal conviction now seized the soul of Alan—There needed no more—Foaming with rage, he drew his sword and jumped from the window. Hubert would have detained him.—It was impossible.—The strength of the nemean lion would have
been

been of no effect. He burst by him, and rushed into the building. Without a moment's hesitation, without a moment's pause, he flew to the stranger, plunged his sword into his heart, and drawing it out quickly, ingulphed it in the breast of Constance.—The stranger fell, and without a groan expired. Constance sunk upon the body of the stranger. Feeble as the light was, she discovered the author of her death to be Sir Alan, and, with a dying tone of voice, exclaimed, “Alan, Alan, what have you done? The transports of his rage had now somewhat subsided, and he covered his face with both his hands to hide his emotions.—Constance proceeded—“Alan, you have murdered, Oh! have murdered—my brother!—Ten thousand daggers plunged into his heart had created less pain than these few words. He started back—The colour fled from his cheeks. “God of Heaven! your brother?”—“It was indeed.—By the command of the Duke of Bourbon he came to England with a design to deliver the
Lady

Lady Isabella secretly, and without ransom, from captivity. He soon discovered where she was, and transmitted a letter to me to meet him. I fixed on this spot, and appointed the dead of night for the time. He came—I heard his intentions, and endeavoured to dissuade him from them. My endeavors were in vain—He commanded me to meet him the next night in this same place. Several nights have I spent in trying to draw him from his purpose. This fatal night he had been more pressing than usual. He had threatened me with the curses of a brother, and of my country, if I refused to procure him admittance to Lady Isabella, that he might concert measures with her for her escape. I was distracted, and knew not what to do. In this juncture, Alan, you rushed in, and you, Oh! have put an end to all. But before I close my eyes for ever, tell me, Alan, what has caused this conduct.” As well as the agony of his grief would permit him, he informed her, often making a pause in his relation to imprecate the most dreadful

dreadful curses on himself. " 'Tis well, (replied Constance, feebly;) I am satisfied, and it is some consolation to me that I have lived long enough to convince you, that your Constance was not unworthy your affection—was faithful to"—She was prevented from saying more. The agony of her wound threw her into convulsions. She uttered a deep groan—cast her eyes mournfully upon Alan, and closed them for ever.

For a moment he stood transfixed with horror, and without the power of motion—then throwing himself on the body of the departed Constance, kissed her still warm lips, and pressed her in his arms. Hubert, whom, till now, grief and horror had rendered motionless, would have drawn him from this scene of woe, but he commanded him, with a stern and resolute air, to stand off.

After bestowing a thousand kisses on the lips of the lifeless object of his affections,
 “ And

“And art thou gone for ever?” he exclaimed in the hollow voice of desperation, then instantly starting up, with frenzy and distraction in his looks, “I will not survive thee,” he cried, and plunging his sword into his own breast, groaned and expired.

LETTER XXVII.

LETITIA

TO

EDWARD.

I MUST confess, Edward, thou art a most gallant husband—What? to leave me so soon after our marriage—and in such a place as this—Oh, dear!—Oh, dear!—

VOL. I.

I

What

What amusements can this place afford?—Your father talks me to death, and tells me such stories of those old rotten bones, his ancestors, that if you do not quickly return, I shall soon be in a condition to be deposited among them. A plague take all those ancestors of your's!—I cannot go about the house, but half a hundred of them seem to follow me with their ugly Gothic looks; and when I retire to my chamber at night through the long gallery, some forty of them so stare at me, that I am almost afraid of going to bed.

I think your father might be contented with keeping their old bones, without preserving their jowls upon canvass. Well, Edward, I vow, if ever you should be in possession of the castle, they shall be all locked up in a room together, as only fit to keep company with each other—or, like *Charles* in the School for Scandal, you shall sell them by auction.

Seriously,

Seriously, however, my dear Edward, I long for your return, and unless you have very, very particular business that detains you in town, it would be but charitable in you to come, and cheer the heart of your affectionate wife,

LETITIA UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER XXVIII.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

FROM that state of happiness, that delirium of felicity produced by the company of Cecilia, was I roused by a letter from Umphreville Castle, requesting my

I 2 immediate

immediate return. I was fortunately alone when it was brought me. Had Cecilia been present, she would most certainly have beheld the sudden alteration in my countenance. By her return from a little village not far distant, I had somewhat composed myself, and, by degrees, informed her of the necessity of my immediate departure, endeavouring at the same time to make her bear it with fortitude. But Cecilia, who was unprepared for the shock, would admit of no consolation. Torrents of tears flowed from her lovely eyes, and in the most pathetic manner, she told me that her presaging fears informed her we should not soon meet again. I endeavoured to convince her of the folly of giving credit to those fears, but my endeavours were unattended with success. "No, my Edward, she said, it is in vain—An inward monitor tells me we shall not meet again."

Stafford, I was affected beyond measure, but it was necessary that I should, if possible,

sible, conceal my feelings, in order to decrease the poignancy of her own. The next morning in which I was to set out, arrived. Sleep had not once closed the eyes of Cecilia—She arose pale and wan—her eyes suffused with tears, which she endeavoured to conceal from my notice.—At breakfast I saw her bosom heave with convulsive sobs. At length, bursting into tears, she exclaimed, “This is the last meal, Edward, we shall partake of.”—“Oh, no, my Cecilia, but a short time will elapse before I shall return.” She shook her head, but said nothing. My servant now entered the room to inform me that the horses were ready. The time was come for our separation. I approached her—She threw her arms round my neck, and sobbed on my breast aloud. I intreated her not to afflict herself in such a manner—that our separation would be but very short.—Disengaging herself from my embrace, she dropped upon her knees—“Go, then, my Edward, and the prayers of Cecilia accom-

pany you—Go, and may the Almighty bless and protect you wherever you are.” I raised her up in an agony of grief, and with an embrace, bade her a last adieu.—She could not answer me, but pressed my hand between her’s, bedewing it with her tears. With a gentle violence I broke from her, and mounting my horse, hurried away from all my happiness.

Stafford, many an agonizing pang has this, this heart endured—but that which accompanied the separation from my Cecilia, was exquisite in the extreme. What a series of misery has the commission of one crime entailed upon me !—All the fortitude I possess is insufficient to enable me to endure it.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

TO

CHARLES MORLEY, ESQ.

I HAVE always held that man to be a fool, who submitted to restraint longer than he could help it. For this reason, as soon as I had attained my twenty-first year, I bade adieu to proctors, tutors, &c. &c. and hastened to the metropolis.—Now, I know, Charles, thou wilt not accede to my position. But between thee
I 4 and

and me, friend, there is a wide difference, and therefore we cannot argue upon a par. Thou wilt rail at pleasures which the contracted state of thy finances will not allow thee to enjoy. I defend them, because they are not beyond my grasp. In short, thou holdest an argument with nothing. I, with five thousand pounds a year—*voilà, la difference*.—Now, Charles, if in author's truth is to be found, I think I am in the right—My old friends Horace and Anacreon, *totis viribus*, recommend the enjoyment of to-day, and advise us to give as little credit to-morrow as possible. This excellent counsel I shall pursue, and, by this maxim, direct my conduct. Thou mayest, therefore, spare thyself the trouble of endeavouring to make me alter my opinion.

As my uncle was my guardian, it was necessary for me to wait upon him as soon as I came to town, in order to be put in possession of my estate. The old gentleman
seemed

seemed rather surpris'd to see me. "Edward, what has brought you town?" "A little business with you, Sir."—"With me!—Oh, I suppose you recollect that you are twenty-one years of age?"—I bowed my assent—"Ah, very wrong for young men to be so soon masters of their property.—Well, nephew, I am ready to deliver up to you your estate, which I hope you will use well."—"You may depend up on it, Sir."—My cousin, Louisa, was in the room, and smiled at my reply. The old gentleman immediately sent for his attorney, who lived at no great distance, and, on his arrival, surrendered to me all the title-deeds of my estate, which during my minority had been increased, by my uncle's care, to five thousand pounds a year. The business was soon finished, and I took possession of my estate and money in the funds, to my inexpressible joy.

I was under the necessity of spending the evening with the old gentleman, who gave
me

me much good advice relative to the management of my large estate. All which I heard with great attention.

View me now, Charles, in the possession of a large fortune—with the addition of health, and a flow of spirits to enable me to enjoy the pleasures of this world. Now, I know, spite of thy boasted apathy, thy contempt of wealth, spite of the many sarcasms thou hast uttered against riches, thou enviest me—Confess it, confess it, Charles, and for once be candid—If thou wilt not own it, I will relate to thee the plan of my operations, in order to make thee curse thy stars that did not give thee wealth. In the first place, I shall procure a seat in Parliament. It is a necessary appendage to a man of fortune, and I will not be without it. A town house, equipage, &c. are things of course.

Charles, if thou wilt cleanse thyself of the college rust that encircles thy *pineal gland*,
and

and pay me a visit, I shall be glad to see thee.
With me thou shalt enjoy the pleasures of
the metropolis—With me thou shalt drink
at the fountain head of felicity. If, how-
ever, thou rejectest my offer, and still con-
tinuest in thy musty opinions, for Heaven's
sake keep where thou art, and grow grey
with *alma mater*, and *propria que maribus*.
Thine nevertheless,

EDWARD SACKVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

CECILIA

TO

EDWARD.

I Know not, my Edward, from what cause the fears I expressed at your departure originated—But they possessed me entirely, and their influence plunged me into an excess of grief, from which I could not, for a long while, recover. Even now, the same *presentiment* possesses me—and still do I think that it will be long before we meet again.—I strive as much as possible to persuade myself that my fears are groundless. I recollect

lest the last words of my Edward—I remember that he promised me the separation should be but short—but it will not do—I cannot shake off those fears with all my endeavours.—Edward, when will the business in which you are engaged be concluded—When shall I enjoy your company to be separated no more?—Oh, blissful idea! But alas! I fear that it will not soon be realized. My Edward, I make you uneasy with my, perhaps, foolish fears—but I am sure, were I to dictate to my pen a language foreign to my heart, I should incur your displeasure. It is for that reason, therefore, that my letters to you are the genuine effusions of that heart, to which, till I see you again, peace and happiness will be strangers.

CECILIA UMPHREVILLE.

LET.

LETTER XXXI.

EDWARD

TO

CECILIA.

UMPHREVILLE CASTLE.

I HASTEN to inform my Cecilia of my safe arrival here, where my father impatiently expected me. My journey was solitary indeed. The situation in which I had left my Cecilia, rendered me incapable of receiving any pleasure from the sweet prospects which presented themselves to my view—You have often remarked the
3 peculiar

peculiar qualities of the sun flower—have seen when the rays of the sun were withdrawn, how it droops as if in sorrow for his absence—I cannot but compare myself to that flower. Deprived of you, I find no pleasure in any thing—Every scene is insipid—Every day “*flat, stale, and unprofitable.*”

The only thing that has in the least engaged my attention, is a very melancholy event that has happened not many miles distant from Umphreville Castle.

A gentleman, who had long entertained an affection for a most amiable young lady, at length, without the knowledge of his parents, married her. The father, ignorant of the conduct of his son, had procured an alliance for him with a lady of immense fortune, and informed his son of it, acquainting him at the same time, that it would give him great pleasure if he acceded
to

to his wishes, because the estate of the lady would relieve him from great embarrassments. The young gentleman loved his father, and he loved his wife. He was almost distracted. Not to relieve the necessities of his father was horrible, and to forsake the object of his tenderest affections, as dreadful. In this situation, after innumerable struggles between love and filial obedience, the latter prevailed, and he was united to the lady, whom his father had chosen. The prior marriage was by some accident discovered, of course the second could not be valid. The lady returned to her incensed friends, who demanded, with justice, the restitution of her fortune. This the young gentleman was unable to return. He had immediately, on his marriage, relieved his father from his embarrassments, and could not, by any means, procure the requisite sum. The friends of the lady arrested, and threw him into prison, where he now remains, and where, in all human probability,

bability, he will groan out the remnant of his miserable life. The tale is an affecting one, and, I confess, I cannot but feel for the young gentleman, whose fault has been excess of filial obedience. My Cecilia, I thought the story might interest and amuse you—I have, therefore, transmitted it to you—I should wish to have your judgment—You, who form such proper opinions, may perhaps place the affair in a light in which I may not have viewed it.

I am labouring with great diligence in my father's affairs, which I hope to bring in a proper train for a final adjustment. The sweet idea, that when the business is completed, I shall be able to return to my Cecilia, and her charming retirement, renders all the difficulties I meet with in the prosecution of my present employment, light and easy. I charge you, my love, not to be unhappy—nor to afflict yourself immoderately. Do not resign yourself to the

influence of those fears which have no foundation—Consider, Cecilia, what would be our situation were we able to know what events would happen.—

*Heaven, from 'all creatures, hides the book
of fate,*

*All but the page prescrib'd the present
state.*

Be assured that we shall meet again, and that you are possessed of the whole heart
of

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

TO

CHARLES MORLEY, ESQ.

NOTWITHSTANDING I have no great opinion of thee, because thou art such an oaf as to prefer the musty air of a college to that of London, yet I write to thee this time on purpose to convince thee that thy system is a most ridiculous one.— Charles, thou art a great mathematician, and a profound philosopher. Thou art able to explain the doctrine of infinite series, and explain the nature of fluxions.—

K 2

Thou

Thou boastest that thou art in pursuit of truth. And, prithee, what advantage dost thou derive from this knowledge of thine. Thou art esteemed a very learned man, and to preserve that character, thou sacrificest the enjoyment of every pleasure this world affords. Now, look at this picture—I have been at college, as men of fashion travel, merely to say that they have been the grand tour. Philosophy I value not a rope's end—mathematics I never attended to, nor do I know the difference between an angle and a trapezium—Yet do I feel the want of it?—Not in the least—On the contrary, I am perfectly at my ease without these qualifications, and not at all desirous of possessing them. I drink at the fountain-head of pleasure, without enquiring whether truth dwells at the bottom, or whether she has poured her influence into my bowl.

Prithee, Charles, be convinced—Let me see thee in town—Reform, reform—If thou wilt

wilt not, I bid thee adieu for ever.—Thine
as thou behavest,

EDWARD SACKVILLE.

LETTER XXXIII.

CECILIA

TO

EDWARD.

(Written before the receipt of the last.)

SIR,

IF I remember right, my mother, in her
dying moments, delivered me to your
care, with a charge to which you vowed
strictly to adhere. How you have per-
formed your promise, it remains not with
me to inform you—Your own breast can-
not be ignorant of it. I had often heard

K 3 of

of the perfidy of your sex. I did not believe it. I had flattered myself that I had found one, to whose bosom every dishonorable sentiment was a stranger. I was deceived. I have discovered you to be divested of every virtue that adorns human nature—Yet let it be some consolation to you to know, that before you receive this, I shall be far removed from you—that I shall no longer importune you with my company. Sir, I bid you farewell for ever, and may the eternal misery you have entailed on me, kindle in your breast the flame of repentance and of virtue, if every spark be not extinguished. Others of my sex may not then have cause (as I have) to execrate the hour that gave you being.

THE INJURED CECILIA.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

HUMPHREY CLARENDON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM NETERVILLE, ESQ.

CALCUTTA.

TWENTY years are now elapsed since you and I left our native country, I, as free-merchant—you, as cadet in the service. Of eastern luxury, of burning climates, I am tired—I have seen enough of oppression—of extortion—of injustice.—I will settle my affairs, and return to my own country. I have amassed wealth beyond

K 4 my

my wants. Indeed, my fortune was considerable when I quitted England, but the thirst of additional riches made me anxious to visit the plains of Indostan. I have visited them, and am satisfied—You cannot quit your residence at *Dinachpore*, and will not therefore with me revisit your native country—I am sorry for it—I know not that I have a friend or relation in it. Nèterville, you have sometimes remarked the sudden alteration in my countenance from serenity to sorrow—from composure to grief—Perhaps I had reason—Perhaps I will inform you of it—At present I am employed in bringing my affairs into a proper train, and have not sufficient leisure.

After having for twenty years pursued the road to riches, I am convinced that they are not the only ingredients in the scale of happiness. I have found that they cannot extract the thorn which sorrow has planted in the heart. I have discovered
that

that they cannot wipe from the eye the bursting tear, or bid the bosom cease "*to pour the sigh.*"

With this conviction which experience has given me, I prepare to pursue the road to wealth no more. Too long have I neglected the dictates of humanity, and, I fear, of virtue. Too long have I lived for myself alone. The short remnant of my life I will devote to others, and in some measure atone for the past—but never, never, can I banish the remembrance of former transactions—They pour into my breast the full tide of affliction and sorrow. Nerterville, what must his feelings be, who, when he takes a retrospect of his former life, finds that he has cast from his protection the offspring of his body—has turned a deaf ear to the wants of his child—has suffered him to experience poverty, and all her dreadful train of woes—But whither am I carried!—You will be all astonishment,

nishment, and wish me to explain my meaning. The narration is too long for me to enter upon at present—Nevertheless you shall have it hereafter.

HUMPHREY CLARENDON.

LETTER XXXV.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

OH, Stafford, what have I not suffered since my last letter to you!—Cecilia has discovered my second marriage—She has bidden me an eternal adieu—She has quitted me for ever—Oh, my friend, you who know how exquisite my feelings are—
 3 you

you who are acquainted with every secret of my heart, may judge what I felt when I received the inclosed letter. I was almost distracted, and with difficulty summoned fortitude sufficient to prevent myself from the act of suicide. The fever of my mind brought on a disorder, which almost conveyed me to the shores of eternity.—Would to Heaven it had—Would to God that I had no more recovered to misery and affliction. I have dispatched a faithful servant every where in search of her. He has returned unsuccessful. She left her house without acquainting any one with the place of her destination. Whither is she wandering!—Where is she mourning her fate, and execrating her Edward!—Little does she know the torment I have suffered—Little does she think that she reigns absolute mistress of my heart. The hand of affliction presses heavy on me—In some moments, when I give full liberty to sorrow, I am inclined to complain of the goodness of Providence. I know you will blame me—you will condemn me for it—but Stafford,

ford, for a moment think what must be the situation of a man deprived of all he holds dear in this world—Nor that alone—when he knows also that he has plunged the object of his affections into extreme misery, without having an opportunity of explaining the motives of his conduct. It is evident that she has not received my last letter.—Oh, God! Oh, God! I am distracted—Cecilia is torn from me for ever.—Stafford, I cannot survive the dreadful blow—I am almost tempted to say, that I will not survive it. Pity and pray for me—comfort me you cannot, for what words can alleviate the sorrows that fill the heart of

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

LETITIA

TO

ELEANOR.

THAT I have neglected you so long has been owing to a circumstance which had very near deprived me of my Edward. Not long after his return from London, a violent fever seized him, during which he was many days deprived of his reason—He is now recovered; but a pallid hue has taken possession of his cheeks, and he scarce ever utters a word. Eleanor, I feel my spirits depressed, and cannot talk nonsense :

as

as in former days. The deep melancholy that has taken possession of my Edward, has also seized me, and I do not doubt but I shall soon be like *Niobe*, all tears. I would smile if I were able. Eleanor, it is not improbable but you may soon hear cried about the dying speech of

LETITIA UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER XXXVII.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

FROM the possession of superlative happiness—from the enjoyment of every blessing which we are capable of tasting on this side eternity, I am reduced to the most exquisite

exquisite misery. Oh, Eliza, I had flattered myself that many a year of peace awaited me—that, with my Edward, I should descend with calm serenity to the grave.—How are all my hopes disappointed!—I have discovered my Edward to be a most consummate villian. He was united to another woman before he deceived me. Immediately on making the discovery, I resolved to see him no more—to upbraid him with his perfidy, and quit him for ever. I put my intentions into immediate execution, and left the retirement where I had spent so many blissful hours—Careless where I wandered—all places indifferent to me, I desired the driver of the chaise to carry me to the next stage northward—He obeyed my directions. In this manner I proceeded from stage to stage, till I had travelled to a great distance from my former place of abode. Passing throw a little village, situated in a most delightful spot, I resolved to enquire for a lodging in it. I easily

easily obtained one, and am now fixed at a small farm house in a village in Cumberland, two hundred miles distant from my late habitation. Here I can indulge my grief in solitude, and think "*even unto madness.*" I generally remain in my chamber the whole day, and this I do for fear of being discovered. In the evening, about sun-set, I take my walk to a hill at some distance, from the top of which a large extent of country presents itself to the view. I cast my eyes to the southward, and meditate upon scenes now past for ever. The people of the village think me, no doubt, an extraordinary person, but they make no enquiries, and suffer me to indulge my inclinations and my humor unmolested.

Oh, Eliza, what is my situation!—Deceived by the man to whom I had given my affections—forced to become a wanderer, and in a country where no fond friend soothes the sorrows of my heart—Oh, Eliza, peace

peace will no more be the inmate of my bosom—Never again shall the cup of felicity approach the lips of

THE AFFLICTED CECILIA.

LETTER XXXVIII.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

UNSETTLED and miserable, I wander from the dawn of day till night, nor find I rest for the sole of my foot.—Here, Stafford, it is deep rooted in the heart, human power cannot extract it—I

VOL. I.

L

fee

see my father afflicted at my situation—I behold my ——— mourning the uneasiness she beholds, and yet I cannot afford them comfort or relief. Stafford, little do they imagine that there is something within “*which passeth shew,*” and of which they are ignorant—Little do they think that the corroding hand of affliction presses so heavy upon me. Cecilia! Oh, my Cecilia! for whom I suffer this torture of the mind, whither art thou wandering!—In what spot sequestered art thou drooping with affliction!—Oh, little dost thou imagine thy last words have planted ten thousand daggers in the heart of

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

STAFFORD, I write to you; it relieves me—I pour out my whole soul to you, and am somewhat comforted—My father would have me travel—from change of air, he imagines, I should derive much benefit—Yes, could I leave behind my woes; but while they rankle in the heart, no change of clime can afford consolation. The day dawns, and sees me oppressed with affliction—Night hides with her sable veil all Nature's face, and she finds me sunk in

L 2

sorrow.

forrow. Sweet gentle sleep fits only on the eye-lids of the happy—no wonder then that I taste not her balmy influence. In the dead of night, I rise and traverse the castle. In former days to explore at midnight its awful recesses—to wander through the receptacle of my departed ancestors, would have struck me with solemn terror. Now, the gloom, and the Gothic horrors of the place,

—— *Suit the settled purpose of my soul.*

Last night, when sleep had poured her oblivious influence upon all, save me, I rose. The bell had just informed me that it was midnight—when

—— *Spirits wander o'er the churchyard drear.*

and when

—— *Sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew.*

I took the lamp that burnt in my chamber, and left my thorn-strewed pillow. I past through the long gallery. The lamp threw a feeble light upon the portraits of my ancestors. I thought they surveyed me with a mournful aspect, and a piteous air. I stopped a moment to behold them, and then descended the great stair-case. I past thro' the hall and the armoury to the chapel.—At the further end, I observed a glimmering light—I thought it might be only a creature of the imagination, and looked again. The light continued, and I heard a voice—I stopped to listen—A mournful voice uttered the following words: “William, where art thou? I have been waiting for thee here this many a day—Why dost thou hear me not?—No—no—Thou canst not hear me—Thou art gone—gone—gone.” I heard no more. The voice ceased, and a female, taking up a lamp, departed thro' a door at the extremity of the chapel. I was astonished, and could scarce believe the evidence of my senses — but the

words struck so forcibly upon my ear, that I cannot be mistaken—At midnight I mean again to tempt the chapel's gloom, and endeavour to hold converse with this partner in affliction.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER XL.

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

TO

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

YOU remember, Hatton, that formal prig, Morley, at the university. I had concerted a plan that would have afforded most excellent sport, but, plague on him,

him, he would not take my bait. I had intended to have drawn him to London, to have engaged him in scenes which should have ended to his great mortification and discomfiture. But he has eluded my grasp, and I have left him to himself. Hatton, prithee give your tutors the slip, and come up to London—We will have some glorious sport. I hate to pursue pleasure alone—your company will therefore be most acceptable. Give not yourself any concern about the means—I have them in plenty, and they shall not be withheld. There is a scheme also, in which, peradventure, I shall want your assistance. What it is, I cannot unfold to you yet—it remains *in embryo*; but it is one with which I know your ready acquiescence will not be withheld. Hatton, I shall certainly expect you. Surely you have too much spirit to submit to the restraint of tutors, or to follow the stale advice of relations. Remember, that between you and them there is a wide difference.—That if they rail at pleasure, it is because

age has taken from them the power of enjoying them. Faith I have always thought it a shame, that young fellows, in the "*hey-day of the blood*," should be kept under restraint, and within the cold maxims of prudence. Give me liberty to rove where fancy leads me—to taste

"*The gather'd sweets of every hive.*"

and when age shall arrest me in my career, perhaps I may then, as well as they, set down and rail at pleasure, because no longer able to taste it. Many years, however, must elapse before that period arrives. I'll think on it no more—'Tis time enough to prepare when it comes. Adieu, Hatton—I shall no doubt expect you.

EDWARD SACKVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

I DID not think myself secure in my last habitation. I imagined that it might be possible to trace the place of my retreat, through the persons who drove me each stage, and therefore resolved to quit it. It was not long before I heard of a retired situation on the borders of the Lake of Windermere, many miles from my last abode. I immediately

immediately engaged with the owners of it, and am settled as comfortably as I could wish. I have resumed my original name. I have no right to any other. Edward deceived me—He was certainly united to another before I gave him my hand. Our union is therefore illegal, and of no avail.

Eliza, would I could drive him from my memory, from my heart, but it is in vain. I find my thoughts often wandering to him. I restrain them as much as possible, but they will, in some fond moment, break thro' all restraint, and be indulged. Eliza, were my heart at ease, how could I enjoy the delightful scenes around me! My habitation is situated in a beautiful vale. From the front I can see the beautiful Lake of Windermere, and its charming borders. Beyond it, the blue hills rising in majesty one above the other, and losing their heads in the clouds, produce a most beautiful effect.—Hanging woods adorn their sides, and craggy rocks projecting over part of the Lake, complete the

the scene, in which is blended the beautiful and the sublime. On the top of one of the hills I can also distinguish a noble castle, which seems to have withstood the devouring hand of time for many ages.

Yet what are all these beauties to me! Nature presents her enchanting face in vain—It is disregarded and unenjoyed.—My Eliza, there must be in the heart peace and happiness to render these scenes delightful. Strangers, alas! to my bosom, is it to be wondered that they afford it no delight or satisfaction. There is an old oak on the margin of the Lake, to which I often wander when the last rays of the sun have been poured upon the earth. At the foot of this oak I seat myself, and indulge the melancholy of my soul. Eliza, when shall my heart be a stranger to misery?—When, Oh! when shall it be restored to its wonted serenity?—Never!—never!—never!—The power of the Almighty is great; it is boundless—His mercy infinite—It is possible that

I may experience a transition from sorrow to joy, but my heart tells me, that such a change is not within the pale of probability.

Adieu, my Eliza, I will weary you with my woes no longer.

CECILIA.

LETTER XLII.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

I HAVE seen her—I have held converse with this daughter of affliction. I rose at the appointed hour, and visited the chapel.

pel. The female was there, habited in white, her hair flowing in wavy ringlets on her shoulders. I advanced to her. Not at all astonished or terrified, she approached me—Oh, you are come at last—Why have you been absent so long?” She held the light to my face. “ Oh, no, no—you are not my William—no—Did you know him? Oh, if you had! Listen and I will tell you. We were educated together. Ah, what happy days! We used to be always together, and no one—hu!h!—I will not call them cruel—tho’ perhaps”—and she paused a moment—“ But no matter—The secret is here, and shall not be revealed—no one prevented our enjoying each other’s company. We were so happy—ah, too happy! We were to have been united, but they would not let us. Poor William!—They sent him on the stormy sea—He told me he would love me for ever—Ah! you know they could not prevent us from loving each other. They sent him away—and he never—no—never returned. He lies
under

under the waters, and the cold wave flows over him. Ah, poor William!" Immediately, in a tremulous tone of voice, she sung the following words:

They sent him many a mile away,

Ah, heaving many a sigh!

And underneath the watry main,

He laid him down to die.

Her tones were beautifully pathetic. I asked her why she came there every night? "Oh, you do not know then that I pray for him every night here! And they do not hinder me from praying for him. And do you pray for him too—I am sure he would have prayed for you." The bell tolled one. "Hark! that's his passing knell—I must go and attend his funeral. Good night—good night! good night!"—Taking up her light, she walked out of the door at the end of the chapel, which is never secured. I resolved to follow her. The door of the chapel leads into the garden. She walked hastily across

across the lawn, and through the copse at the end of it, then striking down a narrow path, entered a small house. I returned infinitely surprised at what I had seen, and early in the morning visited the dwelling of this child of misery. It was kept by a very poor woman, whom I questioned about her. At first she seemed averse to answer any enquiries, but at length, by dint of a present, informed me that she was brought to her by a gentleman, who seemed to be her father, who desired that she might not be opposed in any thing—that her mind was affected, but that she was perfectly gentle and harmless. “ After she had been, continued the old woman, some time at my house, she grew better—The poor girl behaves so tenderly to me, that I love her as tho’ she were my own daughter. At night she always goes out, and stays about an hour—I know not where she goes; but as I am directed to suffer her to do what she likes, I do not venture to oppose her inclinations.” At this very moment, the poor
maid

maid entered the room. Never did I behold so interesting a figure—tall, genteel, and with the most expressive eyes I ever saw. She seemed to be more composed than she was the preceding night. Without speaking a word, she sat down, fixing her eyes very attentively upon me, “ Ah, how like my William ! (she exclaimed;) but he rests beneath the waves.” I wanted to induce her to come to the castle, imagining that company might dispel her grief, and restore her reason. I talked to her of her William. She seemed pleased, and listened attentively. I thought this a proper time to make my request. I intreated her to take a walk. She consented, and putting on her hat and cloak, accompanied me, I put her arm within mine, and the story of Maria told by Sterne immediately rushed into my recollection. In going thro’ the castle gardens, she stopped frequently. Looking at the rose tree, she exclaimed,—“ Poor rose ! how many thorns surround thee !” Gathering another flower, “ This,

she cried, is heart's ease.—Heart's ease!—
 Oh, go away—I have nothing to do with thee.” Stafford, what a method there is in madness! I led her to the castle, and when I conducted her into the room where my father and my — were waiting breakfast for me, she started, then advancing to my father, she looked him full in the face, “ Ah, you are not my father. Well—well—no matter.” My — next engaged her attention. “ You are not my sister—you have not so hard a heart.” Astonishment had seized them at her entrance, but discovering the situation of her mind, they received her with great tenderness, of which she seemed sensible. I related briefly my interview with her, and my ideas of the cause of her present situation. After we had prevailed on her to take some refreshment, we accompanied her thro’ the castle, in order to amuse her. When we entered the chapel, she seemed to recollect the place, and putting her finger on her lips, made that sign for me to be

silent. She walked on, attaching herself to my —, who, by every effort, tried to engage her affection. In the remarks she made, there was something novel and interesting. My father was infinitely pleased with her, and we detained her the whole day. At night we would have prevailed on her to have remained at the castle, but she would not accede to our requests, promising, however, to visit us the next day. She came according to her promise, and generally spends the day with my —. Stafford, I thought—

—In her sorrows to forgot my own.

But it is impossible—Nothing can alleviate them. No endeavours can blunt their edge—can sooth the sorrows that swell the bosom of

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM TURNBULL, ESQ.

TURNBULL, I have secured an easy unsuspecting fool—such a one as the heathens might have worshipped under the appellation of the *Golden Calf*. By Heaven, it was a glorious scheme to enter myself a student in the university. I judged it might procure me an acquaintance with some fool of fortune, and I am not deceived. We absolutely roll in pleasure. But my intentions are deeper laid than a mere

M. 2 participation

participation of enjoyments — *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus.*—I would have the Crown or nothing. It is not yet time to throw off the veil. I will not be too precipitate—My schemes might then be discovered, and blasted. Turnbull I shall want your assistance. You must hasten to town, where I will communicate my intentions in a fuller manner. All my plans shall be covered with the convenient mask of sincerity. 'Tis a fine bait, and seldom fails of success.

*Let drudging fools by honesty grow great,
The shortest road to riches is deceit.*

'Thine, my boy, in most excellent spirits,

GEORGE HATTON.

LET

LETTER XLIV.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

IT is a subject of lamentation to me, that you cannot come to town yet. However, I believe my scheme will not suffer much by a little delay. There is no danger of the fool slipping thro' my fingers. I have secured him by the strongest holds.—He is engaged in an amour, in which it seems there is much virtue to be subdued. As my man believes the assertion of the poet, that

At lovers perjuries they say Jove laughs,

M 3

This

This virtue is to be conquered by marriage, in which I am to perform the ceremony in canonicals. William, I never entertained thoughts of entering within the pale of the church; but when necessity and one's interest urges, 'twould be folly to resist. I have, therefore, readily promised my assistance, by which mode of conduct I shall certainly do essential service to my designs. There are those who would turn abhorrent from such deed. Thanks to my stars, and to *Hobbes* and *Mandeville*, I am not one of those. Conscience is a thing of which I have often heard, but I confess I never experienced any uneasiness from it. Let others be frightened at the bugbear. I laugh at it, as well as at the idea of an hereafter.

GEORGE HATTON.

L E T -

LETTER XLV.

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

TO

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

A THOUSAND, thousand thanks for thy assistance. Thou art the most delightful fellow in the universe. Louisa had not the least suspicion, nor faith should I, had I not known thee. Why, thou shalt have a pension from the young fellows of the age for thy canonical assistance—greater than the revenues of the See of Durham.—Something I have inclosed, and insist on

M 4 your

your acceptance, by way surplice fee. Expect not to see me this week. My—hem—my *wife* has cheated old Square-toes, her father, by asking his permission to visit a young lady of her acquaintance for a short time. Her scruples about a private marriage were over-ruled most sagaciously.

But I can waste no more time on thee. My *dulcinea* will chide me for my absence. For a few days, therefore, adieu.

EDWARD SACKVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

STAFFORD, what an exquisitely formed machine is man! What thousands of pulsations must beat in unison to complete his structure! How sensible of happiness, and of misery! The enjoyment of the former, how does it conduce to his health!—The possession of the second, how does it enervate the whole frame, and render him incapable

incapable of performing the functions for which he was designed! The poor Matilda, the female I mentioned to you in my last, how preferable is her situation to mine!—Me, the world will immediately condemn, without entering into a consideration of those reasons which were the motives of my conduct, while over her distresses it will pour the tear of pity and compassion. I have dispatched messengers to every part of the kingdom, but they have all returned from their pursuits unsuccessful. The transports of my grief are subsided into a settled melancholy, which, though silent is deep, and will remain buried in my breast, till that breast shall beat no more. My father has obtained a lucrative post in the East Indies, and will depart from England within a fortnight. To increase his fortune is one of the motives which induce him to leave his native country, and tempt the dangers of the torrid zone. Stafford, this separation from the only relation I have, would be afflictive in the extreme, were not all the powers

powers of feeling absorbed in the loss of
Cecilia. Oh, Cecilia, thy portion of misery
is great, but infinitely greater is that which
belongs to the afflicted

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER XLVIL.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

CAPTAIN ARCHER.

AT length grim-visaged War has
smoothed his wrinkled front, and,
with his companion Desolation, has
retired from the plains. I am glad of
it. — Though a foldier, I give the
3 preference

preference to peace, and though my trade is blood, yet I rejoice that the effusion of it is stopped. Archer, when I bade you farewell, you seemed surprised at my earnest desire to visit England. I will tell you the reason. You remember that my father and myself were at the contest of Stony Point. In that engagement my father fell, fighting by my side, and in a few minutes died. I too was desperately wounded—and it was a long time before I recovered. The hostilities that subsisted between the Americans and us, prevented my sending any intelligence to a mother and sister. Painful as my situation was, I was under the necessity of waiting till the end of the war before I could make any enquiries relative to them. I then learned that my mother was dead, and my sister gone, no one knew whither. After having made all the enquiries possible in America, I resolved to visit England. It was not improbable when I considered the side on which my father and

I fought, that she had found it impossible to remain in peace in America, and had therefore transported herself to England. I had also another inducement for coming. My father possessed a large plantation. This, at the commencement of the war, he was under the necessity of leaving to the mercy of the enemy. I therefore mean to lay my claim before the ministry, in order that I may receive some compensation for it. I am informed that much time will elapse before it can be determined. Nevertheless, I have received repeated assurances that my fidelity shall receive its merited recompence. Whether I discover the dear sister for whom I have travelled so far must be the effect of chance, for I have no acquaintance or relation here to direct me. In the mean time, I shall execute those commissions with which you have charged me to your relations in a very short time.—Archer, you may expect to hear from me soon again, when I shall be able to inform
you

you whether I have been able to transact your business to your satisfaction. Remember me to all. Farewell.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER XLVIII.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

AS the packet will not fail yet, I am able to add a second letter. As I had nothing material to detain me in London, I set out on my journey to the north to execute your commission. I had purchased a horse,

horse, in order to be able to enjoy the beauties of my native country with more ease, and without interruption. I had travelled as far as Worcestershire. The night was beautifully fine—The moon shone with cloudless lustre—Stars spangled the face of Heaven without number—Every thing was serene—No rude wind disturbed the universal calm, save now and then some gentle zephyr whispered gently through the trees. “On such a night as this”—The quotation is too common for you not to remember it. My beast was not fatigued, and I resolved to pursue my journey. I had reason to repent of my determination. From the horizon several clouds soon rose, and veiled the moon and stars. They increased, and a pitchy darkness succeeded. In a short space of time, the rain descended in torrents. The lightning gleamed dreadful. The thunder rolled awful. By the momentary light produced by the flashes, I discovered myself near a wood, but saw not a single

single human habitation near. In this situation, already wet to the skin, I resolved to ride on as fast as possible, not doubting but that I should soon come to some town or village.

Passing by the side of the wood, two men on a sudden rushed out of it, and seizing hold of my horse's bridle, demanded my money with the most horrid imprecations. Much as I valued life, I knew at the same time some consideration was due to the means of supporting it. My whole treasure was in my pocket, and I therefore expostulated with them for some time on their conduct. Nothing, however, that I could say produced the least effect. They still demanded my money, threatening me with instant death if I refused to give it them. I had a brace of pistols in my pocket, and finding there was no alternative, I took one of them, and presenting it to the villain who held the horse's bridle, snapped it at him.

Unfortunately

Unfortunately it flashed in the pan. One of them immediately, with an oath, discharged his pistol at me. The ball did not take effect, but passed thro' my coat. The other fellow also fired his pistol, but the ball went over my left shoulder. I began now to think that further opposition would be vain, and to prepare myself for delivering my money, when I heard the sound of horse's feet behind me. A gentleman immediately rode up, to whom I briefly related my situation. The villians seeing now that they should be opposed by an equal number, let go my beast's bridle, and ran off, imprecating curses on themselves for their want of success. I returned my thanks to the gentleman for his timely assistance, and we rode on together. Upon enquiring of him at what distance the next town was, he replied that he should esteem it a favour if I would accept a bed at his seat, which was not far off. I thanked him for his politeness, and we made all the haste we could, the rain

continuing still to descend with the same violence. We arrived at length at a large castle, where the servants immediately received our horses, and we were ushered in. On our entrance, we were received by a very elegant lady, who testified her joy at the safe return of the gentleman, who was her husband, and received me with much politeness. Change of apparel was immediately provided, and we past the evening very agreeably. I would have taken my leave next morning, had not my entertainers detained me. The castle is an ancient building, and has been in possession of the Umphreville's for many centuries. Short as has been my acquaintance, I have contracted a friendship with my kind host, who is indeed a most amiable and accomplished gentleman. I have at length fixed to-morrow for my departure, having obtained leave by a promise of corresponding with my deliverer, and spending some time at the castle on my return from the north.

Archer,

Archer, I shall now put an end to my epistle, in which I have related to you my escape from "moving accidents by flood and field." It would indeed have been a most moving accident to have been deprived of all my little wealth, the loss of which would have left me among strangers, without the means of subsistence. My packet will be dispatched from Umphreville Castle, therefore, for the present adieu.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER XLIX.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM TURNBULL, ESQ.

YOU have reason to lament your inability to join me. I have, however, taken a partner, one George Thomson, with whom I have every reason to be satisfied.—Our scheme succeeds to admiration. Sackville and myself play against Thomson, who always wins. We have already eased the Baronet of his ready cash—and I hinted to him *à la distance*, that it would be cowardly to suffer Thomson to carry off his winnings

nings unmolested. Gaming is a passion which, when once implanted in the heart, takes root quickly. Sir Edward, who at first seemed averse to it, has now become passionately addicted to it, and will fall readily into any snare that may be laid for him. In obedience to my advice, a mortgage has already been made, the money for which has been furnished by what was originally the Baronet's. You stare; but nothing more easy. You have seen my shrewd fellow of a footman — Him, I dressed up in fine cloaths, and made him pass for an usurer. His terms were exorbitant — yet money was wanting, and the Baronet was forced to agree to them. We are now engaged in playing with the money, of which Thompson has already won a considerable part. Sir Edward execrates his ill luck, but, as I lose as well as him, and continually assure him that he plays to admiration, he continues to play on, and the natural consequence is, he continues to lose. Turnbull, how easily are these fools of for-

tune deceived! Open to flattery, they believe themselves extremely expert, when if they reasoned rationally, they must be convinced that a continued series of ill luck cannot be the sole effect of chance. It is on such as these that men of parts subsist, and here I must exonerate fortune from the imputation of partiality so often thrown upon her; for if she gives to some wealth, she gives them, at the same time, ignorance, of which others, to whom she has been sparing of riches, take advantage—and thus she balances the scales, and prevents either of them from kicking the beams. The produce of the mortgage will soon be gone.—Another must follow—another and another then succeeds, till one universal mortgage encircles all. This evening we are to make a desperate attempt. The Baronet predicts success—So do I, and I tell him so, but his predictions, I am sure, will not be so well verified as those of

GEORGE HATTON.

LET-

LETTER L.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

I WAS in the right—The Baronet's attempt was a desperate one—He lost, and so did I, as he supposed. In his love for gaming, Sir Edward has quite neglected his Louisa, nevertheless the poor girl loves him to distraction. A fit of the apoplectic kind has carried off her father, who has left her his whole fortune. This was a seasonable

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event.

event. The Baronet was forced to console with her for some days.

Pleased with this seeming mark of tenderness, the deluded girl surrendered to him her whole fortune, which the Baronet, no doubt, received with transport. We have already begun to taste the sweets of it, and here I have put in practice a delicate piece of artifice. A continued series of ill luck, I thought, might possibly put Sir Edward on his guard, and alarm him. I have therefore changed for a short time my plan of operations. He has accordingly won these two or three last times, which has elevated his spirits to such a pitch, that he imagines he shall be able to make Thompson refund all his winnings. Ah, poor Baronet! — Little dost thou imagine that this short calm is but the prelude to a dreadful storm. I have been once in company with his dulcinea, but I thought she surveyed me with a scrutinizing eye, and treated me with the

most distant civility. She imagines, and justly too, that I am the occasion of the Baronet's being so seldom at home. However, I do not entertain any ideas that she will render my schemes abortive. I have too strong a hold of Sir Edward, whose affection for her visibly appears to be on the wane. It will not, however, be prudent in him yet to throw off the veil, nor shall I advise him to do it for my own sake. — Were she to discover now that her marriage was a sham, she might oblige him to refund her fortune, and would thus deprive me of so much of my plunder. When he is no longer in a condition to refund, let him pursue his inclinations — I shall then have nothing to fear from them. Turn-bull, the port is in view—A brisk gale carries me to it. Every thing tells me that my voyage will be prosperous. When I am arrived there in safety, the rest of my days shall be spent in tranquillity, nor will I tempt the sea again. To speak more plainly

ly

ly, when my designs on Sir Edward are completed, then will I begin a new course of conduct—turn honest, and sin no more, *unless there should be a great necessity.*

GEORGE HATTON.

LETTER LI.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

FROM the depth of misery, the everlasting Father is able raise the drooping wretch. I have beheld an exertion of his power. Why may not I experience the same?

same? But—no—I am sunk in despair, and even hope, the last attendant that forsakes the afflicted, has deserted me. But I will bury my sorrows in the silent solitude of my own breast.—*Thy will, O God, be done!* —The poor Matilda would every day wander to the castle. She had contracted a great affection for my ——. The disorder of her intellects decreased, but a fixed unconquerable melancholy remained behind.

The powers of recollection now returned; she informed us, that she was the daughter of a man of fortune. Her mother, dying when she was very young, her father entered into a second marriage, the fruit of which was several children. The affection of her father visibly diminished soon after his second marriage. Nevertheless Matilda continued with him.

The son of a gentleman in the neighbourhood had, from his infancy, entertained an
affection

affection for her, which she returned. The father of her admirer was reduced in his circumstances. Her mother and sister-in-law took advantage of this information to thwart the inclinations of the poor Matilda.—She induced her father to inform her lover's parent, that an union could not take place on account of the disparity in their fortunes. Hurt by this reflection on his poverty, the gentleman resolved that his son should no longer hold any acquaintance with any of the purse-proud family, and therefore insisted on his going to sea. There it was supposed he perished in a storm, the ship in which he sailed never being heard of afterwards. The intelligence produced a fatal effect on the mind of Matilda. Her reason entirely forsook her. Pleased with this opportunity of ridding herself of a person she disliked, her mother-in-law prevailed on her father to remove her from his house. He brought her to the cottage near the castle, where no enquiries have ever since been made after her.

her. Unworthy father!—Execrable step-mother!—

Stafford, though deprived of the protection of those from whom she had a right to demand it, the Almighty did not forsake her. My —— had walked one morning to fetch her to the castle. She was returning with her, Matilda supporting herself by the assistance of my ——'s arm. A gentleman rushed from behind some oaks—"Do I see her once again," (he exclaimed) and sinking upon the ground, fainted away. Matilda had caught a glimpse of his face. She discovered her own William at her feet.— Her joy was too exquisite. She dropped on her knees, and clasping her hands together, lifted up her eyes in a most expressive manner to Heaven—but she spoke not a word. The gentleman soon recovered— Matilda was still upon her knees, seemingly in silent prayer. He caught her in his arms — "Oh, Matilda, Matilda, hence-
forth

forth nothing shall separate us more." — The poor maid's intellects were again disordered by the sudden joy. She looked at him, but did not seem to know him. "Will not my Matilda answer me?" (he exclaimed in a tone of anguish.) My —, who saw the effect the surprise had produced, intreated him to absent himself a little while, while she conducted her to the castle, and prepared her for his presence. The gentleman consented, and followed them at a distance. Matilda was brought into the castle, and my — briefly informing me of the incident, recommended the lover of Matilda to my protection, till she should be sufficiently recovered. I met him in the garden, and after introducing myself, informed him what had been the situation of Matilda, since receiving the intelligence of his death. He seemed deeply afflicted, and turned from me to hide the starting tear. — He then related to me that the ship in which he was to have sailed, had indeed foundered, but his trunks by mistake having been sent
aboard

aboard another ship, he had taken his passage in it. On arriving at Bengal, he found that the climate did not agree with him—A severe illness seized him, and he was advised to return to England. Some friends to whom he had been recommended, lamenting that by his ill health he was deprived of every advantage he might otherwise have derived, gave him letters to the East India Company, who, on his arrival in England, bestowed on him a lucrative situation in one of their offices.

On his visiting his father, he was informed that Matilda no longer resided at home, but had been removed to some distant part, where, however, he did not know. By bribing a servant in the family of her father, he had learned the place of her abode, for which he immediately set out.

My —, in the mean time, used every endeavour to restore Matilda to her reason. She asked her whether she had observed any
one

one in the garden. She was now able to speak—"Oh, no, no—I saw a phantom, but it fled from me quickly."—"But should your William be still alive?"—"Impossible—The whole crew was drowned—Not one survived."—"But perhaps I have heard otherwise—He may be still alive." She started up, her eyes glistened—She clasped her hands in an extacy—"But no—it is not to be hoped—I pray you do not deceive me."—"I will not—I have seen him."—She fell on her knees—"Oh, God!"—Her voice failed her—she twice attempted to speak, then burst into a flood of tears. My —— attempted not to restrain them, but suffered them to have full vent. When she had wept some time, she exclaimed, laying hold of my ——'s hand—"But have you indeed seen him?"—"I have"—"And may not I see him too?"—"Certainly, if you think you can support the sight."

The

The bell was instantly rang—I knew this to be the summons for us. My companion instantly ran into the room—Matilda knew him immediately. They rushed into each other's arms. My William ! My William ! My Matilda ! My Matilda ! were the only words to which they could give utterance for some time. My —— and I attempted not to restrain their transports. When they had somewhat subsided, Matilda desired to know how he had escaped. He gave her the same relation which he had previously communicated to me, and heard in return from her the story of her woes.

It is settled that Mr. Calton (the name of her admirer) shall instantly set out for the abode of Matilda's father, and pay him the compliment of asking his consent. If he refuses it, they are to be united without it.

Stafford, I rejoice at the happiness of this amiable pair—but it adds to my affliction.—

I recollect that such bliss once was mine—
It is impossible to forget it.

I cannot but remember such things were.
I related to you in my last * the event which
had introduced Montgomery to my acquaintance,
and certain suppositions I entertained. At his
departure he promised to pay me a visit on his
return from the north. I may then be able to
discover whether these suppositions have any
foundation. My father has left England to
take possession of the post which he has obtained.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

* Does not appear.

LETTER LH.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

I HAVE been rendered unable to write to you till now, by an event at which I know not whether I ought to grieve or to rejoice. Perhaps you may guess what I mean. I have been brought to bed of a boy, beautiful as an angel, and I fancy that, even at this early age, he resembles one whom would I could banish from my remembrance for ever. This is the first day on which I have been able to rise, and I devote

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it to you. Ah, Eliza, imagine what was my situation, without a friend to soothe me, and without any one from whom I could receive comfort. The protection of God, however, was not withdrawn from me.—He endowed me with fortitude, and taught me to bear, without repining, the burthen with which it is his pleasure to load me.

Eliza, tho' thus overwhelmed with woe, though for me to entertain hopes of future happiness is absurd, yet there are some moments in which I flatter myself, that the cloud that now hangs over me will be dispelled. It was perhaps such a thought that influenced my dream last night. I imagined myself on a barren heath—no human habitation was nigh. The stones wounded my feet. My heart drooped, and I was on the point of fainting with despair—I looked up to Heaven—I observed an angel descend. He advanced towards me, and took me by the hand. In the sweetest tone of voice he spoke to me—"Mortal, much hast thou

thou suffered, and great have been thy afflictions. They are at an end—Look”—I obeyed—The scene was changed to the most delightful spot I ever beheld. He conducted me through bowers of never-fading roses, and led me to a temple, where Edward waited for me. “Take thy reward,” he said, and vanished from my sight. Excess of joy prevented me from pursuing my dream.—I awoke.

Eliza, there is a great consistency in the dream, but when I consider that it is only a vision of the mind, ought I to give credit to it?—Oh, no, no—I will not.—I have given my sweet boy the appellation of Edward. May Heaven bestow on him a heart more sensible of the woes of others than that possessed by him whose name he bears, and from whom he derives his existence.—I have exhausted my strength, and must therefore bid you adieu.

CECILIA.

LETTER LIII.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

W. TURNBULL, ESQ.

IO Pæans! Io Pæans, sing!—The Baronet entertained hopes of being able to recover what he had lost. He was disappointed. His luck changed, and he lost.—The whole fortune of the deluded Louisa is now consumed, and we have already entered into a consideration of the ways and means to raise more money. Sir Edward knows there is much timber on his estate. This he has thoughts of converting into cash.

The

The timber has not been felled for a great number of years. His ancestors, good souls, knew no wants, and suffered the sturdy oak to flourish—thanks to their æconomical dispositions. My intentions will experience some delay; for it will be necessary that the Baronet should pay a visit to his estate.— For prudential reasons, I shall not accompany him. It might have an interested appearance, which it is my chief endeavour to avoid. Sir Edward sets out to-morrow— His dulcinea of course will not go with him. Her looks discovered an inclination to visit the mansion of his ancestors, but as she saw it was not her *husband's* wish that she should go, she sighed, and acquiesced in silence. — By Heavens! she is a sweet girl, and never utters a word of complaint or reproach,

Turnbull, I entertain some thoughts of her myself, and when my designs are completed on the Baronet, will make her an offer of living with me. Such a partner

might amuse me for a short time. When possession has rendered her no longer agreeable, 'tis but giving her a small present, and consigning her to some other person.

This design, however, must for the present sleep. My interest stands in the way of my love, and I am not quite such a slave to the Cytherean goddess, as to neglect it, in order to offer sacrifices at her altar. — Turnbull, adieu!—wish me success.

GEORGE HATTON.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

LETITIA

TO

ELEANOR.

THANKS to my own fortitude I am not numbered with the ancestors buried in Umphreville Castle. I was at first afflicted at the melancholy of my spouse,—but I see it is constitutional, and therefore suffer the man to indulge his inclinations as he pleases.

Eleanor, I would tell you a very long story, but I hate long stories, ever since I
sent

sent you the last. This one is so moving—so pathetic—but it is too long for a letter. Ever since I knew bravery to be the soul of wit, I have refrained from prolixity. One of the attributes of wit I am resolved at least to possess. To be brief then—I discovered a poor maiden, whom the loss of her swain had deprived of reason. I brought her to the castle, and by degrees her intellectual faculties recovered their force. I drew from her then “the story of her woes.”—Her parents had deserted her. Heaven took her into its good graces, restored her lover to her arms, so the story ends as all novels do, they were happy *as their fondest wishes could desire*. They are now united in the holy bands of wedlock, and seem perfectly contented with their captivity.

Now, Eleanor, there’s the whole of the story. Now, doubtless, I could extend it to the size of a large volume, with their distresses, their sufferings, their, &c. &c.—
But

But you see I have left all those things to your imagination. Oh, dear, Oh, dear, what a deal of paper might be saved by the practice of this quality called brevity. Orators might save their lungs, and authors their readers patience.

Oh, Eleanor, I forgot to inform you that I am deprived of one source of amusement.—The Major is gone abroad, and I shall no more entertain myself with his oddities and his ancestors. I petitioned him very pathetically to remain in his old bone house. I told him that his ancestors would certainly haunt him, and that I should soon pine myself to death for want of his company.—The man, however, resisted my intreaties, turned a deaf ear to them, and is gone.

I have no person to laugh at, except the new married couple, whom I plague incessantly, but they do not mind me. They are so sentimental, and my Edward is so sen-

timental, that I am afraid I shall degenerate into sentiment myself. Gaurd me, my stars, from such an affliction, which will certainly soon send me to that "*Bournè from whence no traveller returns.*" Oh, Heavens, I find I am sentimental already. It is high time, therefore, for me to put an end to my epistle. Eleanor, Eleanor, that ever I should live to subscribe myself your sweet sentimental friend,

LETITIA UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER LV.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

IN sober *sentimental* sadness, I take up the pen again. It is not, I assure you, a crow quill—No—I have done with them.—I entertain some ideas that they are the attendants of sentiment. I have, therefore, received into my patronage a good sociable alderman-like looking goose quill, with which I hope to be perfectly free from sentiment. The day after I discovered these symptoms of disorder, I sent for the apothecary

thecary of the village. Mr. Apozem in person very much resembles one of his own shew-glasses, very small in the head, very like a Dorchester butt in the body, and yet, with this same rotundity of corporation, does he affect a feminine softness of manners. Modelling his sleek features into a look of concern, he intreated the honor of being informed under what complaint I had the misfortune to labour. "Oh, Doctor, under a most dreadful one." "Heavens! (exclaimed my son of Esculapius, I am overwhelmed with concern." "And so am I, Doctor." "Do me the favor to inform me what your disorder is." "Excess of sentiment, Doctor." "God defend me, a sad disease indeed. It proceeds from a compression of a certain fluid upon the nervous system, which, preventing them from being able to exert their natural vigour, produces a certain softness, a certain irritability, which we denominate sentiment." I could scarce keep my gravity during this speech,
delivered

delivered in the most pompous manner.— However the Doctor soon took his leave, and sent me nothing less than a purgative. I could not help laughing at the idea of expelling sentiment by these means, and at my good man's sagacity. Nevertheless, I told him I had taken it, and had found wonderful relief. His countenance immediately expressed the pride and exultation of his heart, and I do not doubt but that the College of Physicians will receive a very pompous account of this admirable cure.

Eleanor, though the new married couple are objects of my mirth, I must confess they are at the same time objects of my envy. I fear, that though Edward behaves with the greatest tenderness to me, I do not possess his affections, else why does this melancholy of his continue—and in my supposition, I am somewhat confirmed by his love of solitude and retirement. From these thoughts I fly as much as possible, but they return often,

ten, and I cannot help indulging them. Eleanor, you will say this is another symptom of sentiment. In good faith it is, and one which I cannot conquer.

LETITIA UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER LVI.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

CAPTAIN ARCHER.

AT length I arrived among the mountains of the north, without more "moving accidents." That a most cordial

dial reception waited me, I think it will be unnecessary to mention. "The arrival of a stranger (said the old gentleman, your father, to me,) in this part of the world, always creates a little holiday, but the arrival of one who brings me intelligence from my son, and who is his friend, cannot fail of being welcomed with the utmost joy."—Archer, I relate to you the conversation that passed as near as I can. "Well but, Sir, (said the old gentleman) you have not told me how he is—Is he well? Has he lost a leg or an arm? Ods my life, we shall soon have him with us." To each of these questions I made no other reply than presenting your letter to him, and another to your mother. Parental affection rushed into his eyes as soon as he saw your handwriting. I thought I discovered a tear of joy. I believe I was not mistaken, by his turning away from me, and walking to the window. The pleasure your mother felt was as great, yet more silent. She scrupled

VOL. I. P not

not to shed a flood of tears when she opened your letter. "Ah, my dear boy!" she exclaimed, and began perusing it. Your father continued at the window much longer than I thought necessary for the reading of his letter, and therefore I imputed it to his desire of indulging his flow of tenderness and joy. At length turning round to me, "Well, God be praised, (she exclaimed) my boy is in good health, and I may, ere long, expect to see him. Come, Sir, you must have some refreshment. Ods heart, where's Tom and Will and Dick; how dare they suffer any one to come to my house without bringing the best the house affords." In five minutes a table was most sumptuously covered, and I, who was very hungry, did ample justice to the repast.—After I had finished, the old gentleman took me round his grounds, which are laid out in the prettiest style imaginable.—During our walk he engaged to shew me some good shooting, and extorted a promise

to

than to any merit of my own. You may expect to hear by the packet, which brings you this from other persons than from

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER LVII.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

EDWARD.

I HAVE not, my dear Sir, lived long enough to think the performance of a promise unnecessary — For this reason I trouble you with an epistle from the mountains of the north, where I have received a

welcome, which could only be equalled by that with which I was honoured at Umphreville Castle. There is something in my nature which will not suffer me to refuse a request. I have therefore been prevailed upon to give my consent to remain here some weeks, which I am sure will be made as pleasant to me as possible. But there is a grief under which I labour, which will not permit me to be happy any where. I should indeed be unworthy the friendship with which you have been pleased to favour me, were I to conceal the occasion of my uneasiness. I had a sister, whom I loved with the most fraternal affection. Of our parents we are deprived by death. This beloved sister is wandering, Heaven knows where, and I am come in search of her.—Whither to direct my steps I know not—nor am I certain that England contains her. My pursuit must be directed by Heaven, and if I find her, I shall attribute it solely to the mercy of Providence.

This is the cause why I rather lament that I have promised to remain here for some weeks, because it will retard my search. Nevertheless be assured, my dear Sir, that I shall not fail to pay you and your amiable lady a visit on my departure, which I shall endeavour to hasten, if I can do it without offence, to my hospitable entertainers. I have the honor to be, &c.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LET-

LETTER LVIII.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

WHAT a delusive flatterer is hope !
She leads us on from day to day
still promising happiness, and still keeping
happiness from our grasp—and yet such is
our credulity that we still give credit to her
tale, tho' experience has so often convinced
us of our folly. Laura, with notions of hap-
piness drawn from a warm imagination and
from books, I believed that honor was not a
notion, and that vows were uttered not for

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the

the purpose of being broken. It is not to be wondered with these ideas, that I believed the tender tale of my cousin Sir Edward, and suffered my affections to be engaged. He pressed me to give him my hand privately, and stated as a reason for this request, that he had always entertained an idea, that love could not be sincere unless it sacrificed every thing to the object of its affections. He had therefore made a vow never to marry a woman who would not give him her hand without asking the consent of any one. I thought his reason plausible at that time. Alas! I begin to think now that it was fallacious. Laura, I united myself to Sir Edward. I thought to experience that happiness which imagination had formed, and was not for a short time convinced that I had painted a scene which would not be realized. Sir Edward, at length, began to relax in his attention to me. He was frequently out, and often came not home till late in the morning.—

I

I never upbraided him, because I knew that reproach never could reclaim. He never discovered any signs of anger on my countenance, though perhaps he might behold the marks of grief. The companion of his excesses he introduced to me, and of him I formed, at first sight, an opinion not at all to his advantage. Nor has experience convinced me of the error of that opinion. Sir Edward has been some time absent. He is at his country-seat. It was my wish to have accompanied him—I mentioned it—He did not seem inclined to grant it, and I acquiesced in his will. Since his departure, I have been twice or thrice troubled with the company of this companion of Sir Edward. His conversation never had any charms for me. It has lately degenerated into absolute rudeness, and not very far removed from indecency. I have not appeared to be sensible of it, because I must then have forbidden him my presence, which might have offended Sir Edward. Laura, I
shrewdly

shrewdly suspect that he is a man of infamous character, and assumes a rank to which he has no pretensions. I have always thought that the sincerity of affection was best proved by sacrificing one's interest to the object of that affection—and this notion influenced my conduct; for, on the death of my father, I immediately surrendered my whole estate to Sir Edward. Whether he is worthy of such a sacrifice, ah, Laura, time will discover.

LOUISA SACKVILLE.

LET-

LETTER LIX.

LOUISA

TO

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

SOLITARY and uneasy always at your absence, I take up the pen, Sir Edward, to afford myself some amusement by writing to you. Perhaps you may experience the same solitude at your country-seat, and may not be displeased at hearing from me. Had you permitted me to have accompanied you, I might perhaps, by my endeavours, have afforded you some pleasure, but as it was not your wish that I should go, I acquiesce
with

with murmuring. I cannot by any means banish a certain uneasiness that fills my bosom. I endeavour to decrease its power, by flattering myself that your absence will be but short. My attempts are fruitless. I would write to you in a merrier strain, but I am so accustomed to speak and write the dictates of my heart, that I fear I should succeed but badly. My dear Sir Edward, may I presume to expect a letter from you. It will be a most welcome present, and will be the only thing, save your presence, that can impart pleasure to the heart of your faithful

LOUISA SACKVILLE.

LET-

LETTER LX.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM TURNBULL, ESQ.

PLAGUE take me, I have just fallen into that error which I so studiously endeavoured to avoid. I mentioned to you a certain inclination which I felt for Sir Edward's dulcinea, and of my intentions of taking her when the Baronet thought fit to withdraw himself from her. During his absence, I was induced to pay her a visit once or twice. She looked so beautiful,
and

and so artless, that my resolution was deprived of its force. I thought that I might pave the way for my future introduction, and took some liberties, which she resented highly, and expressed great displeasure. I have visited her since, in order to make my peace by a more respectful demeanour. — However, she treats me with the most distant civility; and if I do not prognosticate wrong, seems to entertain a most perfect hatred for me. I will be convinced. If I find that my conjecture is well founded, she may repent of her behaviour. I have a strong hold of the Baronet. He begins to be tired of his prize. It will not therefore be difficult to deprive her of his protection — His love, I fancy, may be included in a very small compass.

GEORGE HATTON.

LET-

LETTER LXI.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

IT has pleased Heaven to restore me to my wonted health, but the illness of the mind still continues, and affliction strikes each day her root deeper in my heart. — With the help of religion, I endeavour to bear up against the storm as stoutly as possible, but I fear it will at length overwhelm me. To me life is indeed a burthen, which
with

with the greatest pleasure I would resign unto the hands of him who bestowed it on me, but, Eliza, there is a tie which binds me to life—my sweet boy—when I cast my eyes upon him—when I imagine that he surveys me with a look which seems to ask my protection—when he smiles in my face, I wish to live in spite of the woes that press so heavy upon my head. I know not whether to attribute it to the miseries I have endured, or to my late illness, but I often find myself deprived of all recollection. My ideas wander, and it is some time before I can recover myself. Half a year has now elapsed since I first took possession of this retirement. A long half year of affliction! The people where I live are quiet and inoffensive. They study my happiness as much as possible—and never disturb me by impertinent intrusions—Yet they often press me to walk for the recovery of my health. and for the sake of my boy I comply.—With him I wander to the delightful scenes
 around

around me. The park that furrounds the castle, whose turrets are seen with distant hill, is bounded by a beautiful wood. This is my favorite walk. For the space of a mile, I wander by the side of the Lake, whose unruffled surface reflect the trees, and the wild flowers that grow luxuriant on its banks. I then cross a lawn, edged on each side by a copse, whence the feathered tribe love to pour "*their native wood notes wild*. At the end of it a winding path leads by a gentle ascent to the wood. Here I rest myself, and from the foot of some old oak I can behold, through the openings of the wood, a magnificent building, furrounded by grounds laid out in the most enchanting style—a winding stream rolls gently by the side of the house—on its banks tufts of trees are dispersed here and there—and on a little hill is a temple in the Gothic taste. In such a charming place, what happiness might the heart enjoy.

Eliza, mistake me not. I mean not the heart weighed down by affliction—all places are then indifferent—but that heart which misery has not touched, and which, if it mourn, mourns not for its own, but for the woes of others. I am forced to write when my sweet boy is a sleep. He will not permit me to send long letters. Adieu then, my Eliza, pity your

CECILIA.

LET—

LETTER LXII.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

MY suppositions were not ill-founded. He is indeed what I imagined him to be. How does the discovery add to my affliction. Oh, Stafford, Stafford, philosophers may preach patience, may bid us en-

Q 2

endure

dure the hard hand of misfortune with fortitude—With Jaffier I exclaim,

Patience ! I give it to the winds.

And tell those philosophers, that if they have not experienced the sore press of misery, they are not fit counsellors for affliction.

Stafford, was man created to be miserable ? I am convinced of the goodness of God, and hesitate not therefore to reply—no—If not created to be miserable, what conduct ought he to pursue when a series of misfortunes oppress him, and when he looks around him, beholds no gleam of comfort. Philosophers bid him summon his fortitude—but I don't allow them to be adequate counsellors.—*Tacite damus ægrotis concilium.*—Why may he not then himself put an end to his sorrows ?

Cato

Cato was a man of irreproachable character. He was furrounded by woes—He put a period to them with his sword—and why is not his example to be followed? I have never heard a satisfactory answer to this question. I put it to you—you may throw new lights upon the subject, but I confess I incline to the side of Cato, and am tempted to pronounce the last action of his life worthy of himself. Stafford, was it, or was it not?

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER LXVI.

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

TO

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

I HAVE been detained here, Hatton, longer than I imagined, and forely against my inclination, by the purchaser, who is one of the slowest men in business I ever beheld. By computation, the produce of the timber will be near five thousand pounds—but my men must measure every tree, which he says will occupy three more months.

months. I shall certainly not be able to exist such a length of time. Three months! Impossible—Hatton, cannot you persuade Thompson to accompany you to my seat. If you can, take up another mortgage on the estate, and send it to me, I will sign and seal—We shall then be able to wait my timber merchant's leisure, having wherewithal to go on with.

I have received a very moving letter from my—wife. Hatton, I am rather *ennuyée* of her. Nevertheless, it will not be prudent to throw off the mask yet, nor do I wish. She is an humble uncomplaining creature, and, like the spaniel, will love me the better for a little ill usage. I have answered her letter in the same style, which I confess I found rather difficult to assume. However, after various attempts, I accomplished the task, and desire you will deliver it to her. Prithee, if you wish me not to expire, be quick about the mortgage—prevail on Thompson to come down here, and give

us our revenge—Luck may change—I remember a line in some author I read at school—*Non si male nunc et olim sic erit*—With this quotation I comfort myself, and hope to give Monsieur Thompson reason to repent his visit to Sackville Castle. Be speedy as you value

EDWARD SACKVILLE.

LETTER LXIV.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM TURNBULL, ESQ.

OF all men who ever took the gaming infection, I think the Baronet has received it the most readily. I mentioned to you his departure to his estate, in order

to cut down timber. He has written me word that he has experienced great delays in the prosecution of the business, and has therefore given me directions to take up another mortgage, if Thompson will consent to go down to Sackville Castle. To be sure, there will not need much to persuade him, and with respect to the mortgage, I shall take down Frederick in his former disguise of usurer, on purpose to do the business at the Castle, and to be at hand should another mortgage be wanted, which is not at all unlikely. We are, therefore, on the point of setting out with great spirits. The poor Louisa remains behind.—I had indeed a letter from the Baronet to deliver to her, but it was very affectionate, and I thought might injure my views in that quarter—so I civilly burnt it, and informed her that the Baronet had written to me desiring me to acquaint her that he was well—but should be under the necessity of remaining at his seat longer than he expected. The tear rushed into the eye of the

R

lovely

lovely maid, and she seemed sensibly affected by his unkindness in not writing to her. This I failed not to increase by distant hints, and left her in all "the luxury of woe."—Left she should hereafter discover that I had a letter, I shall inform the Baronet, that I lost it, in order that he may not mention any thing relative to it. I went this morning to tell her that I should set out to-morrow for Sackville Castle, and would bear any commands with which she might honor me. She bowed, thanked me, and gave me a letter. I saw, by the pallid cheek, and the tearful eye, that my hints had not failed of producing the desired effect. — When at the Castle, I mean to prosecute my scheme with vigour; for faith I find my heart deeply interested in the affair. I must have this Louisa, cost what it will.

GEORGE HATTON.

LET-

LETTER LXV.

LOUISA

TO

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

OVERWHELMED with affliction, I take advantage of the visit of the bearer to trouble you with a few words:—Sir Edward, I had hoped, that when you knew how afflicting your absence was to me, that you would not have increased it: I had expected an answer—alas! I expected one in vain—But I do not write to upbraid or to reproach you—I write only to beg you to favour me with one line. Tell me only in your own hand-writing that you are well and happy, and I will not murmur. I will try to make myself easy, tho' I fear the attempt will not be attended with success.

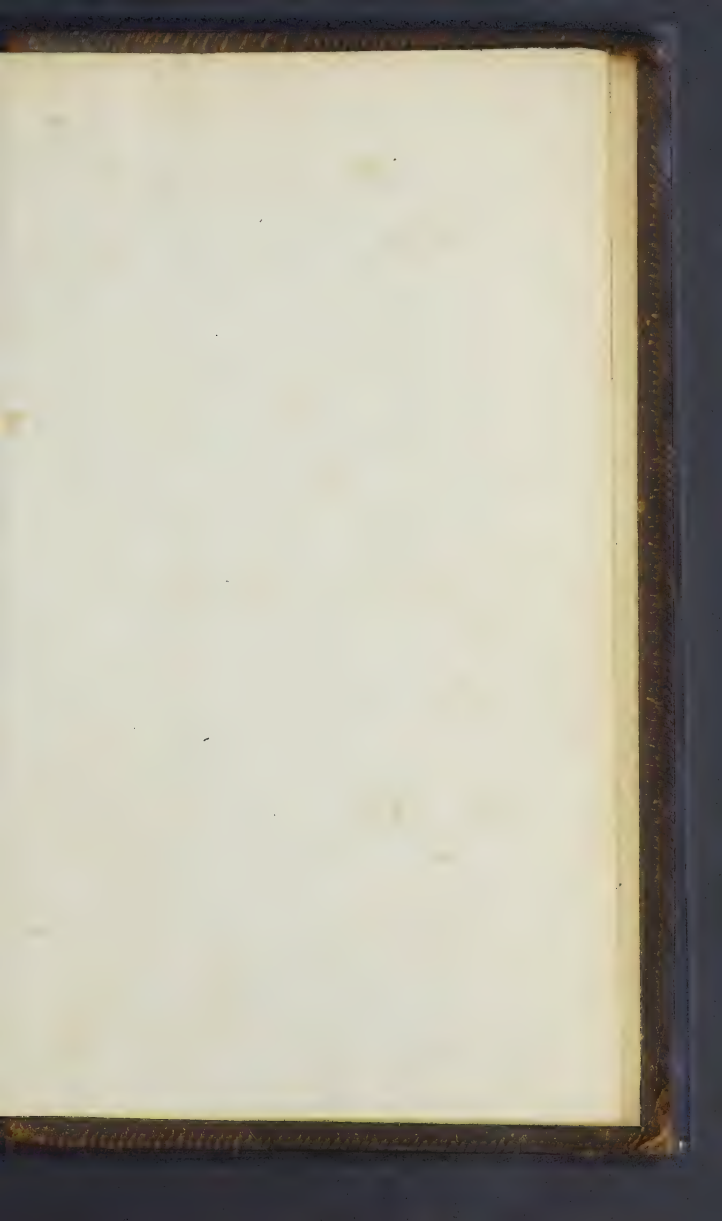
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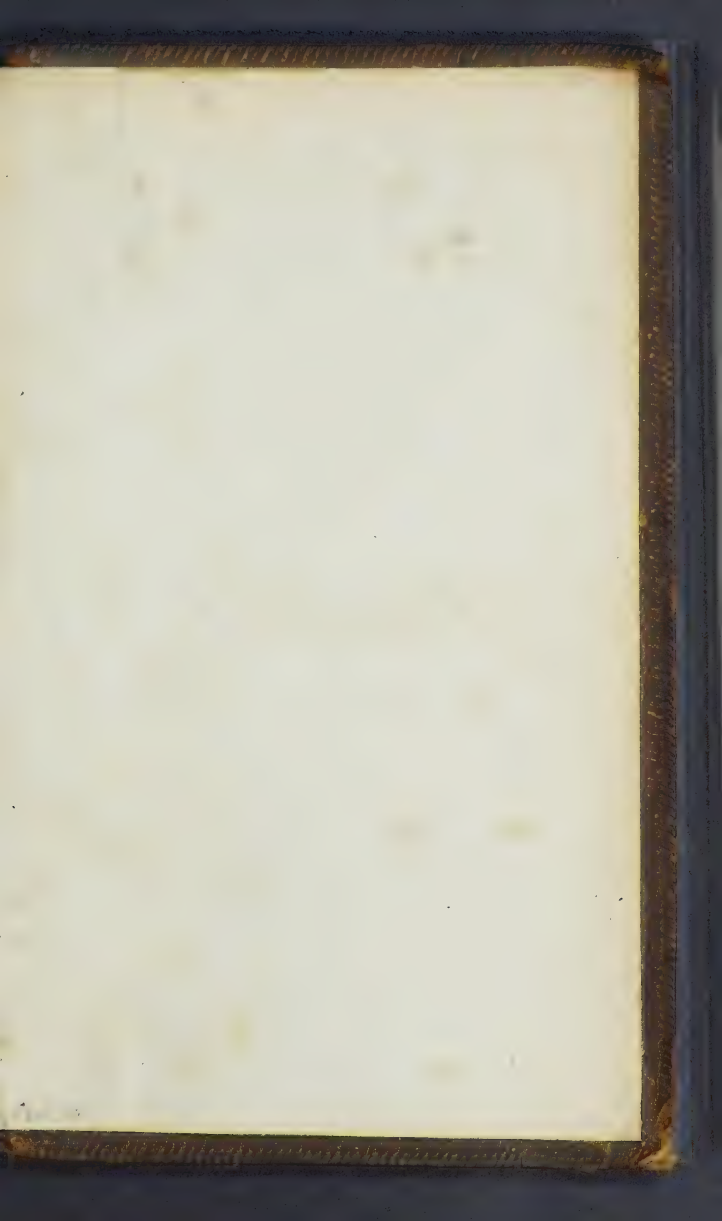
It will be too great a happiness to expect you will suffer me to pay you a visit. If you would, were it only for a day, Oh, what pleasure would it afford me! I say, I fear it will be too much to expect you will grant me this request, and I therefore do not press it. But for Heaven's sake, my dear Sir Edward, if you have not totally banished me from your affections, send me a line.—A few words will not take up much of your time. Oh, you will be amply repaid by my prayers for your happiness, by my thanks, my gratitude. I will not tire you by too long a letter.

In fond expectation of receiving a line from you, I bid you farewell, and be assured, if it will communicate any sensations of pleasure to your bosom, that you are most sincerely beloved by

LOUISA SACKVILLE

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.









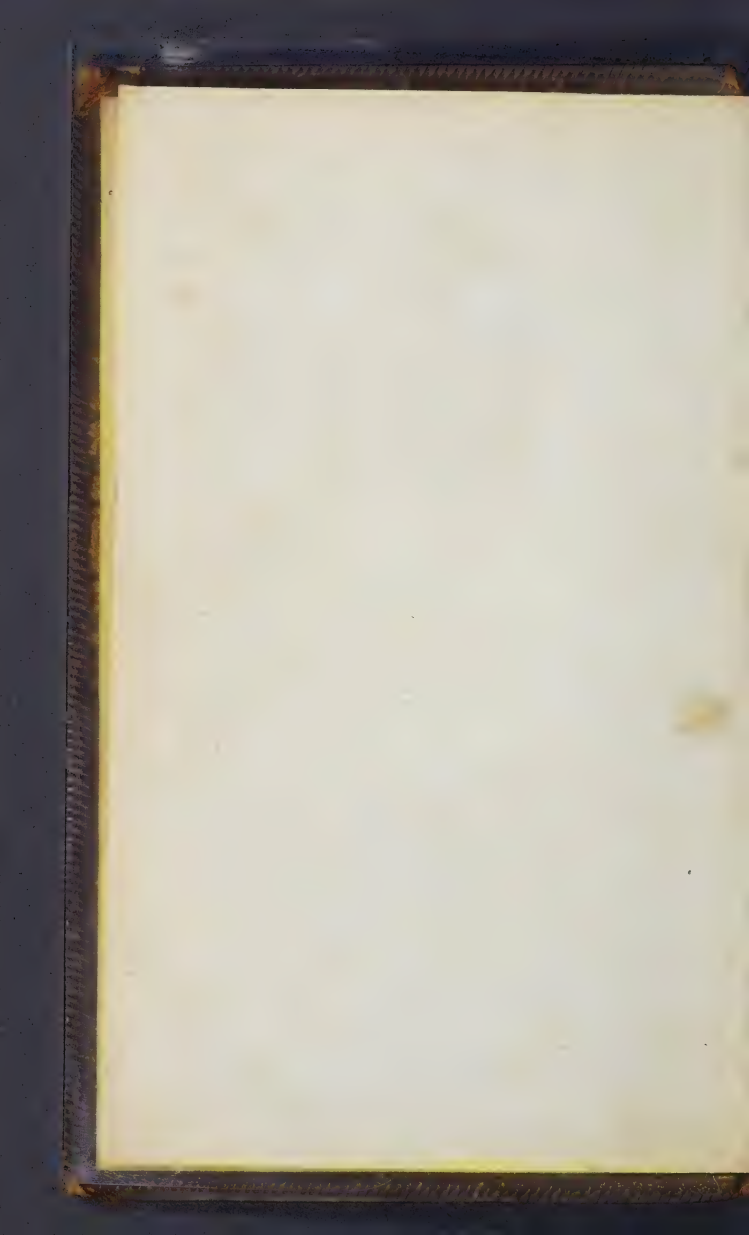


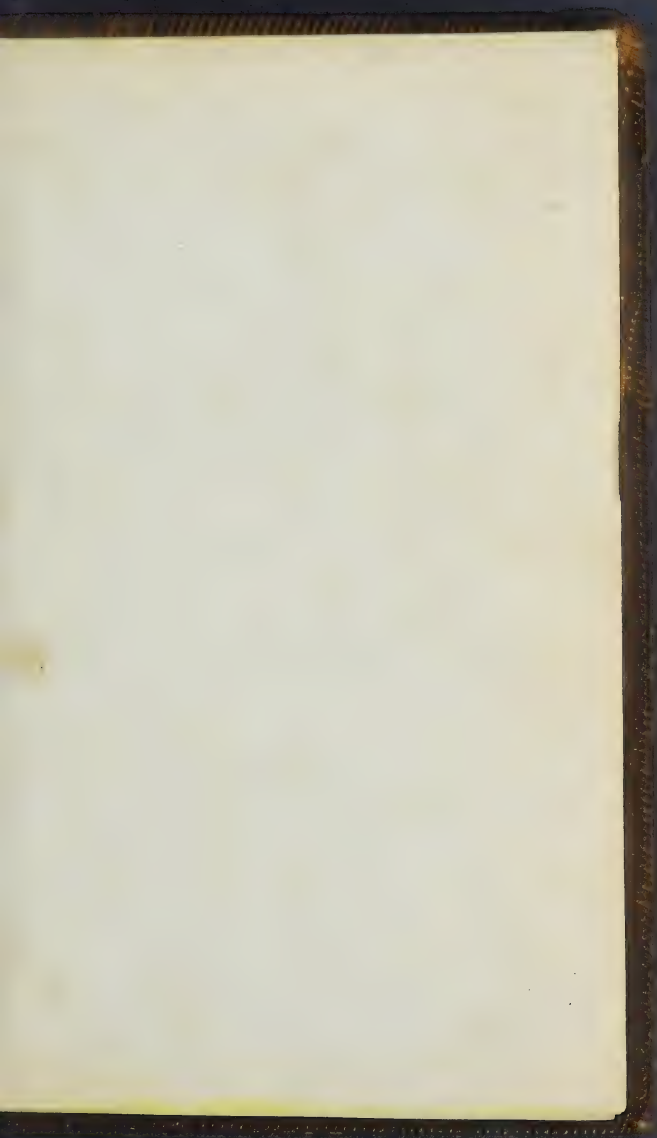
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T H E

LAKE OF WINDERMERE.



THE
LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE
LETTERS OF MARIA.

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M DCC XCI.

THE
LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

LETTER LXVI.

HUMPHREY CLARENDON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM NETERVILLE, ESQ.

I HAVE left the plains of Indostan—the seat of luxury—of oppression—of injustice. I have quitted them for ever, and am on my voyage to England. I have now

VOL. II.

B

sufficient

sufficient leisure to perform my promise, and I prepare to do it, though, in so doing, I shall tear open those wounds which I had wished to close for ever.

I am descended from a good family.—Both my parents died when I was very young, and I was left to the care of an uncle. Nothing of any consequence happened till I came of age. I then took possession of my fortune, and set out on the same career which I fear most young men of fortune pursue, that of dissipation, thoughtlessness, and extravagance. Happy was it for me; alas! I thought so then—that before I had impaired my health, or decreased my fortune, I became acquainted with a most amiable young lady, for whom I entertained a sincere affection. Whatever pleasure the days of courtship may afford those concerned, they can give but little satisfaction to the uninterested and indifferent, I shall pass them over. We were married—With-

out

out soaring to the language of fiction and romance, I thought myself peculiarly happy, and enjoyed many years of felicity.—Our union was crowned with the birth of four children, three girls and a boy.

With the partiality, the fondness of a parent, I resolved to give my son the most liberal education. His improvement was equal to my wishes, and above my most sanguine expectations. He grew up the envy of the ignorant, the admiration of the learned—My delight, however, was decreased by his extraordinary change of disposition.—Once open, affable, and obliging—Now addicted to solitude, always appearing melancholy, and for ever poring over his books. I endeavoured, by every possible method, to detach him from this mode of conduct, but in vain—He heard all my arguments, but always replied that his books were the greatest source of amusement to him. I was forced at length to leave him

to himself, and indeed was very little favored with his company.

My eldest girl was the very reverse of my son—Oh, that girl!—She attached herself chiefly to me, and was particularly attentive to all my little wants. I own, I began to love her better than my son, whom I then thought of an ungrateful, insensible disposition. Frequently did I express myself displeased with him, and as often did my daughter defend him. At length her behaviour altered, and to my complaints of him, she replied not a word. I was surprised at this alteration, which I thought rather extraordinary. But how did my surprise increase, when one day she told me that she could no longer keep his speeches from my knowledge—that he confessed he felt no filial affection, and that he wished to be separated for ever from his parents. — I was thunderstruck for a moment, and remained silent. My anger then broke out
into

into reproaches at his base unnatural ingratitude. My daughter, after the first transports of my rage, intreated me to take no notice of the information I had received, as it might tend to her disadvantage, and create unhappiness and dissension. I consented, and from that day she furnished me with frequent instances of his disregard and contempt for all the filial duties. It is not to be wondered that my affection for him was weakened. Indeed, I confess, it was totally destroyed.

On my return one day from transacting some business, I found no one at home but my eldest daughter, whom I discovered in tears. For some time I pressed her to disclose the cause, which she seemed unwilling to do. At length, by my commands, she informed me that her brother was married, and that she thought his taking such a step without my knowledge or consent, such a flagrant piece of wickedness that she could

no longer keep it from my knowledge. — Without giving myself a moment's time for consideration, I hastened up to his study, upbraided him with many acts of his ingratitude, and finally commanded him instantly to quit my house. I would not hear his reply, but turned him that very moment out of doors. Merciful God forgive me! — When my wife returned home, I informed her what I had done. She was amazed, burst into tears, and on her knees intreated me to pardon and forgive him. I was deaf to every thing she could say, and suffered her to plead in vain. Oh, unnatural inhuman deed! How many wretched hours has it cost me! From the period in which this event happened, misfortunes seemed to press heavy upon my family. A fatal disease, brought on I believe by grief, seized my wife—She died—Oh, worthless father! My two youngest children soon followed her to the grave, and no one remained but my eldest daughter. By some means my son
learnt

learnt that his mother was ill—He petitioned me by letter to suffer him to see her—I refused—I even threatened him with my heaviest curses if he disobeyed me. Nevertheless he would not be swayed from his purpose. One morning he took advantage of the opening of the street-door, and rushed up stairs to his mother's apartment. Dropping on his knees by her bed-side, he burst into tears, and intreated her forgiveness and her blessing. These she bestowed on him, together with a small purse of her money and her miniature picture, and pressing him in her arms, intreated Heaven to protect him. In that moment I entered the room—He flew to me, and knelt at my feet—I spurned him from me—Guilty, cruel father!—I cursed him, and drove him from my presence. After the death of his mother, I received frequent letters from him, wherein he told me that poverty pursued him wherever he went—that he had experienced numberless misfortunes—that his fa-

mily was starving—that he was drooping, and descending by quick steps to the grave. I disregarded his pathetic complaints—I answered not his letters—I relieved not his wants—Such letters he often sent, each more moving, more full of distress than the last. He begged me to save him from a prison—told me, that whatever faults he had committed, I ought not to forget that forgiveness was the attribute of God, and therefore ought to be of man—and finally, intreated me to remember that I was his father.—I treated his reasons with contempt, and never enquired whether a prison was his portion or not.—At length I ceased hearing from him—He wrote to me no more—and I have never heard of him since.

My daughter now absorbed all my affections, and I resolved to leave her my whole fortune. Heaven in its justice would not permit me—A fever seized her—she was delirious, and continually called on her brother

ther

ther to forgive her. I was astonished, and in one of her lucid intervals, questioned her relative to the meaning of those words. Finding that death was not far distant, and that there were no hopes of her recovery, she confessed that she had wronged her brother—that she had never heard him utter any than the most dutiful expressions—and that my apparent want of love for him, which she first instilled into his mind, was the cause of his attachment to solitude, where he could indulge his grief unobserved, and without restraint. With respect to his marriage, she informed me, that finding no attention was paid to him, and that he received no tenderness at home, he sought for it elsewhere, and accordingly united himself to one for whom he entertained a sincere affection, which was all returned on her part.

Neterville, judge of the situation of my mind on receiving this intelligence. I imprecated

precated curses on my guilty head, and should certainly have vented my rage on my daughter had she not been at the point of death. When I was restored to some degree of calmness, I asked her what could have urged her to such a conduct, to which she replied, that it originated in a wish to secure my affection solely to herself, and thereby increase her fortune, which could not be done unless a breach was effected between her elder brother and me. Oh, Neterville, what was my affliction! The injury I had done my poor boy, absorbed every other idea. I saw my daughter die without a tear or a sigh—I followed her to the grave without feeling the least sorrow for her death—I even rejoiced that the world was deprived of such a wretch. I now used every method to find my son—I travelled over the kingdom, advertised, proposed large rewards, all to no purpose—He was gone, Heaven only knew where, and I never could discover the place of his retreat. Time, the
foother

soother of grief, at length blunted the edge of my sensations, and my son was totally neglected, and almost forgotten. The idea of increasing my fortune took sole possession of my breast, and to this end I obtained the lucrative appointment of free-merchant to Bengal. There, Neterville, you know I have remained twenty years—The purpose for which I left my native country is effected. I have amassed an immense fortune—but to what end? I am not certain I have a relation in the world to partake of it. Oh, my friend, you know not how often, in the midst of company, a sudden pang has seized me, and deprived me of all the power of enjoyment. Though the desire of wealth had drowned almost every other sensation, yet there were moments in which recollection would bring my injured son to my mind, and overwhelm me with horror and the deepest affliction.

Neterville, I have now disclosed the secrets of my heart to you—I have given you
reason.

reason to despise me—I know it—I despise myself—I cannot hope for pardon from the Almighty for my sins—nevertheless, that I may make some atonement, I will employ my wealth, and the remainder of my days, in rescuing others from that wretchedness and misery which I suffered to overwhelm the injured offspring of my body.—Adieu! Neterville, let not the relation I have given you extinguish in your breast every spark of friendship for the miserable

HUMPHREY CLARENDON.

LET-

LETTER LXVII.

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD

TO

EDWARD.

EDWARD, Edward, have you so far forgot the dignity of man, the fortitude of human nature ! What flimsy, tinsel-
led arguments do you advance ! Arguments which do you no honor as a man, which disgrace you as a christian. Edward, I make use of the privilege of friendship to probe you thus deeply. I will follow you thro' your whole train of reasoning. You set out with this question :—Was man created to
be

be miserable? I should be very rash to reply absolutely in the affirmative, but I will answer you in this manner, that neither was man created to be wholly happy; for if he were, it were very much to be feared that the purposes for which he was formed would be defeated. It follows then of course, that if I deny that man was neither made to be totally miserable or wholly happy, I must allow that he was born to partake of an intermediate state, subject both to the attacks of prosperity and adversity. One observation I must add, that perfect happiness would leave the heart nothing to desire, and consequently it would not wish to partake of the pleasures of a future state—On the other hand, continual misery would be contrary to the mercy of God, and tend to encourage ideas derogatory to his goodness. You confess that philosophers recommend fortitude, but you despise their advice, because they may not have felt themselves the heavy hand of affliction. If you maintain
this

this argument, you must at the same time acknowledge, that no man is able to judge of the beauties of poetry, who is not himself a poet—to discant on the scenic art, but an actor, or competent to discuss the actions of any person, unless he be himself the perfect resemblance of that person. This is exactly the same sort of argument, and I hope you are convinced how very weak it is.

I come now to your question, whether a man may not himself put a period to his sorrows. To be sure he may, if he believes that there is no God—that life was the effect of chance—and that the world is governed by no superior being, and that there is no such thing as a future state of rewards and punishments—but if he entertain contrary opinions, I then reply, *No*. It is evident, that there is an appointed time to die, of which the Power that bestowed life must be the most proper Judge. Whoever there-

fore puts a period to his existence, certainly evinces a contempt for the Author of his being, by depriving him of one of his attributes, and thereby denying his supremacy. This, though it may seem a harsh mode of treating the subject, it is the plain unvarnished truth. You will meet with many commands against self-murder in the Scriptures, but I have endeavoured, without having recourse to them, to convince you by answering your own arguments, that you judge erroneously, and through a false medium.

With respect to your example of *Cato*, I shall not enter into a long discussion of the last act of his life. However, I differ with you totally in opinion relative to it, and say that your case is not parallel. Cato was on the point of becoming subject to a rival whom he despised. The idea was dreadful—He could not bear it—and, in alleviation of his crime, it must be urged that

that he was ignorant of the true religion.

I hope, I trust now, Edward, that you are convinced of the weakness, not to say wickedness, of your arguments, and that you will no longer entertain notions which can only lead you to infamy everlasting. Remember that the truly brave man bears up against the storm, and shrinks not from adversity—while he, who fears to meet her frowns, the coward commits suicide.—Your faithful and sincere friend,

HUGH STAFFORD.

LETTER LXVIII.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

IN these unfrequented wilds, these solitary scenes, I can indulge myself in all the “luxury of woe,” and give uninterrupted vent to my tears. My sweet little boy may indeed be denominated,

The child of misery baptized in tears.

I have heard of the power of time in softening grief—I have not discovered it—My
affliction

affliction was extreme when I found all my hopes of happiness were levelled with the dust. It still continues so—Religion has enabled me to support the burthen, but it has not decreased its power—I believe too that my boy may be the means of preventing me from giving way to despair. Eliza, what would be his situation, were he deprived of his mother?—Who then would attend to his wants? Who would be parent to him?—Sometimes I find my heart sick and faint within me. I behold no prospect of happiness—I am on the point of resigning myself to hopeless anguish—I look at my boy, and these considerations restore me to some degree of fortitude and resignation. My good old landlady has lately been extremely assiduous about me. She says to me, that I should not grieve so—that “if it be rainy to-day, it may be fine to-morrow.” To these homely remarks I return a smile, and thank her for her tender concern about me, but I see she is not satisfied.

She wishes to see me happy—Worthy soul !
She does not know what cause I have to
mourn. She little thinks that all my fond
hopes of felicity in this world are destroyed.
You remember, Eliza, that I had congratulated myself on my departure from a country where

Desolation covered every plain—

I did not imagine then I should have reason to repent of leaving it. Ah, would to Heaven I had remained in America. I should most certainly have lamented the miseries I beheld—should have shed a tear when I viewed the uncultivated plain, and the deserted field—but I should not have experienced what it is to be raised to enviable state of happiness, and in a moment to be plunged into the lowest depth of misery's dark abyss. Father, mother, brother, ye all feel sacrifices to the destructive power of civil war ! Why did ye leave me behind !—

Why

Why did ye desert me !—Why did not the same hand that snatched you from me, take me also !—But I begin to complain of the dispensations of Providence. — Almighty Power, forgive a poor wretch who, wandering in the vale of affliction, is sometimes tempted to forget that it is thy pleasure she should drink of the bitter cup. Teach her, Oh, not to repine at thy decrees !—Bid her know that thy will must be done, and that resignation to it is her duty !

CECILIA.

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LET-

LETTER LXIX.

LOUISA

TO

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

A WEEK has elapsed since you received my last, and yet I have not been favoured with a line. Oh, Sir Edward, why do you thus torture me? Why do you thus neglect me? Have I deserved it? Has my conduct displeased you? Tell me in what instance I have merited your anger, and I will intreat your forgiveness—but do not, by preserving this profound silence, keep

keep me in suspense. One single line, one single word will be sufficient. I ask no more—and surely, if you refuse me this small request, the flame of affection must be entirely extinguished in your breast.—Sir Edward, I mean not to upbraid you, but remember that I gave up all for you—that I surrendered my whole fortune to your disposal. In return, I ask but this small mark of tenderness, and surely it is not very unreasonable to expect that I shall receive it. I will not weary you, and therefore shall put an end to my letter, by wishing you that which I want, happiness.

LOUISA.

LETTER LXX.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

WITH a heart oppressed with affliction, I set down to pour out its griefs to you. As yet, Laura, you have never experienced what it is to be neglected by the object of your affections.—Oh, may you never experience it!—I fear I have given my heart to an unworthy possessor—Sir Edward neglects me—He treats me with silent contempt—He left me some time since,

Since, and went to his country-seat. Since his departure, I have never received a single letter from him, though I have twice written to him in the most earnest manner.

Laura, what am I to think, but that he feels no longer any affection for me, that he is weary of me. I fear that it is even so indeed. Formed for domestic happiness, imagine what are my sensations when I behold the fond superstructure which imagination had raised, tumbled in the dust. Oh, Laura, they are exquisite indeed! And yet I would fain flatter myself that Sir Edward acts not thus from the dictates of his own heart, but that he obeys the suggestions of his unworthy companion, of whom I informed you in my last. But did one sensation of affection inhabit his breast, would he wound thus the object of that affection, because he thereby gratified his friend?—Oh, no, no—It is not probable—Nay, I think it is impossible—What then remains
for

for me? What but eternal affliction and ceaseless woe! What but to lament for ever that I sacrificed my heart and my fortune to one who is insensible of the sacrifice, and who, in return for it, gives me cutting neglect and cruel contempt.

Laura, adieu! and may a happier lot attend you than is possessed by your

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

I AM convinced—Your arguments are forcible, and I feel the justice of them—'Twas but the madness of a moment, and I blush when I recollect to what it impelled me. Stafford, how I despise, how I almost hate myself!—Ungrateful has been the return which Cecilia received from me for all her tenderness, and unworthy has been my treatment to my ——. She expected to experience a fond husband, and she finds him

him always melancholy and dejected. One only alleviation of my conduct can I produce, which is, that my errors originated in filial affection. I have indeed sacrificed every prospect of felicity in this world, and I know not whether I shall receive forgiveness in the next.

Stafford, my letters must be unentertaining—They weary you I am sure—but I beseech you to bear with me.—To you I can pour out every grief, and my sorrows are somewhat alleviated by disclosing them—I am frequently on the point of discovering the secret of my first marriage, and returning to Cecilia—but whither should I find her? Whither is she wandering!—Alas! I know not. Besides, when I recollect the consequences that would ensue, I am deterred, and see the necessity of silently submitting to my destiny. Stafford, though it may be contrary to the dictates of religion to put a period to existence, yet it surely cannot be very wrong to wish that
time

time may soon come, when the burthen of life may be taken from our shoulders. If such a wish be criminal, I fear I am guilty of often indulging it.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER LXXII.

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

TO

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

F AITH, Hatton, that last was a severe stroke upon me. Eight thousand pounds so shortly, at this rate the careful savings of a long line of ancestors will soon

be dissipated. Hang it, I have sometimes an inclination to desist from risking any more—and yet, when I recollect the triumph that Thomson will feel at being suffered to carry off his winnings, I determine to go on, and either to succeed or consign myself to ruin. *In magnis voluisse* is some praise, and that I am determined shall at least be mine. Take up another mortgage then immediately, and let it be a good one. Be as quick as you can about it, that I may be the sooner out of suspense.

As for that whining thing, Louisa, go and tell her I am very well, but have not time to write to her. I am quite tired of her; now it would be a friendly deed in you to take her off my hands. But how must her fortune be settled. In my present situation, I am sure I cannot refund it. If I may believe you, I need not give myself any concern about it. Let this affair, however, sleep for the present—Dispatch your commission

mission *con spirits molto*, and we will talk of the other business hereafter.—Thine,

EDWARD SACKVILLE.

LETTER LXXIII.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM TURNBULL, ESQ.

FORTUNA favet audentes. — *Anglice*,
Fortune favors the brave. — Now, I mean to attach another meaning to the sentence, and which I defy both universities to controvert. Virgil, I am sure, did not intend that it should receive that interpretation alone. *Audentes* may be construed, the
brave,

brave, the daring, the scheming, the planning any thing well. I shall therefore apply that sentence to myself, who am equally successful in all my machinations. The Baronet is already much more than half ruined.—Thanks to the inventive genius of him who first found out the method of making the dice subservient to his will. I am now in London for the purpose of raising money by a fresh mortgage. I at first intended to have kept the usurer, *alias* my servant, at Sackville Castle, that he might have been always in the way. Upon second thoughts, I judged this might have a strange appearance, and that the Baronet might, by some means, discover the imposition. I therefore dispatched him back to London, where I could come for his assistance when it should be again necessary. My plot upon Louisa succeeds to admiration. His qualms of conscience about her fortune I have already conquered. The silly wench, in a fit of fondness, gave him all her wealth, without a single witness to prove it. How

then can she recover it? The law will afford her no remedy. I prognosticate therefore that she will soon be my prize, and on my own terms. Sir Edward charged me with a message to her, which I delivered, and it produced the effect I wished. To increase her anger, I thought it not a bad scheme to drop, as if by accident, Sir Edward's letter to me, in order that she might see what affection he entertained for her by offering her to me. The consequence will be, that after railing heartily at his villainy, she will accept me, in order to mortify him. Whatever be her motive, as long as she is mine, I will not enquire into it.

GEORGE HATTON.

LETTER LXXIV.

LOUISA

TO

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

MONSTER of inhumanity, was it not sufficient to treat me with contempt yourself? must you also barter my honor to another?—Oh, cruel, unfeeling Sir Edward! Ask me not how I have discovered your intentions. Be it sufficient for you to hear that I know you—but expect not that I will suffer this insult tamely—What, are you so sunk in honor as to offer your wife to be violated by the companion of your debaucheries?—Unworthy descendant of your ancestors! Execrable wretch! Hitherto I have borne, and I could have

borne for ever in silence your neglect, but your insults, it neither becomes my honor, nor my birth, to submit to—I will not.—I am on the point of setting out for Sackville Castle, where, from your own mouth, I will hear your purpose. Oh, Sir Edward!

THE INJURED LOUISA.

LETTER LXXV.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

I SNATCH a moment, before I depart hence, to write to you—I told you that I feared the affection of Sir Edward was extinguished.

D 2

tinguished. I am now fatally convinced that my fears were well grounded. The following incident discovered to me the dreadful truth—and proved to what an unfeeling wretch I have given my affection. He had sent that execrable companion to London to mortgage part of his estate. In a letter to him he expresses his being tired of me, and wishes his friend would take me off his hands. I suppose, by such means, he knew he should be able to procure a divorce—I could read no further—I dropped the letter out of my hand, and fainted away—How I came in possession of it, you will perhaps wish to hear. The bosom friend of Sir Edward called on me to tell me the Baronet was well—In pulling out his handkerchief he dropped the letter, and did not observe it. When he had taken his leave, an irresistible impulse of curiosity led me to open it. I obeyed the impulse, and read what I have recounted to you.

Laura,

Laura, the power of language cannot describe to you the agonizing pangs I suffer. My brain is on fire—I do not weep—Tears are denied me—I sigh not—My breast refuses to relieve me—I scarce know what I do—I am hastening to Sackville Castle—What will be the event of my journey I know not, but I am determined to claim my right. Adieu, Laura, your affection is the only alleviation of my sorrows.

LOUISA.

LETTER LXXVI.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

CAPTAIN ARCHER.

I HAVE almost concluded my visit to your father. He would fain have me prolong my stay, and make his house my

D 3

home.

home. But I have resisted all his intreaties, and fearing that my obstinate refusal might perhaps offend him, I have told him the reason of my wish to depart. He is satisfied, and has claimed a visit from me whenever I shall have discovered the object of my search. This I have readily promised him, for Heaven knows when that period will arrive ! Archer, how have you reason to be proud of such parents ! This morning I was as usual traversing the adjacent country with your father, when after some hesitation, he begged me not to be offended with what he was going to say—He knew by experience that the life of a soldier was an expensive one, especially when upon foreign service. After this introduction, he would suppose that my fortune might be limited. If it were, he intreated me to suffer him to be my banker, and that I would make free use of his purse. I was struck with the generosity of the offer and replied, that at present I had no occasion for his assistance—When I had, I would not fail to apply to him—

He

He seemed disappointed and chagrined at my refusal. Archer, there was such an air of goodness and sincerity in his look and address,* that I would rather receive an obligation from him, than from any man breathing. Nevertheless, I will see what futurity will produce before I accept of any assistance. My finances are rather low—but as necessity has learnt me œconomy, what I have will last me some time.—

*Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.*

Whether Goldsmith be right in his assertion, I will not contend, but this I will maintain, that whether our wants be small or great, we often possess but little to supply them. Experience has convinced me of the truth of this, as I do not doubt but it has convinced others also. What are you doing among the United States—Your regiment will soon I suppose be ordered home to recruit, and you will of course accom-

pany it, unless the charms of some fair American should detain you. Should that be the case, I wish you success, *i. e.* in an honorable way.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER LXXVII.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

WERE I to relate to you the transactions of one day, you would be furnished with all the events of my life—At present I rise—I amuse myself with caring my Edward, and tracing his likeness to one of whom I ought not to think, but of whom I do frequently. I partake of sufficient nourishment to keep my little one in health;

health. I walk—I think—I read sometimes—I put up my prayers to Heaven—I lay my head on my pillow—Sleep, alas! seldom closes my eyes. This is the history of each day, and thus I pass my life. Much as I strive against the power of grief, I find that it overcomes me—My form is wasted—My strength decayed—My mind preyed upon by ceaseless woes. Eliza, it has often been adduced as an argument by those who wished to inculcate fortitude, that the knowledge of many being more miserable than ourselves, should make us patiently endure our misfortunes. I confess I cannot see the justice of this argument. Can it afford me any alleviation in my affliction, that there are many groaning beneath her heavy hand also? I find, by experience, that it cannot. I lament, I feel for the woes of others, but they cannot decrease or make me forget my own. Eliza, I sometimes resolve to write to you less often, because I am sure my letters must make you melancholy; but, on the other hand, I think you might be more uneasy

uneasy at my silence, and suppose that something fatal had happened to me. This idea induces me to write often. Eliza, I flatter myself I shall soon hear from you ; it would afford me great pleasure, and if any thing possesses the power of alleviating the force of sorrow, it will be to hear, while olive-crowned peace smiles upon your plains, you feel her gentle influence within your own breast.

CECILIA.

LETTER LXXVIII.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

AN unexpected incident has hurried me from Umphreville Castle. Mr. Gandon has been taken dangerously ill, and an express

express was dispatched to us with the intelligence. My —, who loves her father with the greatest affection, would not admit of a moment's delay—Nor indeed did I wish her. We set off at midnight, and arrived in town the next morning. Mr. Gandon was pleased with our alacrity, and somewhat revived by his daughter's presence. I could, however, observe certain indications in his countenance, which made me imagine his disorder would prove fatal. I questioned the physician who attended him, by whom I was confirmed in my suppositions. Medical assistance, he assured me, would be of no avail. He was hastening with quick steps to the grave—The disorder is a malignant fever—I would persuade my — not to run the risk of catching it by too close an attendance. All my persuasions are ineffectual—She will not be prevailed upon to leave her father's chamber. Stafford, the sight of a person not far distant from the goal of death creates a certain awful melancholy, because—

To this complexion must we come at last.

It affords us the most convincing proof of the instability of all human enjoyments.— I have as yet been cautious of discovering to my —— what the physician has told me, nor does she seem to think that her father is so near his end. However, as several days have elapsed, and I perceive no change for the better, I must disclose the fatal truth to her by degrees. Stafford, I have stolen a moment from the bed of sickness to write to you. It affords some alleviation to a melancholy which cannot be decreased by the object which is constantly before me.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER LXXIX.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

MY strength was unequal to my wishes — The agitation of my mind was so acute, that when I had performed half my journey, I found myself unable to proceed further. Faint and weak, I retired to bed as soon as I arrived at the inn, and felt as if the hour of dissolution was not far distant. The idea did not alarm me. In death alone can I expect to rest from my labour, and I welcomed therefore his approach with joy. I was disappointed. It pleased Heaven

ven that I should recover. I have been at the inn near a fortnight, and as I find my strength somewhat restored, I shall set off for Sackville Castle immediately. During my illness I did not write to Sir Edward—I knew it would be in vain. He would have treated me with contempt. I reserved, however, a letter which I intended should have been sent to him after my decease, had my disorder proved fatal.

Adieu, my Laura, you shall hear from me immediately after my arrival at the Castle.

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER LXXX.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

I AM faint and weak, and have but just strength enough to inform you that I have been the dupe of villainy—that I have been turned out of doors—that I am a wanderer on the face of the earth.

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER LXXXI.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM TURNBULL, ESQ.

TO me the exquisite *Sully*, the incomparable *Richelieu*, the matchless *Machiavel*, were mere fools. My success has been wonderful. A short time more, and the Baronet will scarce have ground sufficient left to dig his grave. A short time more, and Louisa must be mine—My scheme took effect—The letter I dropped was eagerly perused, and produced a journey to Sackville Castle, in order to upbraid Sir Edward for his villainy. He was apprized of her visit,
And

and I prepared him to receive it according to my desires. I told him that he had now a proper opportunity to get rid of her—infinuated to him the insolence of intruding on his privacy, when he had commanded her to remain in London, and hinted, that were it my affair, I should certainly make her a present, and desire her to quit the house, taking care at the same time to acquaint her that she had no title to the appellation of wife. The Baronet seemed at first not disposed to follow my advice, but a little railery, mixed with a degree of contempt for his want of spirit, made him at length all I could wish. Louisa came—I saw her from a window alight from her chaise. A death-like paleness overspread her lovely cheeks, and she seemed weak and faint, but charming in the extreme. After she had dismissed her conveyance, she desired to be shewn to Sir Edward. I thought it would be most prudent not to be seen by her—However, I took my station in an adjoining room, from which I could see them unobserved, and also

hear the whole conversation. Sir Edward, as we had previously determined, received her with the most distant respect. I expected a storm of reproaches, and I was not disappointed. As soon as she entered the room, "I am come, Sir, (she exclaimed) for the purpose of knowing why I have been thought a fit object of insult and contempt." The Baronet intreated her not to be in heroics. With a look of the most ineffable disdain she eyed him—"And am I forced to despise thee, unfeeling brute?" I was afraid for my man—He seemed to feel the rebuke, and blushed as deep as scarlet. She pulled a letter from her pocket, and opening it, asked him if he remembered it. This was the letter I had dropped. Sir Edward had, by this time, recollected himself, and, with an effrontery which even surprised me, owned that the letter was written by him.—"And dost thou own it? (she rejoined) — Art thou so hardened in villainy? Oh, devoid of sensibility, of humanity, of honour. Oh, unworthy possessor of the name of Sackville!

Sackville! But recollect, Sir, that there is a tie by which I am protected by law from insult."—The Baronet smiled, and requested her pardon for the deceit he had practised upon her, which was the sole effect of love. She started, and I perceived that she would have fallen had she not supported herself by a chair. "Deceit, Sir Edward—What? Oh, my presageing fears!" "Why, in good truth then, gentle coz, the marriage was all a farce." The bosom of Louisa was convulsed. She could not speak. She did not weep, but gasped for breath, and I saw she would have fainted had she been alone.—Her indignation and her smelling bottle prevented her. After a pause of some moments—"Villain, (she groaned out) this is worthy of thee—Almighty God, thou wilt not suffer such treachery to go unpunished."—Sir Edward wished to put an end to the conference, and for that purpose presented her with a bank-note for a considerable sum, desiring her at the same time to quit the castle as soon as was convenient

to her. — With a countenance in which contempt and indignation were most powerfully painted, she surveyed him a few moments in silence, then tearing his present to pieces, she threw it in his face, and walked out of the room without saying a word, but with a certain dignity which would have awed even me. I now began to put the scheme I had planned in practice. I therefore dispatched one of Sir Edward's servants after her, desiring him to offer her my assistance and protection, which, if she refused, he was to carry her away by force to a small house, which the Baronet had lent me for the purpose. I am anxiously waiting for his return, and to render the time less tedious, I took up the pen to give you an account of the interview, and its consequences. Adieu.

GEORGE HATTON.

LET-

LETTER LXXXII.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

HERE, Eliza, where I thought "*the wasted load of woe*" came alone from myself, I have discovered one whose sorrows are not less acute, less exquisite than my own. My sweet boy was still in his morning's sleep. I found myself more than usually oppressed. The beauties of the surrounding scenes I thought might afford me some relief, and I left my little one in charge of my good landlady, should he awake before my return. I took my favorite stroll to the

E 3 wood,

wood. From a deep reverie I was roused by the appearance of a female at a distance. Her form seemed of the most elegant kind. She walked slow, and at intervals stopped, and clasped her hands to Heaven in speechless agony. I was deeply interested, and advanced to her. I think I never beheld a more beautiful form, or a countenance, in which grief was more apparent. She did not observe me till I addressed her, offering my assistance. She looked at me a moment earnestly—"Too sure, (she said, in the most melancholy tone)—too sure I have need of assistance. I took her arm, and placed it within mine, requesting her to partake of my retirement, and to accept my services. The tear rushed into her eye—"Such tenderness from a stranger!—Such cruelty from one to whom I gave all, (pressing my hand, and fixing her beautiful blue eyes on my face) I am indeed troublesome, but the afflicted seek any where for comfort. I accept of your offer, fair stranger, for, oh, I
am

am without a home, without friends or relatives. I came where I thought I had a right to claim protection. I was turned out of doors—Oh, God! grant me patience!” I was affected, and the tears trickled fast down my cheeks. She observed them. “Indeed I would weep if I could, but something at my heart prevents me. I cannot sigh. I cannot shed a tear. I wish I could; I think it would relieve me.” We walked slowly through the wood. “Surely, surely, (she cried, clasping her hands, together in an agony,) affliction like mine the human heart never felt before—deserted by him to whom” — She paused — “Think not so, (I replied) you have before you, beautiful stranger, one who has lost every expectation of happiness, and whose only comfort is, that death will afford her repose from sorrow.” “Indeed, (she exclaimed) then are we sisters, for that can be the only consolation which can enter my bosom.” The gentle, the amiable manners

of the stranger, her sorrows so similar to my own, not only interested me in her favor, but gave birth to an affection for her. I endeavoured to soothe her. I represented to her that we might be able, by our united efforts, to blunt the edge of woe—that we would be sisters, and would part no more. My endeavours were not wholly in vain. She appeared to bear her grief with more resignation and patience. We had by this time arrived at my cottage.

After some refreshment, we retired to my bed-chamber, and to convince her that I had as much cause to indulge sorrow as herself, I related to her my history, and at the same time shewed her my little boy, who was, by this time, awake. After bestowing some caresses on him, she recompenced me for my unreserved relation, by acquainting me with the cause of her misfortunes.

Eliza,

Eliza, there is the most exact similarity between the unhappy fate of the fair Louisa and that of your Cecilia. We have both loved, have each bestowed our affections on unworthy objects, and have both been deceived. In one instance, however, there is some difference, for the unworthy possessor of her love avowed the deceit and treachery he had practised on her, and added to it, by dismissing her from his house. That tenderness which was denied her elsewhere, she shall receive from me. I will endeavour to heal the wounds which woe has made. She shall be my sister, and we will mourn together the wretchedness of her fate. Adieu, my Eliza, fear not that in my affection for the afflicted Louisa, I shall forget my first, my earliest friend.

CECILIA.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIII.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM TURNBULL, ESQ.

PLAGUE take the artful baggage, she has eluded my pursuit. The servant returned with the intelligence, that he could find her no where. I suspect the fellow has that snivelling quality called humanity about him, and bestowed my execrations accordingly. But there was no time to be lost. Disappointment made me more eager, and I resolved to set out in pursuit of her myself. I mounted my horse, and took the road to London, judging that she had taken that road

road on her return. Supposing that she might have overtaken the chaise that brought her, I spurred my beast on as fast as possible—I did not meet the chaise. Enquiring at the next post town, I learnt that a young lady had taken the road to town in a post chaise. This was the intelligence I wished. I hastened on, and received the same account at the next stage, but I could not overtake her. From stage to stage I pursued her till I came to the metropolis in a post chaise, having soon knocked up my horse. I did not doubt a moment but that she had returned to her house, whither I went immediately on my arrival. I was informed that she was not in town, nor had she been for three weeks. I was disappointed in the extreme, but, upon second thoughts, I judged this might only be an excuse to avoid being seen. I employed therefore all my art to find out, and bribed the maid servant. However, to my inexpressible mortification, I discovered that the first intelligence was true. Still I was
fure

sure she must be in town from the intelligence I received at every stage. I imagined, that fearful of pursuit, she might have changed her place of abode. For this reason, I resolved to frequent every public place where I might possibly see her. Hitherto I have been unsuccessful. Nevertheless I will not desist from the pursuit; for I find, for the first time in my life, my heart greatly interested. Nor will my visit to town be entirely unnecessary, even should I fail of finding her.

The Baronet's last mortgage is all expended, and I have a commission to add another. What infatuation! How hard to be conquered is the love of gaming? Notwithstanding his repeated losses, Sir Edward still continues to play, and what is very astonishing, still flatters himself with the idea of winning back all his losses. The silly fellow! He will not be convinced of his folly till his whole estate is mortgaged, and nothing of all the possessions of his ancestors remain

to him but the Baronetcy, which will be but an unprofitable bauble, and of which the dice cannot deprive him. By the time the next mortgage shall be expended, the timber merchant will have finished his business, and oaks will be converted into sterling ore.

Adieu, Turnbull, I must summon all my fortitude. This passion for Louisa must not swallow up my other concerns. After having dispatched the business of the mortgage I must hasten back to Sackville castle. When my transactions with the Baronet are at an end, then I shall have leisure to pursue Louisa. With the third Richard I may exclaim, though with the alteration of the name—

My first step shall be on Edward's head.

GEORGE HATTON.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIV.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

MR. GANDON's disorder increases—
The physician has assured me that
he cannot exist beyond the week. My—
is almost distracted. I discovered to her by
degrees her father's danger. She was in-
credulous. She would not believe me. The
rapid alteration for the worse has convinced
her that my suggestions were well-founded.
Her grief has made her already pale and
thin. Still, however, she continues to at-
tend her father, tho' he has endeavoured to
prevail on her to leave him. She admini-
sters

sters all his medicines, watches by him in the day, and has had a tent-bed put up in his room, in order that she may be near him, should her attendance in the night be necessary. Mr. Gandon is calm and composed. The recollection of many a virtuous action affords him that serenity and fortitude which renders the approach of death not terrible. He has informed us that he has left all his fortune to us, subject only to a few legacies, and to the payment of a few debts. For myself, I can hear of this addition of wealth without emotion, and with no sensations of transport. Riches cannot

—*To the woe-worn heart afford relief.*

They can only make misery more splendid.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER LXXXV.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

THE physician was in the right. He did not out-live the week. He is no more. Finding his end approaching fast, he took the opportunity, while speech remained, of taking leave of us in a very pathetic and affecting manner. He had scarce finished his address when his voice failed him. He clasped his hands to Heaven in silent prayer, surveyed each of us with a most affectionate look, and without a groan expired.

After Life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

My

My —— is deeply affected at her loss.—
As soon as she saw her father was no more,
she fell into strong convulsions, which continued several hours. She is now very weak and languid. The physician has prescribed for her, and some somniferous draught has closed her eyes in sleep. It is feared that she has caught her father's disorder. In the meantime, I have been employed in attending the last remains of the good man to the grave, and in administering to his will, being appointed sole executor. His fortune is large, his legacies few, his debts not worth mentioning. What transports would the man of the world feel at the acquisition of such immense riches!

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER LXXXVI.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

AFTER a long interval, I steal a momentary pause from woe to write to you. Short as was my last, it sufficiently convinced you that all my expectations of happiness were at an end—that I was indeed a very wretch. After being insulted by Sir Edward, with the intelligence that our marriage was not valid; after being offered a paltry sum as an atonement for his villainy, after being desired to quit the house, I wandered thro' the park with a heart swollen with sorrow, and with a mind almost distracted.

Unknowing

Unknowing where to direct my steps, and indeed careless what became of me, I walked on. Often did I attempt to relieve myself by tears, but not one could I shed. Scarce had I got a mile from the house, when a footman on horseback came up to me. He told me that he was desired to offer me the protection of Sir Edward's vile companion and bosom friend, if I would accept of it. I exclaimed involuntarily, "Good Heaven, did there need this addition to my sorrows?" The man saw the situation I was in—He pitied me—He told me, that should I refuse, he was commanded to force me. I started with horror—"Fear not, (he continued) I abhor the cruelty of the action, and will not execute the commands. I rejoice that I have been able to warn you of his intentions. I will return, and say that I could not find you."

The humanity of the man pleased me, and I offered him all I had about me as

a recompence, but he would not accept any thing, and taking his leave, rode away. I had not wandered above half a mile farther, when I met, oh, Laura, a female, good and lovely as an angel. She offered me an asylum. She has attempted to alleviate my sorrows. Alas, nothing can! I find my fortitude decreasing daily. My gentle friend bids me hope. I ask her if she can give the flatterer an abode in her own breast. She sighs, and I can see, that though she complains not, her heart is torn by extreme grief. Laura, I am not alone miserable. The hand of affliction presses heavy on her. Should ever I be restored to a greater degree of composure, I will relate to you "*The story of her woes.*" Adieu.

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER LXXXVII.

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

TO

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

BY Heaven I am enchanted. I have discovered a treasure that will amply recompence me for the loss of ten thousand Louisas. In these northern wilds who would have thought that beauty had fixed her empire, and yet *Gray* says,

*Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.*

F 3

However,

However, I will endeavour to prevent the flower I have discovered from wasting thus its sweets. Hatton, I know not why, but I found myself the other day oppressed by melancholy. I flew to the bottle. The bottle would not relieve me. I snatched up my hat, and resolved to ramble about the park. I had insensibly got out of the park into an unfrequented kind of dingle. On a thyme-covered bank I discovered a female sitting in a pensive posture, her head supported by her hand, a white-handkerchief in the other. I doubted at first the evidence of the sight, and feared this might be a vision of the mind. I advanced, however, and soon found, that though as an angel beautiful, she was mortal flesh and blood. My presence alarmed her. She rose in a visible confusion, and walked from me. I resolved not to let her retire thus, and begged her pardon for my intrusion. In the sweetest tone imaginable, she replied, there was not the least occasion for an apology, and would have continued her

her walk alone. I intreated permission to accompany her home, which she stedfastly refused, and, I thought, seemed displeased at my request—for which reason I took my leave, and walked away. After I had got a little way, I turned back, and followed her unperceived, to discover the place of her abode. About a mile from the place of our rendezvous, she turned into a narrow path near the Lake, and entered a small house romantically situated. I had accomplished my purpose, and returned to the Castle, my head and heart full of the image of the lovely girl. Hatton, she is neither too tall nor too short—Her form is most elegant. The rose has not left its tint upon her cheek.—The lily alone resides there. Her eyes are expressive, and seemed to tell the beholder all is not at peace within. Such is the mistress of my heart. I must have her, and to that end shall seek every opportunity of seeing her, in order to press my suit. Be speedy with the mortgage, and hasten back.

Your counsel will be most necessary in the present situation of

EDWARD SACKVILLE..

LETTER LXXXVIII

HUMPHREY CLARENDON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM NETERVILLE, ESQ.

I AM arrived at length at the destined port, not as the poets says, *Port tot naufragia*, but after many difficulties and many sorrows. On my arrival in the metropolis, I enquired at the house where I once lived, if any letter had ever been sent there relative to my son. It was but a forlorn hope, and I found it so. The house had had many dif-

ferent masters of it since, and my enquiries were totally ineffectual. I have adopted the expedient of public advertisements, but as yet have reaped no benefit from them.—Neterville, I fear all my enquiries will be fruitless. Twenty years are elapsed since I went abroad, and more since I heard from my injured son. I have his last letter by me, wherein he mentions that a prison must be his inevitable portion. I have, in consequence, visited every prison, in order to discover if a person of the name of Clarendon has been confined in any of them for these five and twenty years. There has not been one. Still I am as remote as ever from my wishes, but the knowledge that he escaped the horrors of imprisonment has afforded me some small comfort. In the mean time I must not forget the distresses of others.

As soon as I have put my affairs in a proper train, the voice of misery and distress shall not invade my ears without being attended

tended to, and relieved. Of all my old friends and companions not one remains.—What havock has death made! Nevertheless I scarce lament their loss. The enjoyment of life with me is past. The short remainder of my days must be employed in attempting to make some atonement for my transgressions.

HUMPHREY CLARENDON.

LETTER LXXXIX.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

WITHOUT any alteration in my own miseries, I observe a very great one in the unfortunate Louisa. She
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is totally absorbed in sorrow. Her fortitude is exhausted, and her intellects are somewhat deranged. She will often sit in silent woe for hours, then rising, she advances to me, throws her arms round my neck, and weeps. Her nights are sleepless, and she will not walk in the day time. The night best suits the temper of her soul. Then she wanders generally to the Lake, and indulges her reflections by the side of it. She will not suffer me to accompany her. When she enters into conversation, I discover the havoc that affliction has made. She discourses pathetically, often wandering from the subject to indulge some thought nearly allied to insanity. Notwithstanding her prohibition, I followed her in her last night's walk. She sat herself down by the side of the Lake, and uttered the following soliloquy, which will sufficiently display the state of her mind. Looking stedfastly on the still water — “Peace thou dwellest most sure in this calm stream, else would it be so serene—

ferene—would it not be troubled—Alas, it would! I have no peace in my bosom, and therefore is it so troubled and uneasy.—Hark! The dove pours her complaining note—poor bird!—thou hast lost thy mate. Ah, thou art not so unhappy as Louisa.—Thou hast the remembrance of many a day of tenderness to comfort thee. She can recollect only broken vows and deep deceit. Why did she give her heart away! Because—but she shall not tell—He may hear her. Well—no matter—’Twill be soon at rest.” She arose and returned, I following her.—The poor girl; how do I pity her!—Yet is she happier than me. The derangement of her intellects will blunt the edge of her afflictions, and render her sorrows less acute. “There is a pleasure in being mad, which none but madmen knew.”—And yet so fair a flower to be cut off so young! so blooming! ’Tis affecting in the extreme. Eliza, what, what ought to be his sensations, who, by deliberate villainy, and deep laid treachery,

ery, deludes the credulous maid from the path of virtue, and, when nothing more is left for him to desire, or for her to grant,

Throws her like a loathsome weed away—

Exposes her to the world's contempt, and to pine in solitude over her sorrows, and misplaced confidence. Agonizing indeed ought to be the sensations of such a man, for heavy will the vengeance of God descend on his head.

CECILIA.

LET

LETTER XC.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

THE sun pours his cheering rays upon the earth, but not for me. The earth surrenders her treasures, but not for me. For me the rose unfolds not its beauties—scatters not its fragrance. For me the tulip is not adorned with varied tints. Nature presents her thousand beauties, yet I feel them, I admire them not. Nothing—yes, the willow drooping, the mourning cypress grows for me, and for me the nightingale pours her long-drawn note. I gather cypresses.

cypress. I wear it in my bosom. I hear the nightingale at midnight. Hark! she begins to tell her woes to Echo. What a sweet note! How expressive of melancholy! It penetrates my very soul. Poor bird? Thou knowest not that thou hast a companion in woe, who, like thee, gives sorrow vent, when solitary silence and midnight darkness reign over all. False, ungrateful man! I gave thee every thing. Thou couldst have bestowed happiness upon me. Thou didst give sorrow. Thou badest affliction wave her wand over my head. Well—what is that to thee? Thou knowest not what I suffer! Thou feelest not the pain thou hast inflicted—Thou hast borrowed the Hyæna's heart—Thou smilest, and thy words are alluring—Thou tempest, and thou destroyest. I will forget thee—What! Impossible!—When thou hast left the sting behind!—when I feel the torture it produces—can I forget who placed the sting in my heart—no—I forgive—yes—it is my duty—but
while

while this bosom throbs, I cannot forget—
Laura, be cautious—watch—fear—trust not
—Oaths are no longer sacred—The light-
ning in a moment blasts the flourishing oak
—Man as suddenly wounds, destroys kills
—Yet there are some. Laura, may your
choice be made from such. I know not
why, but my ideas are not very settled, and
I am very forgetful, but I forget not my
Laura. I love her with undiminished af-
fection—her happiness is dear to me, and
therefore do I bid her beware. My head
aches, and my eyes grow dim.

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER XCI.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

THE loss of her father preys deeply upon the spirits of my —, and her malady increaseth. All her wonted spirits are gone. She smiles not, but is continually lamenting his death. This excess of grief has made her very weak. She keeps her bed. I would have her return to Umphreville Castle, and the physician endeavours to persuade her that the air of the country will be beneficial to her, but she attends not to our intreaties, and will remain where she

VOL. II.

G

is

is. I fancy that it affords her a secret pleasure to be in the house where her father died, and therefore do I suffer her to act according to her inclination. Stafford, I believe it is a physical truth, that in persons whose constitutions are robust, and whose spirits have been lively, grief acts with great force. It is so with my —. Once always lively, now her spirits are quite gone. Still, however, her attention to me is remarkable. She endeavours to console me, and to prepare me for her approaching dissolution. I endeavour to persuade her that her predictions are not likely to be verified. She smiles languidly, and shakes her head in token of her dissent to what I advance. — Stafford, in these afflicting scenes, I want a friend's soft soothing voice

To bid the load lie lighter on my breast.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XCII.

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

TO

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

I HAVE seen the dear creature again, and am more enamoured, and plunged deeper into the wiles of love. I did not think it prudent to introduce myself to her notice for fear of offending her. I contented myself with gazing on her beauties unobserved.— Oh, Hatton, what power does such a woman possess! Her charms might set an empire in a ferment, and overturn a kingdom. Prithce, Hatton, what keeps you so long in the east, “*When you should attend your sovereign in the north.*” I want your counsel. Make

G 2

haste

haste with the mortgage. Never mind terms. I will grant any, rather than not have money. It will be materially useful, not only to recover my losses, but to prosecute my suit with my enamorado. Gold, I have heard, has wondrous power in love.—It softens the hardest and most obdurate heart.

Jupiter made use of the expedient of a shower of gold to prosecute his suit, and was “*a thriving wooer.*” Tho’ I possess not his godship’s power, yet I am able to procure sufficient to satisfy the most mercenary. But, Hatton, what if a golden key should not unlock her heart. Her looks bespeak her superior to the influence of wealth. But no matter, the expedient must be put in practice. Make as much haste as possible, for I am impatient for your return.

EDWARD SACKVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XCIII.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

I GAVE him all, and my recompence is wretchedness. I gave him love, and received contempt. For obedience, I was treated with neglect. For confidence I received deceit. I surrendered up my wealth, and poverty was my reward. I claimed his protection, and was turned like the beggar from his doors. And yet, he who has done all this, flourishes, while I droop in misery and woe. Laura, the time shall come when he, who blooms thus proud-

G 3

ly,

ly, shall in a moment be blasted, when I, who thus am drooping, shall be raised and comforted. He

Who wipes the tear for ever from our eyes —

Who protects the meanest suppliant, shall perform this. Loud roars the wind over the distant hills, and the agitated stream beats its banks. Its bosom no longer tranquil, heaves convulsive, pouring a low murmuring noise upon the gale. Yet, Laura, the roaring of the wind, and the agitated waters, cannot equal the tempest of my soul—There the storm rages, and will for ever rage. What? if in his full career he should be stopped—What if some monitor would awaken his conscience—Yes, I will be that monitor—will raise him from the bed of luxury, and tear from vice her delusive veil.

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER XCIV.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

THE power of grief has indeed been exerted upon the mind of the poor Louisa. Insanity has waved her oblivious wand over her, yet it is of that species which is so peculiarly interesting, so pathetic, and which has so much method in it. Whenever I behold her, her countenance so pale, so lovely, her eyes so expressive, I recollect immediately the story of Maria, and think I see before me that unhappy maid. With a kind of religious enthusiasm, she has resolv-

G 4

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ed to visit the author of her wrongs, and recall him to virtue. I endeavoured to dissuade her from her purpose, but my advice is ineffectual. Her heart, she tells me, commands her, and she must obey its dictates.

Affected as I am at her situation, her conversation is peculiarly pleasing — Her language is infinitely above the common standard of discourse, and extremely poetical. She frequently amuses herself by writing, yet she always wanders from one subject to another, and finishes scarce any thing.

The following Sonnet I saw on her table, which I copied for you:—

CECILIA.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

Chill, o'er the barren moor, the north blast roars,
And the stern storm descends with ceaseless flow.
On me descends, on me its fury pours,
A weary wand'rer in this vale of woe—

Yet the north blast so chilly I defy,
Nor can its rage relentless force one tear,
The ruthless storm creates no bursting sigh,
Nor can appal me in my sad career.

Alas ! these *out-ward* horrors can I bear,
“ For I have that within which passeth shew,”
And blasts and storms are “ trifles light as air,”
To her whose heart is torn by ceaseless woe :
Roar on ye blasts ! rage storms without control !
What are ye to the tort'ring tempest of my soul ?

L E T-

LETTER XCV.

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, BART.

TO

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

GEORGE, I have been confoundedly trimmed, and by whom do you think? By no other than the gentle Louisa. I was taking my usual walk to the spot where I had first beheld the lovely maid I mentioned to you. I beheld before me a female arrayed in white, her hair loosely flowing over her shoulders. I did not doubt but this was my enamorado, and congratulated my stars on the fortunate rencontre. Contrary to my expectations, she advanced to me, and without

without lifting up her head, laid her hand upon my arm. I was astonished, yet delighted, and prepared to give utterance to a very warm address on the occasion, when she raised her head, and I discovered the individual countenance of Louisa. I started, and felt myself awkwardly situated. I would have given not a little to have been some miles off. With a native dignity which once before struck me with awe, she exclaimed—"Hear me; for I come not to upbraid you for your treachery, or reproach you with my wrongs. An inward monitor has sent me to you, and these are its dictates." Whether it proceeded from a consciousness of deserving reproach I know not, but I could neither stir, nor could I speak. Entirely passive, I suffered her to go on. "Mortal, (she continued) thou art proceeding fast in the path of vice, and recollectest not that thou art at the same time hastening to the goal of Death. Remember—Pause." I felt a sensation I never experienced before.

Nay,

Nay, I believe, I even trembled. "What hast thou to expect *after* death? What dost thou think will be thy reward for fraud, treachery, deceit, dishonor, inhumanity, perjury? Yet dost thou continue in the commission of these crimes. Dost thou believe in God? No, thou dost not. He who despises virtue, must also condemn the essence of virtue. Look up." Hatton, by Heaven, I would have obeyed her, had not I feared some mark of vengeance would have been hurled thence on my head. She went on—"And dost thou, mortal, believe not in God? Thoughtless man! If there be no God, why does not that firmament above fall and overwhelm the world? There would be nothing to prevent it. Why does not the sea burst over its shores, and deluge the earth? Why do the seasons change? Why does the sun rise daily? If there be no power superior to him, he might save himself that trouble. But there is a God. In the meanest shrub his name, his power are

are written. The smallest insect is protected by him. Dost thou imagine then that he is careless of the human race? No—He sees each action—knows each thought. The power of rewarding is in his hands, and the power of punishing. He can lift up, raise, exalt, and he can throw down, destroy, kill.” I was absolutely petrified, and must confess that I envied the reptile that crept under my feet. She withdrew her hand from my arm. I ventured to look at her, which I had not done while she was speaking. Her countenance was animated, yet there was a certain wildness in her looks, betokening insanity. She concluded with the following words — “ Tremble at the vengeance of Heaven, for thou hast reason. Remember, —reform—repent. Waving her hand for me not to follow her, she turned, and walked slowly away. Her words had sufficiently satisfied me. I had not the smallest inclination to follow her, and fearing another attack of the same kind, I hastened with

no

no little speed home. If you come not, Hatton, soon, the consequences will be fatal to

EDWARD SACKVILLE.

LETTER XCVI.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM TURNBULL, ESQ.

MY search was in vain. I found her no where. Having dispatched the business of the mortgage, and received a pressing letter from the Baronet to return, I hastened back to Sackville Castle, and indeed I was induced to make as much haste as possible, Sir Edward having acquainted me with

with an extraordinary interview he had had with Louisa near his seat. I did not doubt therefore but that I should now discover her. I found the Baronet on my arrival quite a martyr to love, and existing on sighs, the food of the Cameleon. He told me he had met a goddess in these plains, and unless she listened to his vows, he knew not what fatal consequences might ensue. I offered my assistance—It was accepted. To blunt the edge of care, we have recourse to the dice, and I think my patient is somewhat recovered.

On my arrival he was all honor and generosity, virtues which I suppose Louisa had awakened in his breast. He even entertained ideas of offering his hand to this new object of his flame. I encouraged them, provided he consented to be united in the same manner as he was to his gentle cousin. That project is to be put in practice, and he is to take every opportunity of

3 pressing

pressing his suit in person. The event is rather *mal-à-propos*—for it will detach the Baronet from his love for gaming. Nevertheless, I must not oppose his inclinations, in order that I may not give birth to suspicion. I am, however, determined that the courtship shall be as short as possible. If the Baronet's *honorable* terms are not accepted, other means must be put in practice.—Nothing doubting that my search would be crowned with success, from the information I received from the Baronet, I proceeded, immediately on my arrival, to attempt to discover the place of Louisa's retreat. I have not yet been successful. Would I could find her ! Her presence in these dull northern parts would banish that demon *Ennui*, and cheer the passing hours.

GEORGE HATTON.

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LETTER XCVII.

HUMPHREY CLARENDON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM NETERVILLE, ESQ.

WHAT scenes of accumulated distress does this place produce? yet there are scarce any of the sons and daughters of affliction whom I am more inclined to pity than the unhappy prostitutes, who, it is computed, walk the streets for nightly hire to the amount of forty thousand. Great God! what a number! yet, Neterville, think not that I mean to defend them all. I know there are many who are worthy of their situation

VOL. II.

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tuation by their vices, and who have not one sensation of shame or virtue remaining. These are objects of disgust and abhorrence. But there are some, who, reduced to that state of infamy by the machinations of their own sex, or the dishonorable arts of ours, claim indeed pity and relief. Once virtuous, open, and generous, they judged of others by themselves, and acted accordingly. — They believed the fond tale of love. The eloquence of sighs was irresistible. They placed unlimited confidence, and were not convinced, till it was too late, that that confidence was bestowed on a worthless object. There are some also whom necessity has reduced to this situation. Of this class was one, who as I was walking slowly along the other evening, looked up in my face, and would have spoken, but was unable. I thought I saw a tear in her eye, and was interested in her behalf. She was but a very young woman. I lamented the unhappy way of life which she pursued. “ Ah, Sir, (she exclaimed) and so do I. It is not
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from inclination, God knows, but"—She paused, as if unwilling to discover the real motive. I induced her to continue her tale, by a promise to relieve her wants. Her eyes brightened with joy for a moment, but were again clouded with sorrow. "The Almighty bless you, Sir, for your goodness; but no—it is too much to hope." I repeated my assurances of relief. She seemed then to give some credit to me. "Will you, Sir, (said she) have the kindness to accompany me home. I live not far from here. If you had rather, however, I will tell you my sad tale in the street, though I own I am very faint and weak from want of food and excess of grief." There was something so artless in her manner, that had I been more cautious than I am, I could not but have believed her. I would go home with her, but desired her to buy some refreshment, for which I gave her money. "God for ever bless"—Her gratitude took from her the power of speech. After purchasing

some food, she carried me to her lodgings in a garret, into which the rain might descend, and the wind enter resistless. A wretched bed was in the room, round which the curtains were drawn. I sat down on a stool; and she at the foot of the bed. After a short pause, she began"—I should, Sir, be very ungrateful if I concealed any thing from you. I will not—tho' God knows what I shall suffer in relating my mournful story. My parents, Sir, were very poor, but honest and respectable. I was their only daughter. As I grew up, I began to think that my father and mother would live better, if I could provide for myself, besides I thought I might save something from my wages to comfort them. Well, Sir, I went to service, and every year sent home a present of tea and money. It was but a little present, but it was all I could save from my wages, which were not great. What blessings I received from them for this behaviour! Ah, Sir, how happy I was to be of use to my parents!—But I am of no use to them now. God, however,

however, will not suffer them to want I hope. After I had been three years at service, I became acquainted with a young man, who bore an excellent character. I first liked him, because he was dutiful and good to his parents. I do not know how, but I found I loved him. He discovered at the same time that he was fond of me. He told me so, and to be sure I did not think there was any harm in owning the truth, and telling him I loved him as well as he did me. He asked me to marry him, and assured me all his happiness depended on me. Ah, poor Billy! I did not care for making him unhappy, so I wrote to my father and mother, and asked their consent. They gave it me, and their blessing to the bargain.—William likewise obtained the consent of his parents, and we were married. Ah, how happy we were! Poor William!—We had not been married above a year when my mistress discovered I was with child, and therefore would not keep me any longer.—This was a sad stroke, but I endeavoured to

bear it as well as possible, because I knew God was all sufficient. Where could I go? I would not encumber my father and mother, so we went to London, for William to be sure would not stay after I was gone. Well, Sir, we came up to London, and because we would be frugal, we took one room. A little money we had saved, and that we lived upon. William tried to get into place, but he could not, because he knew no body to give him a character. Our money was almost gone, and I told our landlady so, assuring her, if she suffered us to stay, we would do all we could to pay her. She heard me very attentively, and when I had done, told me she did not let lodgings for nothing, and turned us instantly out of doors. I did not expect this treatment, because I thought no body could be so cruel. However, we sought out for another lodging, and at length took this wretched one. Here, Sir, I was brought to bed. The doctor took away nearly all the money we had, so that I could not have any thing

thing to nourish me in my lying-in. We eat nothing but bread, and drank water.— However, we prayed to God, and found ourselves able to bear our situation. After a fortnight I got up, though still weak, in order to endeavour to get some work. I am a decent workwoman, and I thought I should have no difficulty. Ah, Sir, I went to many shops! Some would not hear me, others desired me to get out of their shops, and some few asked me what security I could give. I did not know what they meant at first, but I found they wanted to know whether any person would answer for my honesty. I knew no body, and therefore was every where denied. I returned home, to be sure, with a sad heart, and Billy and I sat and cried together at our misfortunes. After we had done crying, we prayed and prepared to bear what it should please God. Billy then went out to try to get work, but, poor fellow! he was as unsuccessful as I was, and we both sat down, and cried

again heartily. Well, Sir, my dear Billy grieved very much for the distress he had brought me into, but I told him I was contented to suffer any thing with him. But he would not be comforted, and I could not by all my endeavours prevent him from pining. Ah, Sir,"—and the poor woman burst into a flood of tears—"Now comes the saddest part of my story. My Billy fell ill of a fever. Oh, I thought I should have died now, but I kept up my spirits as well as I could, in order that my Billy might not discover what I suffered. I went, Sir, to an apothecary—I told him our situation, and begged him to come and see my William. But he would not, and told me that he did not work for nothing. I told him I would pray for him for ever, but he only laughed at me, and desired me to get out of his shop. I went to two or three more, but they all served me in the same manner. I returned to my dear William, and found him much worse. I had nothing to nourish him,

him, but bread and water. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that he knew he should die. But grieve not, he said, my dear Sally, God will take care of you and my little girl. You know, Sally, I should have been only a greater trouble to you if I lived, and so I had better die; but indeed Sally, I don't know how to part with you, yet I must, because God pleases. I was almost distracted, Sir, at these words, and tried to persuade him that he would not die, but he shook his head, and said he was sure he should. Well, Sir, my little girl now caught the fever of her father, and both of them lay ill in one bed. I wept and prayed to God to restore them to their health, but it was in vain—My Billy pressed me to his arms, wept over me, kissed me, and prayed to God to protect me when he was gone.—I told him I could not part with him, but I was forced. His voice failed him. He groaned, and grasping my hand, and looking at me, piteously and affectionately, died. Ah, Sir, my poor Billy died.” Here her
 sobe

sobs and tears prevented her for some time from pursuing her tale. At length she continued it. "An hour after my billy died. I lost my little girl. This was almost too much. For a whole day I sat looking on the dead bodies, and weeping. During all that time, I tasted not a morsel. I found myself faint, and having still a halfpenny left, I bought with it a roll, which somewhat allayed my hunger. I began now, Sir, to think how I might bury the bodies. I could not bear that they should not have christian burial, for I thought, if the parson did not pray over them, they would not go to Heaven. I knew not what to do.— But at length I resolved to submit myself to what I abhorred, in order to procure something to bury them. I went out with this resolution. All last night I was taken notice of only by one man, who seeing me pale, and that I had been weeping, desired me with an oath to get away. I was very faint and hungry, yet I could bear that very well,

well, but that my dear Billy and my child should not be buried, I could not bear. I returned home, and lay myself down by them. To-night, Sir, I went out again, with the same intentions I did yesterday evening, and, God be praised, I have met with you."

Here she ended her pathetic narrative, and wept. I asked where the bodies were— She drew the curtain aside, and shewed them to me both in bed. I started with horror and amazement, and immediately sent for an undertaker, to whom I gave directions relative to the funeral, and money to defray the expences of it. The poor woman, I thought, would have worshipped me. She fell on her knees, and prayed Heaven to bless me with every comfort.— Her gratitude so sincere, pleased me, and after giving her money to procure a better lodging, and decent mourning, I left her. After she has paid the last mournful tribute to the deceased, I will send her to her parents, allowing

allowing them a certain sum yearly for her maintenance. Poor girl! she has lost all hopes of happiness in this world! But the consciousness of innocence will be her consolation in sorrow and in misery. Neterville, how enviable is her situation to that of

HUMPHREY CLARENDON.

LETTER XCVIII.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM TURNBULL, ESQ.

THIS same amour in which the Baronet is engaged has considerably decreased his predilection for gaming. It is necessary therefore that it should be speedily concluded, and to that end have I used
all

all my endeavours. By dint of perseverance, he has had an interview with his dulcinea, who rejected all his offers not only positively, but with an appearance of anger at his presumption. Sir Edward took his leave with much sorrow and mortification. Another scheme more vigorous and more effectual is to be immediately put in practice. Delays are dangerous; and in the same degree in which it behoves the Baronet to adopt speedy measures, does it become me to bring to a conclusion my machinations. No news yet of Louisa. The little pufs has eluded my utmost vigilance. However, my designs on her must sleep till others more important are concluded.

GEORGE HATTON.

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LETTER XCIX.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

LAURA, she is gone—Yes, my protector, my friend has left me, and I know not whither—Some machinations—It must be so—And yet, can it be possible? After such accumulated wickedness to add another of the blackest die. Her sweet boy seems to know that he is deprived of his mother. His tears flow incessantly. — Cecilia, my beloved Cecilia, where art thou? groaning perhaps beneath the brutal
3 power

power of some —— But the thought is
madness—Heaven protect thee! Thou hast
perhaps no other friend.

LOUISA.

LETTER C.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

CAPTAIN ARCHER.

AT length, Archer, I have quitted the
hospitable mansion of your father, not
without great reluctance on his part, and
with making me repeat the promise of pay-
ing him a second visit, when I should have
discovered the object of my search. To
this I readily vowed to adhere. Your mo-
ther, previous to my departure, begged my
acceptance of a beautiful diamond ring, as
a testimony of her esteem. I thanked her
for

for the honor, and received the present with grateful satisfaction. The old gentleman, requesting a moment's conference in the library, said to me, that he hoped there was no necessity of assuring me again that he had conceived a friendship for me. He therefore intreated, nay, insisted that in every emergency I would apply to him, and again pressed me to make him my banker. I returned suitable acknowledgments for his generous offer, and assured him that I would not fail to do as he desired, whenever I should have occasion. He then grasped my hand—"Well, God bless you my boy. I esteemed you at first as the friend of my son. I love you now on your own account." I was affected by this testimony of regard, and felt something rushing to my eye, which would have disgraced my manhood. I brushed it hastily away, and hurrying to the door, mounted my horse, and rode off with many prayers for the welfare of the worthy family I had left. Adieu.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

L E T-

LETTER CL

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

THERE is something so romantic in the following incident, that perhaps you might be inclined to doubt its authenticity, did not I think that you had a better opinion of me than to think I would violate the sacred laws of truth. Passing over these northern wilds, I suffered my beast to proceed his own pace, which scarce amounted to a trot, in order to indulge a pleasing train of reflections. From this I was roused, by observing that the sun had been set some

VOL. II. I time,

time, and that night was fast approaching. I prepared to increase my speed, when a post chaise and four passed me, and a scream, with an exclamation of distress, alarmed me. By an irresistible impulse I rode up, and pulling out my pistols, commanded the driver to stop. A gentleman thrusting his head out of the chaise, told me if I wanted his money he would give it me. I smiled at the idea of being taken for a highwayman, and briefly informed him that he was mistaken in his conjectures—that I had heard a scream of distress, and wished to know the cause. It was so dark that I could not discover the countenance of the female, who, as soon as I concluded my reply, thrust her head out of the window, and cried with much emotion—"For God's sake, Sir, deliver me from this dreadful situation." Convinced now that my assistance was indeed necessary, I assured the lady I would defend her, and insisted on the gentleman's restoring her to her liberty. My man, now, assured me

that the lady was his wife. In an agony of grief she exclaimed, "No, no—indeed I am not."

Finding that I would not be deterred from my purpose, the enraged gentleman leapt from the chaise, and pulling out a pistol, desired me to take my distance. I did as well as I could in the dark. He fired—The ball whistled by my ear. I discharged mine in return. The ball took effect, and entered just above the hip. He dropped instantly—Running to his assistance, I lifted him into the chaise, and endeavoured to stop the hemorrhage by handkerchiefs. In the mean time I desired one of the footmen to ride to the next town for a surgeon. The postilion I ordered to return home. I had now time to pay attention to the lady, who thanked me in the most grateful manner. Fortunately we had but five miles to go. I sat down my *protégée* at her own house, which luckily was in the road to the seat of her despoiler. He had all this

time remained silent, groaning often from the pain of the wound. I saw him to his own house, and remained with him till the arrival of the surgeon, who, upon examining the wound, pronounced it a very bad one, but, to my great joy, not mortal. I then returned according to my promise to the house of the lady. She had retired to bed extremely ill from the agony of mind she had endured. Nevertheless a neat supper was prepared, to which I sat down, and afterwards took up my pen to give you an account of the adventure. It is with some difficulty that I have been able to keep my eyes open so long—so good night.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LET-

LETTER CII.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

MY —'s illness increases every day, and the physicians entertain apprehensions for her life. She seems sensible of her danger, but is prepared to meet even death with fortitude. I have sat up with her these several nights, contrary to her wishes. She would have had me retired to rest, but I refused. Stafford, there is something disagreeable in the idea of a person dying in the night without being able to disclose their dying wishes. For this reason I am determined to watch by her, to

Catch the last words that tremble on her tongue.

I 3

should

should her disorder prove fatal. My present employment will not permit me to write a long letter. Adieu.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER CXL.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

SHE has just breathed her last.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER CIV.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

I WAS not able to send you more than a few words in my last. The scene to which I had just been witness affected me extremely. Finding that she could not survive beyond the night, she prepared to take leave of me, and of her servants, before she died. She addressed me in the most pathetic manner—assured me that she had loved me with the most perfect affection—hinted that she had always imagined some other person possessed my heart. This idea enabled her to meet death with fortitude, because I should then be at liberty to pursue

I 4

my

my inclinations. In the most fervent manner she intreated Heaven to pour its blessings on my head, and to make me happy. I assured her that she was mistaken in her conjectures. She would not believe me, neither did she wish. The idea afforded her, she said, much comfort in her dying moments.

Her old servants were then called up to take leave of their mistress. To each she delivered a handsome present, and recommending them strongly to my protection, which I readily promised, wished them every happiness. She was beloved by them all—Not one of them could speak—They were too deeply affected. In order to decrease their affliction, she smiled, and bade them not grieve, but her attempts were in vain. They retired drowned in tears, and overwhelmed with sorrow. About the middle of the night she sighed deeply, pressed my hand with great tenderness, and, with an angelic smile, expired. Her death was easy,

easy, and similar to going to sleep. Not a groan escaped her. Sweet flower! mayest thou rest in peace! A better lot didst thou deserve, than to be united to one, who could not give thee his affection!

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER CV.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

ON examining the state of my affairs, I find myself possessed of full one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. What an immense sum! And yet, Stafford, this does not by right belong to me, and it is unjust to detain it. I have accordingly made every enquiry

enquiry after any relations, but I can find none. Mr. Gandon had outlived all. Surely, Stafford, it cannot now be very unjust if I make use of this sum, reserving always the principal entire, should any relation ever appear to claim it. However, I shall be guided by your opinion, which I am sure will be founded in the strictest justice.

Adieu, my dear friend, there are but two things that afford me the least consolation or pleasure—one is the friendship subsisting between us, and the other perhaps you will not think it necessary for me to disclose.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER CVI.

MAJOR UMPHREVILLE:

TO

EDWARD.

CONTRARY winds have prevented us (as the sailors term it) making much way, besides I believe the Danish ships are not so well navigated as the English. I should have been glad to have embarked for India in one belonging to my native country, had not all of them sailed previous to my departure. Long as the time has been since we left England, we have but just arrived at Madeira. We were three weeks in the Channel, neither able to proceed on our voyage, nor to put into any port.—

Some

Some damage our ship has suffered, which we are repairing here as fast as possible.

My Edward, perhaps it may arise from long confinement in a ship, without being able to converse with those belonging to it, or perhaps it may proceed from leaving you oppressed with an unaccountable melancholy, but I am unhappy. Indeed my own thoughts do not serve to render me less so. I recollect that, from my earliest infancy, I have been the sport of fortune—How often have I trusted to her smiles, and been deceived. I think also that it is more than probable I shall never revisit my native country, never behold again my dear Edward. You would have persuaded me to remain in England—I would not consent, and now I will tell you the reason. The blood of my ancestors which flows in my veins makes me unwilling to incur an obligation. The idea that the renovated splendor of the family was entirely owing to the Gandon fortune hurt me. I was resolved to endeavour
to

to acquire wealth—I procured a lucrative situation, to which I am now going. Heaven only knows whether my intentions will be crowned with success. Old age is fast treading on my steps, and change of climate I am very unable to bear. The American war has sapped my constitution, and I fear I may exclaim with Adam in “As You Like It”—

*At fifteen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week.*

There are many hospitable merchants in Madeira, but I do not like company—I am fond of wandering

To where some convent spreads its sainted gloom.

I reflect on the many, whom the avarice of parents, the desertion of lovers, the disappointment of hope, may have placed there in confinement for life. Into what a small space

space is much misery condensed ! I compare my own situation with their's, and the comparison affords some consolation. I sometimes enter into discourse with some of the nuns, who are allowed to dispose of their little paper boxes, and other nicknacks, through the grate of the convent. They are all impatient of confinement, and express their wishes to be restored to liberty. A beautiful interesting nun said to me the other day, " Ah, Monsieur, que vous êtes heureux. On n'a point de convents en Angleterre." I endeavoured to prevail on her to relate to me the occasion of her having taken the veil, but she did not seem inclined to gratify my wishes. " Pardonnez-moi, (she replied) pardonnez-moi, le conte des tristes evenemens ne me donnera aucune plaisir." I pressed her no further, but expressed a wish that Heaven would restore her to her wonted happiness. She thanked me, but shook her head, saying, " Ah, le grand Dieu est bon mais c'est presque impossible." Edward, I am endeavouring to amuse

amuse you by an account of my researches in this island; and, in so doing, I hope to blunt the edge of my own sensations. — Adieu, my dear boy—we set sail to-morrow. Present my best love to your wife, and my old friend Gandon. You will not hear from me again till I arrive at the destined port. Your affectionate father,

HENRY UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER CVII,

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

FROM sorrow often proceeds joy, from sadness, comfort. What no human probability could make me expect, has been effected

effected by the mercy of God. But I will not keep you longer in suspense. It was my custom every evening to enjoy the sweet prospect of nature along the margin of the Lake, or up the ascent to the wood beyond it. I had sometimes observed a gentleman walking here, who once addressed me. As his language then was polite, I did not imagine there was the least danger, and therefore continued my evening walks as usual. Not long after the first interview, I met the same gentleman again, whose behaviour was quite changed. He made me proposals, of what nature I do not now recollect. I remember, however, that I rejected them positively. I now wandered not so far from home as formerly, though still I thought it unnecessary to confine myself entirely to the house.

One evening I had walked to the copse at no great distance from the house. I had just entered it when I perceived two persons advancing to me. I began to be
alarmed

alarmed without knowing why. I turned back in order to return home, but they prevented me, by taking me up in their arms, and hastening with me thro' the wood.—I screamed—I struggled—I intreated—I wept—but in vain. Deaf to the distress in which they saw me involved, they hurried me along till we came to the public road, where a chaise and four was waiting.—They lifted me into it, and immediately drove off. The blinds were drawn up, nevertheless I could distinguish that the person in the chaise was the same who had insulted me with his proposals. I endeavoured to assume courage, and asked how he dared thus to violate the laws of his country and of human nature. He smiled, and replied that love was superior to all laws, and that human nature could not resist its power. I then asked him whither he was carrying me. He replied, to a box of his at some small distance, where I should reign absolute and sole mistress. I told him I despised his offer, and bade him beware of the consequences of

this insult. I saw that he only laughed at my threats, and therefore discontinued them. I wept—I intreated—I screamed for help.—The last effort proved successful, and to my infinite joy I heard a person ride up to the chaise, who commanded the postillion to stop. An altercation ensued, and Sir Edward Sackville (the vile seducer of Louisa, and he who had thus insulted me) endeavoured to persuade him that I was his wife. I made an effort, and thrusting my head out of the window, assured him I was not.—This was sufficient. My distress excited compassion, and the gentleman on horseback vowed to defend me. Sir Edward, with a dreadful oath, immediately jumped out of the chaise, and a duel ensued, in which Sir Edward was dangerously wounded. My deliverer now got into the chaise, after having lifted in the wounded Baronet. I was soon conducted to the embraces of my sweet boy, whom I found crying, and of Louisa, who was attempting to console him. Our joy was extreme—My generous friend
left

left me at my own house, to convey Sir Edward home, and learn whether his wound was mortal or not. In the mean time, I found myself, from the agitation of mind I had undergone, extremely ill, and was forced to retire to bed. My deliverer, after he had conveyed Sir Edward home, returned to my cottage, where I had provided a supper for him. The next morning I found myself a little better, and resolved to rise and return my thanks to my protector. I descended to the parlour with Louisa, and my little boy in my arms. As I entered the room, the gentleman turned to pay his compliments—I started, and exclaimed, “God of Heaven! what a resemblance!” He seemed astonished, upon which I explained the cause of my surprise by saying, he very nearly resembled a near relation of mine, who was dead. He sat down to breakfast, during which I had reason to admire the accomplishments, both mental and personal, which my deliver possessed. After breakfast we strolled to a rural arbour in the garden,

from which we could see the adjacent country. My protector admired the beauty of the prospect, but thought it inferior in sublimity to many in America. "In America, Sir, (I exclaimed) have you been in America." "Yes, madam, during the whole war." "Ah, Sir, perhaps you knew—but it is very unlikely in such a vast tract of country." He seemed waiting for my question. I briefly informed him that I meant to have asked him whether he knew two dear relations who had perished in that contest, but that I thought it almost impossible. "Perhaps not, madam, I have been in many engagements. In the attack of Bunker's Hill—the contest of Stony Point." "Stony Point! Sir—Good God—'twas there they perished." "Who, madam?" "A father and a brother." By this time my protector seemed visibly agitated. "A father and brother? Oh, perhaps, then you, you may be her after whom I have wandered many a weary mile—but no—it cannot be—Oh, Cecilia, Cecilia."

A

A tear started from his eye.—“ Cecilia!—What, Cecilia Montgomery?” —“ The same—I am her brother.” I sunk into his arms, exclaiming, “ Then behold her here.” “ Gracious God! —sure it is too much to hope—yet, no—Oh, it is—it is—I feel it is my Cecilia.” Our mutual transports took from us the power of utterance, and we remained for some time in each other’s arms unable to speak. The poor Louisa, during the scene, wept with joy. When our emotions were somewhat subsided, we each questioned one another relative to the events during our separation. I particularly asked him how it came to be reported that he was killed. He informed me, that at Stony Point my father was slain by a musket shot, and lived but a few minutes after he had received the wound—that he himself was also desperately wounded, and left for dead on the field of battle. A party of the enemy observed some remaining signs of life, and humanely conveyed him to their camp, where it was a long while before he was cured.

When he was perfectly recovered, however, they generously gave him leave to return to the British army. Hostilities still subsisting, he could never find an opportunity of conveying to my mother and me the intelligence of his being still living.

In return for this narration, my brother desired to be informed to what circumstances my departure from America were owing.—I was in a delicate predicament. To acquaint him with the whole of my unfortunate history would not, I thought, be proper, and might involve him in a quarrel.—I therefore generally informed him that I had married in America an officer of the name of Enerville, who was dead. Louisa saw my motive in thus disguising the truth, and by her looks approved of them. My brother was satisfied, and questioned me relative to my circumstances, which I told him were decent—that my husband had left me nothing, but that I had brought with me from America money sufficient to purchase an

an annuity of one hundred pounds a year, which had been settled on me—but which, as he was alive, now belonged to him, and which I was ready to surrender. Henry, however, refused to accept it, or any part of it, but expressed his happiness at my being thus lifted above absolute want. After these necessary explanations, we passed some happy hours, and could I have divested myself of one consideration, I should not have had a wish beyond the present scene. My brother will stay here some time.

Eliza, I hope the deceit I have practised on him is not criminal. It originated in a wish to prevent him from a quarrel with my seducer, whose blood, Heaven knows, I would not be the occasion of shedding! Oh, no!—no!—May he live to atone for the crimes of which he has been guilty.

CECILIA.

LETTER CVIII.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

TO others the balm of comfort is afforded—to me its influence is denied. Still do I mourn, and shall for ever mourn. My protector, my Cecilia, is restored to our prayers, and has found a brother. It was, indeed, Sir Edward who carried her off, who meant to have plunged her in the same wretchedness in which he has involved me. But Heaven interposed, and he received a dreadful wound. She was rescued from his destructive power, and rescued

scued by a brother, whom she thought numbered among those whom the hand of war has deprived of life. What happiness!— Even I partake of it, and on beholding her joy, I feel my own sorrows somewhat alleviated. Ah, how different is this brother to Sackville! So gentle, yet so brave! So humane, so compassionate! Ah, Laura, he is indeed one of those who were formed not to destroy, but to comfort, not to plunge others into misery, but to restore them to happiness. The joy, the transport, which Cecilia has felt, has affected her health. A fever seized her, which raged for some days with great violence. Montgomery, her brother, was almost distracted, and each moment at her chamber door enquiring about her. In an evening she would make me attempt to cheer him by my company, but, alas! I fear I was but a bad comforter! At length I carried him the intelligence that the fever had considerably abated, and that hopes were entertained of her speedy recovery. He was transported with

with the most extravagant joy—seized my hand, and kneeling on one knee, kissed it—thanked Heaven for its mercy, and me for my tender attention to her. I was confused, and felt my cheeks glow. His eyes fixed with such animation on my face, increased the suffusion, and I made an effort to retire. He would not, however, suffer me till he had poured out all his thanks, and recounted his obligations to me.

Ah, my Laura, I feel my ideas less deranged, less wandering than formerly, but I find no alleviation to my grief. The tide of sorrow flows,

—and will for ever flow.

Sir Edward still continues in a dangerous situation. He had deserved the vengeance of Heaven, and he has received it. May it produce a proper effect!

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER CIX.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

NOT long after the funeral of Letitia, and when I had scarce put my affairs in a proper train, an old gentleman desired to be admitted to my presence, as he had something of importance to communicate to me. His appearance was peculiarly forbidding. A pair of bushy eyebrows hung over eyes, expressive of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. He seated himself without any ceremony, and surveying me with a kind of supercilious

lous air addressed me in the following words: "Young gentleman, do you recollect the name of Montgomery, Cecilia Montgomery?" I was offended with this mode of conduct, and asked him before I answered his question, what right he had to put it to me. "I will soon convince you (he continued) that I have a right which you little expect. But again I must ask whether you remember that name?" "Suppose, Sir, I do remember it?" With a kind of sarcastic smile he said, "That St. Stephens Walbrook was a pretty church: Did I ever I see the inside of it?" These were very impertinent questions, and I told him so.—Seeing me angry he went on—"I will now come to the point. I was in company the other day with a clergyman. The conversation related to the beauty of those whom he had married. Among a great many he particularly mentioned one Cecilia Montgomery, united to one Edward Umphreville. I was astonished, knowing that Letitia Gandon was married to a person of that very
6 name.

name. I immediately procured a certificate of the marriage, which I have in my pocket. You are now to know Sir that my name is Gandon." I started with surprise. "I am brother to the deceased Gandon. Now, Sir, does this certificate relate to any marriage you have contracted? Because, if it does, your union with Letitia must be illegal, being posterior to the other marriage." I replied, that before I gave any answer I would trouble him to make out his relationship to the Gandon family. He quitted me in an abrupt rude manner, and this morning came again, having procured from the parish where he was born a certificate of birth. He also informed me, that he could procure people who knew him, and who would take an oath of his identity. Early in life he had quarrelled with his family, and had emigrated to the West Indies, where he had remained till lately, meeting with a constant disappointment of his hopes. He never held any correspondence with his relations, and even made them believe
that

that he was dead. This sufficiently accounted to me for my never having heard of this relation. Fully convinced now that his claim was good, I confessed the first marriage, at the same time acknowledging myself ready to resign the fortune I possessed in right of the Gandon family immediately. He replied, not in the least softened by my willingness, that he must first examine what I had received, in order that it might all be refunded, except what had been expended by Letitia during her residence with me. I was astonished at his avarice, tho' his demand was just. I therefore have appointed to-morrow for the examination.—Stafford, this deprivation of fortune would in some produce a fatal effect, but I, who consider riches distinct from ideas of happiness, feel not the least sorrow, except when I recollect that I shall be deprived of the opportunity of administering relief to misery.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER CX.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

MR. GANDON came early. I had prepared my accounts, which he examined with a critical nicety. He noted the money paid to my father to discharge mortgages, and the broker, to the amount of twenty thousand pounds. He then entered into an examination of his brother's fortune. The balance against me was one hundred and seventy thousand pounds. I acknowledged the justice of it, and immediately conveyed over to him one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Still he said there remained twenty thousand pounds:—

This

This sum I frankly confessed I had paid to my father. He stared—"Well, Sir, perhaps your own estate may be sufficient to clear the remaining balance." I replied that it was not—that the family castle and estate were my father's, who was still alive. I also hinted that I had expected, from my readiness to acknowledge his claim, that he would not have pressed this demand. He replied only, that I ought first to ask my own heart whether the dishonor I had brought on the family merited any favor.—I was hurt at this rude reproof, which, tho' I deserved, I thought might have been spared. After we had transacted the business, and I had reduced myself to my half pay alone, he took his leave, and I have not seen him since. I must leave off for a moment.

FLEET PRISON.

BAD as my opinion was of Mr. Gaudin's humanity, I did not imagine he would
have

have proceeded to such lengths. I left off, being called out on business. I little guessed the nature of it. The persons who wanted me were two Bailiffs, who produced a writ against me, at the suit of Mr. Gandon, for twenty thousand pounds. I was for a moment thunderstruck, and unable to determine on any thing. At length I submitted myself, and putting all my cash in my pocket, resolved, as I had no hopes of paying the debt, not to go to a spunging-house. I therefore insisted on being conveyed to the Fleet prison, to the manifest disappointment of my myrmidons, who had expected that I should have been a valuable prize.— And here, Stafford, in the Fleet prison I am. I did not think my portion would have been quite so bad, but I deserve it, and will endeavour to submit with fortitude.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER CXI.

MAJOR UMPHREVILLE

TO

EDWARD.

FORTUNE, my dear Edward, has not ceased her persecutions — nor know I when she will. My boy, all my schemes of amassing wealth are vanished, and slavery is my dreadful portion. We had quitted Madeira about a fortnight, a fine fresh gale affording us the delightful prospect of soon arriving at the destined port. A sail one morning was discovered in the starboard bow. We entertained no fears, and therefore beheld the vessel bearing down upon us without any emotion. We even slackened
sail,

sail, imagining she wanted to hail us. At noon she came up, and poured a broadside into us. We were astonished, and knew not what to do. A second broadside followed, and hoisting her flag, we discovered her to be a Tunisian corsair. The dread of captivity affected us all. We demanded a parley, and told them, that between Denmark and Tunis peace existed. They disregarded what we said, and prepared to board us. I endeavoured to animate the sailors, by painting to them the dreadful condition to which they would be reduced by submission. They all armed themselves with guns, cutlasses, and pistols, and resolved to make one effort for their deliverance. I took the command, and placed them in proper order to receive the pirates. They had already grappled and prepared to board us. The first who ventured on this enterprize was cut down—The next shared the same fate. They had already lost half of their crew, when they thought fit to desist from their intentions of boarding us. We imagined

gined they meant to sheer off, but we were disappointed. They assured us if we did not yield they would sink us. A broadside was immediately poured in, and three others succeeded. We saw that it would be in vain to contend longer, and therefore struck our flag. We were all immediately ordered on board the corsair, where we were conveyed to the lower deck and chained. In this dreadful situation we continued till our arrival at Tunis. Edward, it is impossible to conceive the horrors of mind I endured. Captivity, eternal captivity, eternal separation from you, my country, friends, ill usage, and hard labour, would, I knew, be my certain portion. I was not disappointed—Immediately on our arrival I was sold to a black merchant, and was told my employment would be to work in the gardens. And here, my boy, am I in the scorching sun, almost fainting with heat, fatigue, and grief. God of Heaven! that the descendant of the family of Umphreville, who for centuries have fought beneath the glorious standard of liberty, should groan beneath the yoke of slavery,

slavery, and crouch under some brutal master—Crouch?—no—never will I—my body is at his disposal, but he cannot chain my mind. Some small alleviation has the kindness of my mistress afforded me. She is a christian, and was compelled to be his mistress. She has taken charge of this letter, and has promised to convey it to England. Perhaps, if you were to represent to Government, that a British officer was in slavery, it might produce some beneficial effects. God bless you, my boy, and your lovely wife. Tell her that tho' a slave and in chains, I love her with as much affection as if I were monarch of England.

HENRY UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER CXII.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

CAPTAIN ARCHER.

MY last * informed you that my search was at an end, and that I had found my sister, and found her at a most critical period. The providence of God directed me, and to him alone are my thanks, my gratitude due. Sir Edward Sackville's wound was pronounced not mortal, and, by the skill of the physician, was soon healed—but a fever has succeeded, brought on by venturing out too soon, and in the rain.—Fears are now entertained for his life, and the

* Does not appear.

the doctor has even candidly desired his patient to settle his affairs. The Baronet was extremely affected at the intelligence, which I believe he did not expect. He sent for me, and returned me many thanks for having prevented the execution of his designs on Cecilia. Perceiving him very low-spirited, I attempted to cheer him, by telling him that he was in no danger of dying, but he shook his head, and informed me what the doctors had just mentioned to him. I was infinitely shocked. After some pause he acquainted me, that there was some thing that lay heavy on his mind. I pressed him to inform me of it. He told me that he had, with a feigned process of marriage, debauched the daughter of his uncle, and after having squandered her fortune, had turned her out of doors,

To bide the pelting of the pitiless storm.

For this inhumanity he wished to atone by marrying the lady, but he knew not where to find the injured Louisa. I started at the name. A few hints I had received from Cecilia, relative to some injury Louisa had received from the Baronet, convinced me that my sister's charming companion was her of whom the Baronet spoke. I accordingly afforded him some pleasure, by assuring him that I knew the place of her retreat, and would bear any message he might think fit to send. He delivered me a short one, and then changed the discourse. He feared, he said, that he had been a prey to charpers, who had deprived him of almost all his estate. Indeed I had observed two persons in the house, who have always been particularly shy of my company, and seem to dislike my frequent visits to the castle. These were the men he suspected, but he could not produce any proofs of their villainy. I assured him, that should his disorder prove fatal, I would sift the affair to the bottom, for the sake of the lady to whom he might bequeath his

his estate. He pressed my hand, and thanked me for my tenderness. I then took my leave, in order to carry the Baronet's message to Louisa.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER CXIII.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

I AM wearied with importunities. Sir Edward is in eminent danger, and wishes to make some atonement to me by marriage—I tell him that I want none—that I forgive him, and that I pray Heaven to forgive him also. He is not satisfied with my reasons. Cecilia says I ought to accede to his
dying

dying request, and even Montgomery persuades me. Ah, Laura, ought I to consent? Would it not be dishonorable? My affections are no longer his—I no longer love him—His cruelty, his inhumanity have rooted out every sensation of love from my breast. Should I not therefore sin against that command which bids me love him?

Laura, I am in a distressing predicament—I know not what to do—I love Cecilia—She sides not with me, and yet, that Montgomery should think me wrong. Ought I to yield to the intreaties of others, or to the dictates of my own heart?

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER CXIV.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

CAPTAIN ARCHER.

LOUISA absolutely refused to accede to Sir Edward's request. I carried her determination to him. He seemed astonished, and extremely hurt at her refusal. — "Good God! (he exclaimed in an agony) shall I die with this load on my conscience?" I suggested to him, that a letter might produce the desired effect better than the message. He called immediately for pen and ink, and with difficulty finished this short note:—

3.

"Much

“Much injured Louisa, a dying man throws himself at your feet for mercy. — For God’s sake pity me—reflect on the dreadful situation I am in, and that your refusal will embitter the last moments of my life. Refuse not your consent, and suffer me to make some small atonement for the injuries I have done you.

Edward Sackville.”

I hastened home with this note, and presented it to Louisa. She read it, but still seemed undetermined—Cecilia was not in the room—I used all my endeavours—I knelt to her, and assured her that her consent would afford me great pleasure. She hesitated a moment, and with a deep blush, and averted eyes, at length acceded to my intreaties. I dispatched instantly a footman of the Baronet’s for a licence and the clergyman. There was no time to be lost. The servant soon returned with the minister, and I escorted Louisa and my sister to Sackville castle. My fair charge I thought would
have

have dropped several times on the way thither.—However we at length arrived, and I entered the Baronet's chamber to announce their arrival. He looked pleased, and grasped my hand to thank me. Louisa came in pale and trembling, supporting myself by my arm, and that of Cecilia. The emaciated object before her affected her forcibly.—She advanced to the bedside. "The thanks of a dying man (exclaimed Sir Edward) accompany you for your goodness."—Louisa bowed, and the ceremony began.—The Baronet was held up by one of his servants. I was forced to support Louisa.—When it was finished, Sir Edward kissed her hand, and thanked her. Cecilia saluted her as Lady Sackville. I know not why, I felt a sickness at my heart on approaching to pay my compliments. The colour vanished from my cheeks. Her ladyship also was pale. I laid hold of her hand, but was unable to speak, and therefore bowed. She gave me a most expressive look, and immediately blushed as deep as scarlet. By the

Baronet's

Baronet's desire her ladyship and Cecilia now retired, and a lawyer, who had been waiting down stairs, was desired to walk up. Sir Edward requested him immediately to draw up his will, the substance of which he dictated to him. It was soon finished, and properly witnessed. The lawyer being withdrawn, the Baronet told me one thing remained, which he requested me to execute, *viz.* to bear a message to his two companions. The fatigue he had undergone had quite exhausted him—He therefore laid himself down to endeavour to sleep, and I retired to execute my commission. My gentlemen had just returned from riding. I acquainted them that Sir Edward would be very glad to see them when his health was re-established. This I thought a hint to occasion their departure, and I was not disappointed; for with evident marks of chagrin and displeasure, they ordered their horses, and that very afternoon left the castle without taking leave of any one.

I would now have retired with Cecilia to our cottage, but Lady Louisa pressed us with such earnestness to remain with her, that we could not refuse our consent. We have accordingly taken up our residence at the castle. As soon as the Baronet awoke, her ladyship went up to administer some medicine to him, and informed him, at the same time, that she had prevailed on us to be her guests. He expressed great pleasure at our acquiescence, and seemed delighted with the tender attention with which her ladyship behaved to him. Difficult as it was to obtain her consent, she now acts with exemplary propriety. Whether her conduct be dictated by affection, or by what she conceives to be her duty, I know not, but she will not be persuaded to partake of any rest in the night time. She sits up constantly every night, nor can any intreaties prevail on her to quit Sir Edward's bedside.

HENRY MONTGOTERY.

L E T-

LETTER CXV.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

A GLEAM of hope appeared on the marriage of the Baronet, but it quickly vanished. He grew worse, and at length the doctor told him he could not out-live the night. He had long expected the moment of dissolution, and received the intelligence with no emotion or surprise. The sacrament was immediately administered, and when he had received it, he desired us to favor him with our company. Lady Louisa, Cecilia, and myself being assembled, he addressed himself first to his wife, recapitulated

lated the many injuries she had received from him—that he had distressed her fortune, and cruelly neglected her. Her ladyship desired him not to recall events, which were forgiven and forgotten. He persisted, and went on.—His ill treatment of her and his bad conduct he imputed to the advice of his companions, joined to the manner in which his morals had been neglected, and he had been permitted to follow his own Inclinations. After lamenting his errors, he asked her ladyship if she could indeed forgive him. She replied, that she did from the bottom of her heart, and that he had made ample atonement. He was satisfied, and next intreated the pardon of Cecilia for the insult she had received from him. After being assured of her forgiveness. “And now (he exclaimed) I will take leave of you all—Had it pleased Heaven to prolong my life, I would have endeavoured to have atoned for my past conduct. I trust, however, in God, that I shall not be excluded

VOL. II. M from

from the mercy promised to the repentant sinner. The Almighty, Louisa, be your protector—May he pour blessings unnumbered on your head—Nor shall you, gentle Cecilia, want the prayers of a dying man—May the happiness your virtues so well deserve be your's. Montgomery, may you enjoy a lot worthy of you. Again I intreat the Lord to bless you all, and to have mercy on my soul." Quite exhausted, he was forced to leave off. We did not quit the room. About midnight he grasped my hand, and made a motion for her ladyship, for he could not speak. She flew to his bedside—He pressed her to his heart, and kissed the hand of Cecilia. On each of us he cast a look of tenderness, which seemed to intreat our prayers, and heaving a deep sigh, with a convulsed agitation of his whole frame, expired. As soon as possible I led the weeping Louisa and Cecilia from the bed of death, and endeavoured to administer consolation to them—My endeavours were
not

not wholly unsuccessful. Being joined in the executorship with her ladyship, I took upon me the direction of the funeral, which I ordered to be suitable to the rank of the deceased. I accompanied the corpse alone.—Lady Louisa would fain have gone also, but I knew the scene would be too much for her, and prevailed on her to desist from her intentions.

After the payment of the last tribute, I desired the clergyman to return with me to the castle, as well as Sir Edward's attorney. In their presence, and in that of her ladyship, I opened the will and read it. After confessing the numerous sins of which he had been guilty, it proceeded in the following manner:—"For these offences I hope to receive pardon from the Almighty God—but it also behoves me to make all the atonement I can for them in this world. With this intention, I bequeath to my beloved wife, Louisa Sackville, the whole of my

M 2 estate,

estate, whether real or personal, freehold or copyhold, also all my household furniture, books, plate, &c. subject, however, to such mortgages as shall be found *legal*, and for which *proper value* shall have been given, and subject also to the payment of my debts, and the following legacies:—As a small atonement to the lovely Cecilia, whom I once wronged, I beg her acceptance of my best diamond ring, and the diamond bracelets which belonged to my mother. Small I know is the gift, but it will convince her of my sincere sorrow for the insult offered to her by me.—To Henry Montgomery, Esq. I leave my gold watch, ornamented with diamonds, and the chain belonging to it, also my diamond breast pin, diamond shoe and knee buckles, my two best swords and pistols. Of them, as a small testimony of my esteem, I beg his acceptance. To each of my servants I leave twenty pounds, besides their wages. I appoint my dear wife and Henry Montgomery, Esq.

Esq. executors to this my will. And now I beg forgiveness of all whom I may have injured, and commend my soul to the Almighty God, with a full reliance on his mercy and goodness."

The affecting manner in which all were remembered; the full atonement he had made for his faults, gained the hearts of every one; and we lamented that such a mind should have been thus ruined. The agitation which Lady Louisa has undergone, have affected her health, and she is confined with a slight indisposition to her chamber.— This will prevent us from proving the will, and administering, till she is able to undertake a journey to the metropolis, which will not be for some time. My Cecilia is by no means well. She is plunged into a deep melancholy, which I can only attribute to what she has been lately a mournful witness. Even I am far from being in spirits.— There is something in a death-bed which

M 3 . . . strikes:

strikes the beholder with awe and with sadness. Perhaps I derive my lowness of spirits from that source, as well as Louisa and my sister. Adieu.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER CXVI.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

FLEET PRISON.

WITH fortitude and with patience I think I could have borne my own miseries, but those of my father overcome me—Oh, my father! Stafford, in his old age he is doomed to slavery and oppression
—to

—to be the sport of a cruel master—to faint with fatigue—to have no consoling friend to ease his woes—He was taken prisoner by a Tunisian privateer and sold. Here, here, indeed I am a very wretch—I attempt to bear my sorrows like a man—I find it impossible—I have sent several memorials to the ministry, representing the outrage offered to a British subject. They have been all disregarded. I suppose it is a maxim with the members of administration to pay no attention to distress, except it comes *properly recommended*. I am grown neglectful of my person, and my appearance is dirty and squalid. I question whether you would know me. Stafford, the tints of misery are strong, and she paints forcibly. Good God! how is this prison crowded with wretches unfortunate as myself. I have not yet formed an acquaintance with any—There is one old gentleman, however, who sometimes visits the prison, who has expressed great compassion for me, and by his hints would fain draw from me “The story

of my woes."—I have waved any particular intimacy with him, though I admit his visits, and accompany him sometimes in his peregrinations round the prison. — The keepers know nothing of him, except that he has relieved many, and released some who were confined for small debts. The good man! To me, however, he can afford no relief. My debts are to such an amount, and my heart so fraught with woe, that death alone can discharge the one, and release me from the other. Stafford, Heaven protect you from such complicated miseries as press heavy on the heart of

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER CXVII.

MAJOR UMPHREVILLE

TO

EDWARD.

TUNIS.

I WRITE to you, my Edward, because it affords me some small consolation in my miserable wretched situation. My master, who at first paid very little attention to me, has lately treated me with more distinction. As I was working in the garden the other day, he came up to me, and after observing me some time, bade me leave off work. Looking stedfastly in my face, he
asked

asked me what I thought of religion. The question was a delicate one—however, I explained my sentiments without giving him any offence, and he then asked what was my opinion of the prophet Mahomet. I knew the tendency of the question, and replied with caution, that I was not capable of giving any opinion, from my ignorance of the subject. He seemed astonished—“ You know very little then of the great, the blessed Mahomet? But it is not strange;—You have been educated in ignorance, and brought up in error.” I thought it most prudent to say nothing.—“ Christian slave, I will instruct you, and you shall know the greatness and the wisdom of our prophet. You shall peruse the blessed Koran.” I replied that I had no objection, for I did not fear that I should read any thing there which could shake my faith. He expressed his pleasure, and told me I should not want encouragement. Without loss of time he brought me the book he had praised so highly, and devoutly kissing it, presented it to me.

When

When I had read it, he desired me to deliver him my opinion of it. I promised obedience, and he left me. Edward, I foresee to what this conduct will lead. I shall be pressed to change my religious faith, and to abjure the christian for the Mahomentan religion. This I will never do. No torments shall force me—No power compel me—The assurances contained in our blessed religion enable me to bear my sorrows with some degree of gratitude, and prevent me from being overwhelmed with despair—Shall I then resign the only friend affliction has left me? Never—never—I have related the conversation between my master and me to my mistress. She has promised me her good offices, but I see by her countenance that she predicts the consequences that will ensue if I disobey his commands. I also foresee them, and shall prepare to meet them with fortitude.

My boy, a letter from you in this part of the world would afford me exquisite pleasure,

sure, but I cannot expect one. There is no communication between any christian countries and Tunis. I must therefore content myself with writing to you—God be with you, my child.

HENRY UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER CXVIII.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

CAPTAIN ARCHER.

LADY Louisa has recovered from her indisposition, but is still so weak, as to be unable to undertake a journey to London. Three months are now elapsed since the death of the Baronet. The beauty of his fair widow—her amiable disposition, have

have created certain sensations in my breast, which I fancy are nearly allied to love. I shall, however, studiously watch her ladyship, in order to discover whether there is the least chance of success, or whether to breathe a hopeless passion be my portion.—I have not even confided my feelings to the gentle breast of Cecilia, lest she might discover them to her friend.

Archer, if you feel any symptoms of the tender passion you will be inclined to shew mercy—if you do not, perhaps you will laugh at

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER

LETTER CXIX.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

THO' Sir Edward made ample atonement for all the wrongs I received from him—tho' he conferred on me the title of his wife, yet still I feel not at ease. Ah, this too, too susceptible heart! Laura, I almost fear to confess the secret, but I have suffered certain sensations to fill my bosom, which I ought not to entertain.

This Montgomery!—so tender—so humane—so attentive.—By a trivial accident that happened to him the other day, I

fear I have discovered too much. Ah, why did I? This silly heart. Perhaps he entertains no sensations but those of friendship for me. Ah, 'tis a painful thought! Ought I not, Laura, to drive the deluding idea from my breast? Ought I give it encouragement? Perhaps I ought not—but who can say to the heart,

Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.

Laura, will you condemn me? Have you never felt what it is to pour the sigh of love?

LOUISA SACKVILLE.

LET-

LETTER CXX.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

THO' time has impelled the moments,
the hours with flow and leaden space,
a year has elapsed since I heard any thing
of Edward. Ah, Eliza, I often think of
him! I cannot help it—My boy resembles
him so much, that when ever I look at him,
the image of his father rushes into my mind.
In some fond moment, when recollection
pours forth all her power, I think of him,
I flatter myself even that he may not be so
guilty as I imagine. I see the folly of such
ideas

ideas—for, did I not find a letter from his wife, pressing him to return home? Could there be any reason to doubt the truth of the letter?—Oh, no, no. He wronged, he deceived me—He is no longer worthy of my love—Yet can I forget the happy hours we once past together? Can I cease to recollect the tenderness with which he behaved to me—the rapture he always expressed in my presence—the anxiety visible in his countenance—the grief with which he took leave of me—the transport with which he returned to me again—No, Eliza, these proofs of “recollected love” I can never forget. Oh, Edward, you should not have deceived me. I loved you with the fondest affection—You supplied the place of father, mother, and brother—You were every thing to me—With you I could have lived in the greatest happiness—nor have breathed a wish beyond the possession of your company. But it has pleased Heaven to ordain otherwise, and sorrow and sadness are my portion. I bow to the decree, and kiss the

VOL. II. N chastening

chastening rod—but some thoughts will rush over my mind, and their force almost makes me repine at the will of Heaven.— I endeavour to recollect myself, and to atone for these involuntary transgressions. I should wish to know whether my Edward is — Whether he regrets the loss of his Cecilia — Whether he ever bestows a thought on her, or on those scenes we once past together. And yet, perhaps, he does not—Perhaps even he has forgotten them—remembers not Cecilia, and is unworthy her affection. Should he have forgotten them, I cannot forget—

*I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me.*

CECILIA.

LET-

LETTER CXXI.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

CAPTAIN ARCHER.

IN obedience to my promise given to the dying Sir Edward, I resolved to set out from Sackville castle for London, in order to examine the legality of the mortgages raised on the Baronet's estate. I communicated my intentions to Lady Louisa and my sister, and fixed this day for my departure. In the evening of yesterday the ladies expressed an inclination to a short stroll in the park, the weather being remarkably fine. As we were on the point of setting out, Cecilia desired to be excused

N 2

on

on account of a severe head-ach. We would have desisted from our intentions, but Cecilia insisted on our going without her. Lady Louisa and I accordingly set out, and walked to the top of a hill, which overlooks the Lake of Windermere, and from which the country is seen for many miles round. The beauty of the prospect was inimitable—The sun was not yet set—He was just above the western hills, and his rays tinging the trees with gold, gave them a grand and beautiful appearance. The Lake was unruffled, and its bosom serene. A gentle gale swept along; and passing thro' the wood on our left hand, occasioned a sighing kind of noise that produced a pleasing melancholy. Louisa was delighted, and I felt my spirits all attuned to harmony. Not a discordant note was in my whole composition. Every thing seemed to breathe contentment and love. The opportunity was, I thought, too favorable to be neglected. I resolved to seize it, and to know my doom

doom. Lady Louisa had seated herself on
a rustic seat under an oak,

That crowned the mountain's top.

A pause ensued in the conversation. I stole a glance at her ladyship — Her eyes were thrown upon the ground, and her bosom heaved with emotion. I declared myself with some hesitation in nearly the following terms: “Tho’ it may seem, madam, indecent to address you on a subject of such an interesting nature so soon after a recent event, yet, as I mean to make no request derogatory to delicacy, the gentle bosom of Louisa will not I trust be offended.”—I paused a moment—Her ladyship was extremely confused—I saw she wished to speak, but could not. I went on—“ I have long loved you, Louisa—My affection commenced before I knew of any engagements between you and Sir Edward, and though I pleaded his cause, from the motives of pity and friendship for him, yet it was with dis-

ficulty I restrained myself from pleading my own. I am going to leave you, Louisa— Before I depart, I would know my doom.— Does Louisa bid her Montgomery despair?” I had bent one knee, and pressed her hand between mine. I looked anxiously in her face for an answer. — “ Oh, Louisa, be not angry with me for my presumption.— What, what am I to conclude from your silence. Alas! my fears tell me that I have offended.”—She replied eagerly “ Oh, no, no— Indeed you have not.” — “ A few words more, my beloved Louisa, and I shall know my doom.”—I felt her hand tremble in mine—I pressed it to my lips—With a faltering voice she replied—“ Oh, Montgomery, what, what would you have me say?” “ Tell me, I entreat you, tell me my doom. Ah, you are silent—Montgomery is not loved. Louisa bids him despair.”— In an agony of grief I covered my face with my hands, and threw myself on the bench. Her ladyship was affected at the situation in which she beheld me. “ Why, Mont-
gomery,

gomery, (she exclaimed) why do you thus afflict yourself?" I started up—"Am I not, Louisa, lost to hope?" With a tremulous voice, and hiding her face with her hands, she replied—"No, no, Montgomery." I was raised in a moment from the depth of despair to the most extravagant joy. I sunk on my knees before her, and ravished from her hand a thousand kisses.—Oh, bliss unutterable! Oh, transport too exquisite! "But, my Louisa, do not thus deal out happiness by halves. Is the passion of Montgomery returned? Does the bosom of Louisa glow with an equal flame?" Somewhat recovered from her confusion, she raised her blushful face, and cast, oh, such a glance at me, as thrilled to my very heart. Suffice it to say, that she yielded to my pressing intreaties, and blessed me with a confession of a mutual flame.

Archer, if ever you have felt the tender passion, and have been "a thriving wooer," you have experienced what that transport is,

which proceeds from obtaining a soft confession of love from the dear object of affection. If the power of Cupid has not subdued you, the description of my feelings will only render you *ennuyée*. I was now happy beyond description. Delightful as the prospect, when first I viewed it, I discovered now fresh charms, and beauties unobserved before." Night approaching, we returned home, and in our way to the castle, I exacted a promise of answering the letters she would receive from me during my absence. We found Cecilia much better, and spent a delightful evening. Even my sister, perhaps suspecting the cause of our happiness, relaxed from her usual melancholy. Cecilia retired first to rest, after having taken a very tender leave of me. I purposely staid up beyond my usual time to bid my Louisa adieu. We were left alone—I advanced to her—Her eyes were suffused with tears—Mine caught the soft infection. Neither of us could articulate a word. I threw my arms around her—

She

She was not offended, and I folded her to my bosom in a soft embrace. What ecstasy! Her head was reclined on my shoulder, and the tears stole down her cheeks. I know not how long I should have detained her, had she not gently disengaged herself. "Adieu, (she exclaimed) adieu, Montgomery. Thy Louisa shall often think of thee." She waved her hand, and casting on me a look of infinite affection, walked out of the room. I set out this morning very early, and wrote this from the inn where I dine. Perhaps you will not be displeased at my ceasing to tire you, by subscribing myself your sincere friend,

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LET-

LETTER CXXII.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

IN a moment of serenity, of fondness—in a moment when all nature appeared delightful, and every zephyr breathed harmony and love, Montgomery drew from me what I ought perhaps to have concealed. — Ah, Laura, this silly heart! Why is it so open! Why are its feelings so easily discerned! And yet he did not presume on the discovery. He was delighted—he appeared happy—And could I plunge him into despair when he was on the point of leaving

leaving me, and was going to engage himself in the arrangement of my affairs?— Oh, Laura, a heart less warmed than mine might have done this, but mine could not adopt such a conduct. I cannot despenſe mercy, where it is in my power to beſtow happineſs. This morning he departed for the metropolis. How ſolitary is the caſtle without him! I wander over it, and explore its Gothic gloom. I am unſettled, and even the company of Cecilia has not charms ſufficient to make me happy.

Adieu, my Laura—I will leave off, that I may not inſpire you with a part of that melancholy which overwhelms

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER CXXIII.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

ANOTHER letter from my father, and fresh sufferings! When shall I be relieved from this weary load of sorrow!—Never till I resign the load of life. Extreme as is my affliction, it appears trifling when compared with that of my father, who is suffering a captivity severer than my own—who groans beneath fatigue—who has no friend.

Oh, Stafford, Stafford, I cannot refrain from tears. To me the power of assist-
ing

ing him, of even comforting him by a letter denied. Oh, God! Oh, God! for myself I entreat not—I will bear thy severest displeasure without repining, but extend thy mercy to the author of my existence!—Raise him from the depth of misery and slavery—restore him to freedom and his native country, and permit him in the arms of his son to find consolation and affection.—I have sent fresh memorials and fresh supplications, but it is, I suppose, beneath the dignity of his Majesty's ministers to attend to complaints dated from the Fleet prison.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER CXXIV.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

CECILIA.

AFTER a journey, which could not be very agreeable, because it separated me from all I hold dear in this world, am I arrived, tired and weary, in the metropolis—nor was the separation from you, Cecilia, and from Louisa, the sole cause of the melancholy that now presses heavy upon me—I have seen the ruin of a worthy and ancient family, and have beheld desolation stalk through that house where once hospitality and humanity poured their cheering influence. I had promised, on my return

from the north, to call at Umphreville castle, the possessor of which had once rendered me a signal service. I rode up to the gates of the venerable building. All was silent and dreary — no servants ran with cheerful readiness as formerly to welcome the stranger or the friend. I rang, and no one heard me—I rang a second time, and at length a grey headed old man opened the gates with caution and reserve. I questioned him relative to his master and mistress. “ Ah, (cried the old servant) I think I remember you were here some time ago. — God help your honor, strange things have come to pass since. My mistress, rest her soul, is dead !” I was shocked—“ And my master, (continued he, with a tear) Heaven protect him ! is in prison.” “ Good God, (I exclaimed) in prison !” “ Yes, Sir, it is so indeed, but I know not why—All his servants are discharged but myself. I would have attended him with pleasure, but he would not suffer me. “ No, Gregory, (he said) though a prison be *my* portion,

tion, it shall not be *your's*—return and discharge the servants at the castle. Live there yourself, and perhaps, (he cried with a sigh) perhaps, Gregory, futurity may produce happier days. I left him with much sorrow, and returned here. Do, Sir, alight and rest yourself.”

I was really fatigued, and accepted honest Gregory's invitation. On entering the castle, every thing seemed to breathe desolation. As we crossed the large hall, the found of our feet produced a hoarse melancholy noise. After having taken some refreshment, I wandered over the castle.—How mournful! how gloomy every room appeared! The ruthless raven, and the dismal screech-owl, had taken possession of the ivy'd battlements, as sensible of the ruin in which the master of the castle was involved.—The apartment which I revered so much, as being that in which the Barons in John Lackland's reign assembled to deliberate on the glorious *Magna Charta*, was neglected,

neglected, covered with dust, and afforded only an asylum to the spider.

After having traversed the building, and the gardens, I mounted my horse and departed, bestowing on Gregory a trifling present for his civility, and the trouble I had given him. The fate of the Umphreville family puts me in mind of those sublime lines of our immortal *Shakespeare*—

*The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temple, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve—
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.—*

My Cecilia, take care of your health, if not for your own, for my sake—Kiss my little nephew, and adieu.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER CXXV.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

LOUISA.

YOU see, my Louisa, how soon I make use of the permission you gave me before my departure, and I am sure you will not be offended. I think that Montgomery's safety will afford you pleasure, and I inform you therefore of his arrival in the metropolis. Louisa, what trifles afford us delight! The idea that this paper will touch your hands gives me a pleasure which I cannot describe. The day is remarkably fine, perhaps, you are walking to that spot on which my Louisa made her enamoured

moured Montgomery happy, where she told him that she loved—Oh, do not be offended at my recalling this period to your remembrance! The mind naturally dwells on those scenes which have afforded most delight. Is it then to be wondered that I remember that moment of my life above all others, when I was raised from hopeless misery to the highest state of joy and rapture? Does the image of Montgomery occupy some of the thoughts of his Louisa? Yes, I flatter myself that it does. Adieu, Oh, adieu! Yet, before I conclude, let me remind you of the promise you gave me—that you would write to me. Louisa, when you know what exquisite pleasure a line from you will afford me, sure you will not refuse to act according to that promise.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER CXXVI.

MAJOR UMPHREVILLE

TO

EDWARD.

SINCE my last letter to you what tortures, Edward, have I not endured!—My tyrant of a master questioned me continually concerning the Koran. At length I could make no more excuses, and was under the necessity of confessing that I had read it. “Well, Christian, and what are your sentiments of that book?” I replied, with as much caution as I could, that I thought the book contained some excellent instructions. “Some only?” (he exclaimed with

an enraged aspect.) I told him in answer, that I could not allow the justice of every maxim, because there were many observations in it that reflected on the christian religion. “Wretch, (he cried) and do you think your religion preferable to ours?”—I replied in the affirmative, because its founder was the Son of God, whereas the founder of his religion was but a mortal. He left me instantly, with a countenance in which the utmost rage was depicted. I foresaw that I should feel the effects of his vengeance, and I was not disappointed.—He returned quickly with four of his slaves, and desired them to fasten the heaviest chain on me, telling me with a taunting air, to pray to the Son of God to unloose them. The blood of my ancestors for a moment impelled me to resist this indignity—Recollecting myself, however, I saw how vain opposition would be, and therefore submitted myself to his will. When I was caparisoned in the badges of slavery, he told me, that in spite of my adherence to the christian religion, I

was in the power of the Mahometan. I replied, that there was a Power who would revenge my cause, and who would not permit oppression and injustice to go unpunished. He made me no reply, but ordered me to be conveyed to a dungeon, where I now am. A hole, of about eight inches square, admits a glimmering light, which hardly enables me to write to you. My kind mistress has furnished me with the means to do it. After I had been confined in this dreadful abode two days, my prison door opened, and two slaves ordered me to follow them. They carried me before my tyrant—"Christian, (he said) thou art from England." I answered in the affirmative. "Thou therefore no doubt lovest liberty." "You are right—When I told you I am a Briton, it was unnecessary to ask if I loved liberty." "Thou hast left in thy native country friends?" "I have." "Perhaps thou hast children?" The tears, in spite of my endeavours to the contrary, burst from my eyes, and it was some time before I could reply that

that I had a son. "Thou wishest to see him?" I answered in the affirmative.— "The power, christian, is in thy hands." I replied that I would sacrifice every thing in gratitude for his kindness. "Sacrifice then thy religion." I turned from him to the slaves who had brought me from my prison—"Lead me to my dungeon."—"Thou wilt not sacrifice it then?" "Never." His rage was unspeakable, and I was immediately conveyed back to my place of imprisonment, where I have been these three weeks.

My dear boy, I do not doubt but that my noisome prison and my sorrows will soon put a period to a miserable existence. This will perhaps be the last letter you will ever receive from me. Adieu then, my dear child, for ever! Receive my last blessing, and my dying prayers. I could have wished to have closed my eyes in the arms of my boy, but it has pleased Heaven to ordain otherwise. Nevertheless I place my confi-

dence in God, that we shall meet again in a world to come. In that idea I am somewhat comforted. Father of mercy, that the descendant of the Umphreville family should die a slave!—Oh, my boy!

HENRY UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER CXXVII.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

OH, my Eliza, what, what do I not suffer! I am just raised from the bed of sickness, and have scarce strength enough to hold the pen. My Edward, who possessed, who possessed, ah! my fondest affection, is confined in prison! Oh, what must be
his

his sufferings ! Eliza, he has wronged me ; he has deceived me ; but his imprisonment, his imprisonment, atones for every thing.— Perhaps he wastes the solitary hour in lamenting the loss of his Cecilia—perhaps he has no friend to soothe his sorrows. Ah, Eliza, had he not thus injured me, I would have been his comforter. I would have wiped the tear from his eye, and on my bosom he should have reposed his grief-worn head. But it must not be—We are separated for ever. The wrongs I have received from him, I forgive, and may Heaven also forgive—May he be restored to that liberty which he has lost, and to that happiness which he wants. My hand trembles so that I fear you will scarce be able to read this. Adieu.

CECILIA.

LET-

LETTER CXXVIII.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

LOUISA

I HAVE already, my Louisa, entered upon your concerns, and for that purpose have summoned before me all who possess mortgages on the Sackville estate. I was not at all surprised to find, that the two persons, who were Sir Edward's companions, were mortgage-holders. There was also another person who came with them, one Maynard, whom I never saw before. I thought it proper to take an attorney with me, who has examined the mortgages, and pronounces them, I am sorry to say, perfectly

fectly good and legal. They are to a very large amount, and the interest will swallow up almost all the produce of the estate.—

There was a confusion visible in the faces of all, which I imputed to a knowledge of having obtained their mortgages fraudulently —They seemed to retire from the severe look I cast on them, but still their demands must be acknowledged, and one more meeting will finally settle every thing. If the late Sir Edward was the dupe of villains, the justice of Heaven, I hope, will overtake them. My Louisa, the mortgages will make your income very limited. On my own account, however, I rather rejoice, because it will prove to you how disinterested is the affection of your

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LET-

LETTER CXXIX.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM TURNBULL, ESQ.

SACKVILLE, you know, has been dead some time. The fool took it into his head to marry Louisa, and leave her all his fortune, which I believe, however, will not be large, for, thank Heaven, he did not die till I had almost compleated his ruin. We have proved the validity of the mortgages, which is to be acknowledged to-morrow.

Before we appeared before the executor, I wanted Thompson and Maynard to resign the mortgage-deeds I had entrusted to them
to

to me, giving as a reason, that it would save us much trouble. My real motive was, that they would have been in my power.— To my great surprise, however, they refused, nor could I, by any means, bend them to my purpose. Hang them, they cannot imagine that I will suffer them to share equally with me. No, by Heaven, I would sooner put a period to their existence.

GEORGE HATTON.

LETTER CXXX.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

LOUISA.

MY Louisa, I have to congratulate you on the intervention of Heaven in your favor. I know not whether I shall
be

be able to tell you the good news for joy. I told you that I had appointed the mortgage-holders to another meeting. This morning, about an hour and a half before the appointed meeting, a person desired to speak to me. I ordered him to be admitted, and immediately recognized one of the mortgagees, Maynard. I observed a confusion in his manner, and that he seated himself with much embarrassment. I desired to know his business so early. "Before, Sir, I disclose it to you, (he replied) I must be assured of your protection." I readily promised it him. "Then, Sir, (he continued) I will not hesitate to disclose to you, that the late Sir Edward Sackville was the dupe of artifice and fraud. I can prove it." I was seized with the greatest joy imaginable, and encouraged him to pursue his narrative, by promising him your ladyship's thanks, and an ample recompence.—The man, thus encouraged, went on.—"I, Sir, am no more than servant to Mr. Hatton, who became acquainted with Sir Edward

Edward Sackville at college. He inspired him with a passion for gaming, and he engaged one Thompson to assist him in his designs. The method by which they won was by loaded dice, which I was the means of procuring. He lost at first a large sum of ready money. He mortgaged, and the money he had lost furnished the cash for the mortgage. On these occasions I was disguised to pass for an usurer. I should have informed you that my master never made it a rule to win, in order that he might not give Sir Edward any cause of suspicion.—Thompson was always the winner. In this manner we went on, the Baronet still mortgaging, till the unfortunate illness that deprived him of his life. I confess, Sir, I had always a repugnance to this villainous scheme, but the promise of large rewards drowned the voice of honesty and my conscience. The ill usage of my master, and my own remorse, determined me at length to make some atonement, by discovering the whole plot to you.” I was astonished at this

this complicated scene of iniquity, and demanded of Maynard whether he would tell the same story before his master, Thompson and my attorney. After some pause he replied that he would. I thought it necessary to detain him with me, and when my attorney and the others came, I desired him to wait in an adjoining room, which I had previously secured to prevent the possibility of an escape. Hatton and Thompson entered, apologizing for the non-attendance of Maynard, who would, they assured me, be with me presently. I stared them full in the face, and telling them that his presence would not be necessary just yet, desired them, in a stern tone, to be seated. I fancied I discovered in their countenances the whole scheme of villainy.

After they were all seated I locked the door, and put the key in my pocket. Surprise was depicted in the countenance of every one. I soon relieved them from it, and addressing myself to Mr. Feat, the attorney,

torney, said, "I fancy, Sir, it will be necessary, before we give a final acknowledgment to these mortgages, to state a few circumstances relative to them." Stealing a glance at my gentlemen, I thought they seemed extremely confused and frightened. I went on—"If, Sir, it can be proved by oath, that deeds of any kind whatever have been fraudulently obtained, they cannot be valid in law." "You are perfectly right, Sir, (replied the attorney.)" "Then, Sir, the further consideration of these mortgages must be delayed a short time." Both my gentlemen got up, as if with an intention to withdraw. I pulled out a brace of pistols, I had previously secured in my pocket, and threatened them with instant death if they did not replace themselves in their former seats. They obeyed—Mr. Feat, all the while, in the greatest astonishment. I now opened the door of the adjoining room, and desired Frederick Maynard to come first.—The appearance of a ghost—the resurrection even of their fathers from the grave, would,

I believe, have been infinitely more welcome than the entrance of this living personage. They looked at each other with countenances that seemed to confess their situations preferable only to his who was on the point of being executed. Still directing my discourse to the attorney, I desired him to be particularly attentive to what Maynard said, who then related his story in the same words he had before told it to me.

When he had concluded—You see, Sir, (said I to the attorney) to what villainy the late Sir Edward was a dupe—Can these men therefore claim any thing from mortgages so obtained.” “Certainly not, Sir, and I would advise a prosecution for fraud against them, admitting Maynard as an evidence for the King.” At the mention of the word *prosecution*, their countenances underwent a series of changes, from red to white, from white to a yellow hue. “That, Sir, (I replied) shall be the result of their present conduct. If they immediately give up their mortgage—

mortgage-deeds, and sign an acknowledgement of their illegality, I will permit them to escape the vengeance of the law." My gentlemen were at first disposed to cavil at the evidence of Maynard, but I quickly silenced them, by telling them, if they refused, I should order them to immediate custody. "So, gentlemen, either the mortgages, or a prosecution, which will equally serve my purpose, and perchance not be so agreeable to you." This determined them, and with reluctance they produced all their mortgages, and signed the acknowledgement. — Besides this, I made them refund as much money as was left of the twenty thousand pounds they had won first of the Baronet. This amounted to fourteen thousand pounds. And thus, my Louisa, have I succeeded to the utmost of my wishes in your affairs. I have appointed Mr. Feat your attorney, who advises you at all events to hasten to town immediately. I have reserved the fourteen thousand pounds in my own hands for your use. Maynard is still with me —

I have detained him till your arrival, that he may receive the recompence not due to his merit, but to the great service which he has been the means of rendering you. Adieu, my dear Louisa, angels watch over and guard you!

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER CXXXI.

GEORGE HATTON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM TURNBULL, ESQ.

FINAL perdition seize on all the world.

Turnbull, my schemes are blasted, ruined — discovered by that sneaking villain Maynard. I have been forced to refund all my winnings as well as Thompson. —
Fool! —

Fool!—fool! Why was I frightened into compliance? Would I could see that Maynard. He should feel the effects of my vengeance. Thompson is set off for the Continent, fearing lest even now a prosecution might ensue. I, I cannot, will not, survive the disappointment of all my hopes. Farewell for ever.

GEORGE HATTON.

LETTER CXXXII.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

IN my own miseries it is some consolation to me that others are restored to their wonted happiness. Lady Louisa has

P 3 recovered

recovered, by the intervention of Providence, all Sir Edward's large fortune, which had been unjustly detained by villains, who had cheated the Baronet. We are on the point of setting out for London. Ah, Louisa, thou mayest, thou wilt now be happy—thy merits well deserve it—For thee and thy faithful Montgomery many a happy year is in store, while I, I bend under a load of misery, and look forward with impatience to that period when we are told “the weary rest from their labours.” Edward, Edward, what havoc hast thou made in the heart of

CECILIA.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIII.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

CAPTAIN ARCHER.

IN my last I informed you of Louisa's good fortune. She is now in London. The whole estate is properly secured to her, and the person who was the means of her recovering it, rewarded with four thousand pounds. Archer, perhaps you imagine that I am transported and in extacies on the occasion—Ah, no! far from it. I have lately thought much on the subject. I am, Heaven knows, possessed of a very, very small fortune indeed. When I consider the noble one my Louisa possesses, I am sure, were

I to accept her hand, the world would impute my conduct to interested motives. — No, I cannot bear it—The idea of receiving my support from her is too painful. I will then bury my passion in my own breast, and tho' doomed for ever to adore her, I will not marry her. Perhaps you may think my notions too delicate. They may be so, but I cannot act otherwise. I will studiously avoid any *tête-à-têtes* with the dear Louisa, for I might, in some fond moment, forget all the resolutions that honor had made. Honor, tho' a stern monitor sometimes, but it is not on that account, we should refuse obedience to thy dictates.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIV.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

NOW that I had brought to a fortunate conclusion the affairs of Lady Louisa, I resolved to pay a visit to the unfortunate possessor of Umphreville Castle. After enquiring at the different places of confinement, I found him in the Fleet prison. I knocked at the door of a wretched apartment, which I was informed he inhabited. It was sometime before I gained admittance. At length a pale emaciated object opened the door, of whom I asked if Mr. Umphreville lived her. An inclination of the head was all the answer I received, and I entered a room, in which the whole furniture consisted

sisted of a broken chair, a table, and a wretched bed without curtains. "Surely, (I exclaimed) I must be mistaken. This cannot be Mr. Umphreville's apartment." I happened to cast a glance at the person who opened the door, and beheld, but, oh, how altered! the person I wanted. His face was haggard and pale—His beard had been suffered to grow for some time—His hair was in disorder—His eyes sunk in his head, and his whole frame wasted to a very skeleton. I took hold of his hand. The tears trickled from my eyes—I could not speak—His countenance, which before had assumed a savage sternness, instantly relaxed, and in spite of his endeavours to the contrary, he groaned and melted into tears. Waving his hand, "Leave (said he) such a wretch as me. A little longer, and all will be over." I endeavoured to cheer his drooping spirits, but in vain. He seemed in the lowest state of despair. My offered assistance he refused—"No—nothing (he cried) can afford me relief." I found
he

he was impatient of company, and wished to be left to indulge his solitary reflections. I therefore took my leave, intreating of him to make use of me in any shape whatever. As I was going out of the room he laid his hand on my arm—"And yet I should like (he said) to be favoured with your address, that I may hereafter communicate some affairs of importance to you."—I was pleased that I was not thought wholly useless, and readily gave it him—after which I left him.

Oh, Archer, behold here the instability of all human enjoyments—The wretched Umphreville! I knew him once in possession of all the luxuries of life, of an affectionate partner, of all for which life is worth enjoying. Now, sad reverse! I find him deprived of the soft soother of his cares—of the smiles of fortune—of the enjoyment of liberty—in sorrow, and in prison—Henceforth, oh, delusive fortune! let none give credit to thy smiles! Like those of the Hyæna, they lead
but

but to destruction and to ruin ! And he who trusts in them finds sad disappointment too late his portion. The prospect to which thou invitest, seems, when seen at a distance, charming and delightful—When approached, the delusion vanishes, and a barren heath and solitary moon are the only objects before us.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER CXXXV.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

I REJOICE, Stafford, in the intelligence of your being appointed to attend the Duke of M—— in his travels. The situation

tion will doubtless be an introduction to future situations of profit and honor—For me—for your wretched friend, nothing remains but hopeless misery and despair. I have endeavoured to bear up firmly against the storm. It now overwhelms me. I sink unable to oppose it. My poor father, what has become of thee! perhaps e'en now, with thy last breath, thou art imploring blessings on thy hapless son. How hard is thy lot! Yet not more hard than that of thy offspring. Cecilia, blessed Cecilia! whither art thou wandering! Wherever thou art, peace and happiness be thy portion!—Mayest thou forget the wrongs thou hast received from me, and be happy as thy virtues deserve! Ah, Scafford, Stafford, indeed my heart is broken.

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER CXXXVI.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

GREAT as has been my success, and much as I have reason to rejoice at the late acquisition of wealth, I find that it has brought with it no increase of happiness. Montgomery has of late been remarkably melancholy and uneasy. He avoids all private conferences with me, and never takes an opportunity of repeating his fond tale. What, what can be the reason? I cannot account for it—Perhaps he has repented of the vows he made—Perhaps another possesses now his affection. It must

be so, else why this reserve and studied silence. Ah, Laura, I was born to love, and fated always to love without return!

LOUISA.

LETTER CXXXVII.

LIUTENANT MONTGOMERY

TO

CAPTAIN ARCHER.

IMAGINING that I might still be able to prevail on Umphreville to accept my assistance, I paid him another visit yesterday. I entered his apartment, and found him in his wretched bed. At sight of me he stretched out his hand, and thanked me for my attention. “ But, alas! (he exclaimed
in

in a feeble tone,) alas, all tenderness is now vain." I saw his despondence, and attempted to comfort him. I again pressed him to accept of my assistance, which he steadfastly refused. "No, Montgomery, all, all help comes too late. I trust in God that the burthen will soon be taken from my shoulders." I questioned him relative to his disorder, and whether he had had any medical advice. "Ah, no, my friend, I have no need of any—I am not ill in body—The mind, the mind only is affected, and that no human art can cure." I was deeply affected by his discourse, and his desponding looks. I hinted a wish to be informed of the cause of his present situation. He understood me immediately. "I will not, (he replied) keep the knowledge from you, but the proper period is not yet come." He immediately changed the subject, and attempted to joke about the furniture of his apartment. But it would not do. The tone of melancholy with which he spoke, convinced me that his jokes came not from the heart

heart. He smiled too, but it was a smile of anguish. I pressed him much to suffer me to remain with him, or to let me send a physician. He interrupted me hastily—"By no means, Montgomery—I tell you I am not ill in body. The mind alone is affected, and there is but one physician who can cure that, and he is Death."

From this specimen you may judge of the rest of our conversation, which was equally affecting. After having staid as long as I thought agreeable to him, I took my leave, having been unable to prevail on him to receive any assistance or advice.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

WHEN, when shall this heart be eased of its burthen of woe! Oh, Eliza, hear the following narration, and judge of my grief. My brother returned home the other day with visible uneasiness in his countenance. He told us that he had been to visit the wretched Edward Umphreville, in the Fleet prison. He found him lodged in a most wretched apartment—his face pale and thin—his appearance squalid—that he was confined to his bed, was plunged into the deepest despondence, refused all assistance,

ance, and said that death alone could relieve him from his misery. I heard no more, but sunk upon the floor in a fit. How long I remained so, I know not, but when I recovered, I found myself in bed, Lady Louisa hanging over me in great affliction. I informed her that the situation of my Edward had occasioned my sudden fainting, which I begged her to conceal from my brother, and acquaint him that it was owing to my late disorder.

As soon as I had related the cause, this generous friend offered me a sum sufficient to release him from prison, and insisted on my acceptance of it. I have written to him relative to it. Ah, Eliza, in Edward's present situation, all my wrongs are forgotten, and the flood of tenderness flows as rapidly as ever.

CECILIA

Q 2

LET-

LETTER CXXXIX.

CECILIA

TO

EDWARD.

EDWARD, think not that I write to upbraid or reproach you—far be it from me to add to your afflictions! I write for a different purpose. A prison is indeed a sad place for you—you must not remain in it. Inform me what is the amount of your debts, and you shall instantly receive money sufficient to discharge them. Do not refuse to accede to my request! Perhaps Cecilia has still some power over you. She flatters herself she has. If her influence be gone for ever, as it may be, refuse not my request
for

for the sake of your infant son. Edward, I feel that I shall not long be an inhabitant of this world. When I am gone, who will take care of my boy? If you continue in prison you will not be able to provide for him. Consent therefore for his sake; I conjure you by the duty of a father. Edward, Edward, will you, by a refusal, add to the miseries of

CECILIA.

LETTER CXL.

EDWARD

TO

CECILIA.

OH, Cecilia, the thanks, the blessings of a dying wretch accompany you!— I had thought that nothing could have afforded me consolation. I was disappointed.

Q 3

The

The sight of my Cecilia's hand-writing—the good wishes she expresses, were a balm—that, for a moment, soothed all my miseries and my sorrows. But, oh, forgive me if I cannot accede to your request. My debts are to a large amount—I cannot, will not, rob you—Yet think not of me too hardly for my refusal. It is not owing to pride. Heaven knows, all sensations of that kind are banished from my heart. I am already, my Cecilia, on my death-bed. I feel, I feel that the period of my dissolution is not far off. Let not my refusal tempt you to deny me your prayers. I have much need of them. I have wronged you. But I never ceased to love you, No—E'en now my thoughts next to Heaven are fixed on you, and for my little boy. Oh, Cecilia, live for him. Let him not upbraid his wretched father. The Almighty bless and preserve him, and may his lot be happier than mine. It is too late—the vital flame burns but languid—Nothing can restore its vigour.

One

One request I would make, but prudence tells me it is improper. It would detach my thoughts too much from my approaching end. Cecilia, this is the last letter you will receive from me; it is the last time you will ever hear of me. Grieve not for my death. Alas! it will end my sorrows. Though weak and feeble, on my knees I pray to Heaven for your happiness—that you forgive me is some consolation in my dying moments. Adieu, oh, best beloved, the Father of all take you into his protection, and may his fostering arm be extended over my dear infant. Farewell for ever!

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LETTER CXLI.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY.

TO

CAPTAIN ARCHER.

THIS morning I received a message from the wretched Umphreville, requesting the favor of a visit as soon as possible. I immediately obeyed the summons, and went. I found him in his wretched bed without any attendant. His eyes were sunk—his brow contracted—his cheeks hollow and pale, and to all appearance death seemed not to be far distant. With a languid smile he thanked me for my ready compliance with his request. “Montgomery, I delayed intreating a visit till I found myself
near

near my dying moment. I think by my feelings, nay, I am sure, that moment will soon arrive. I am extremely weak and faint. My friend, all sensations of pride are banished from my heart for ever. I do not hesitate therefore to inform you, that for this fortnight past I have lived solely on bread and water. I believe that may have in some measure contributed to increase my illness, but, alas! I freely confess I had not wherewithal to purchase any thing better." Good God! how was I shocked! I intreated, nay I insisted, on going to procure some nourishment for him. He would have hindered me, but I was resolute, and immediately departed to get some proper nourishment. When I returned and pressed him to partake of it—"Montgomery, (he said) you are very obliging, but it is too late—All sustenance is in vain, unless you could bring any that would cure the disorder here," (laying his hand on his heart.)—Nevertheless, at my earnest request, he took some little refreshment, and drank a
glass

glass of Madeira. He then proceeded in his relation—"I believe it will be unnecessary to inform you that I am descended from an honorable and ancient family. I accompanied my father to America, where I remained during the whole war. Previous to my departure, I became acquainted with a female—Oh, Montgomery, such a one! but I am weak and faint, and will consult brevity as much as possible. I soon entertained a sincere affection for her, which was returned. She consented to accompany me to England, where we were married. My father had contracted debts to a large amount. He was in danger of losing his liberty unless he discharged them. Ignorant of my marriage, he pressed me to an alliance with a lady of fortune. I was almost distracted; but at length, unable to bear the reflection of my father's going to prison, I consented to his wishes. I was now the most wretched of beings. My dearest girl discovered my second marriage. She took leave of me for ever, and these eyes have
never

never beheld her since. This, Montgomery, is my unfortunate story. How I was imprisoned here, you will easily guess. My first marriage was discovered, and on my second wife's death, I surrendered the whole fortune to a relation of the family, and was arrested for the sum with which I had satisfied my father's creditors. Alas, Montgomery, my sorrows have reduced me to this weak situation, and my heart is indeed broken. When I am dead, you will take into your charge that small box. In it is contained the name of my first wife, and some letters to my father, if ever he should return from a cruel slavery at Tunis. And now, my dear Montgomery, I have unburthened my heart to you, and am somewhat easier.—The Almighty God receive my guilty soul, and pardon its transgressions.”

He left off, and groaned deeply. I readily promised to comply with his request, and it being late in the evening I took my leave,
and

and calling on a physician in my way home, whom I dispatched instantly to see if there were any hopes of his recovery. On his return he told me, that he found him very weak and languid, that he seemed angry at his intrusion at first, but finally consented to receive another visit from him in the morning.

Archer, I am deeply affected at his hapless situation, and can easily excuse transgressions which had their origin in filial affection. May they find forgiveness where alone forgiveness will be effectual!

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LET-

LETTER CLXII.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

THE wonder-working ways of Providence! The unfathomable wisdom of God! I related this morning to Cecilia the narration I had received from Umphreville, when, to my astonishment, she sunk at my feet, confessed that she had deceived me—that the wretched Umphreville is *her husband*! We are on the point of setting out to visit him.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LET-

LETTER CXLIII.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

IN our journey to the Fleet, Cecilia trembled extremely, and was with difficulty prevented from fainting. — Lady Louisa too was not free from agitation. — At the unlocking of the prison gate, the females shrunk with dread, and with fear, ascended the stone stair case. “Oh, good Heavens! (exclaimed Cecilia) is this the habitation of my Edward!” We had by this time arrived at the door, and I thought it prudent to enter first, in order to announce the intended visitors. The
doctor

doctor had just left him. I asked him if he thought himself able to see company—"No, no, no, Montgomery, (he replied) I wish to be hid from all the world. Suffer me not in my dying moments to be exposed." The door stood a-jar—Cecilia heard his reply. She could no longer restrain her eagerness, but ran into the room, and falling on her knees by the bed-side, burst into a flood of tears. I judged the surprize would produce a dangerous effect on Umphreville.—He recognized Cecilia immediately, and weak as he was, raised himself up, and dropping his head on her shoulder, wept aloud. "Is my Cecilia come to take a farewell of her wretched Edward? Oh, generous, dear Cecilia! you are too, too good!" A second flow of tears stopt his utterance.—Raising her head, she fixed her eyes on the pale emaciated countenance of her husband. "My Edward, do not grieve so—live, I charge you—live for me—on my knees I intreat you." His joy seemed too great for utterance—He clasped his hands together.

How

How eloquent was his silence! "Come, my Edward, your own wife is come to fetch you from this dreary place. Think that happier scenes are in store for us. We will remove you hence. I think I have been to blame." "Oh, no, no, my Cecilia, I, I alone am to blame. I have wronged you, but I never ceased to love you. You forgive me, and I shall die contented." "Talk not so, my Edward, you will live for me." He shook his head, and pressed one of her hands, which he held to his lips in silent thankfulness. For Louisa and myself we could not refrain from weeping in concert over the pathetic scene." And, you Montgomery, do you forgive me too?" I assured him I did. "Then, I have nothing more to ask." Cecilia pressed him now to suffer himself to be removed from this wretched place as soon as possible. He replied, that his debts were to a large amount—that he would not deprive her of a sum sufficient to discharge them, adding, that his death, which was very near, would settle all—that

a prison had no terrors for him, and that the mercy of God was equally to be expected in a prison as in a palace. Cecilia begged him to consent. Louisa and I also joined our intreaties, but nothing could make him alter his resolution. "No, my beloved Cecilia, do not press me. I owe you this proof of love, and it shall be paid." He then requested to see his son, and a messenger being instantly dispatched, the nurse brought him. He took the infant in his arms, and kissed him a thousand times.— Then delivering him to his mother, he put up the following prayer to Heaven in a most pathetic tone, "God of all, who receivest the prayers of the repentant sinner, suffer the supplication of a dying wretch to ascend to thy throne of mercy—his numerous transgressions, oh, Almighty Father, pardon! and his soul reject not from thy presence! Protect, oh, protect, my beloved Cecilia, and may she be an honor and a blessing to all; and for my infant, Edward, oh, be a Father to him when I am gone—permit him

VOL. II. R not

not to feel the loss of his unhappy parent — guard him from error, and, should length of life be his portion, may the retrospect of his conduct never produce on his cheeks the suffusion of shame, or the blush of guilt !” Involuntarily we all knelt round the bed during this prayer, and not an eye was free from tears. The door had been neglected to be shut. A venerable old man entering, immediately, to our surprize, knelt also. — “ I will pray too, (he said,) Heaven knows I have need of prayers.” Edward, careless of his presence, continued his supplications. When he had concluded, the old gentleman started up, and hung over him in silent sorrow for some moments. “ Poor victim of affliction ! (he exclaimed) son of woe ! Thou art near thy destined goal, and thou art happy. Unstained by sin, untainted by vice, thou preservest thy serenity in the moment that shall separate thy soul from thy mortal part ! “ Edward had seen this extraordinary personage before, who had often offered him his assistance. Taking hold of his
hand,

hand, he thanked him for his kindness, and prayed Heaven to return it to him tenfold. Return me no thanks. I deserve none—thou thinkest me humane, and perhaps good. Be convinced that thou art mistaken. I give, because I have much to give. I relieve others to atone for my own sins.—Thou didst offer a prayer for me. Thinkest thou that thy petition will be granted for one, who has violated the parental duties, and suffered a son to experience the miseries of poverty and want.” The old gentleman wiped a tear from his eye. I could not refrain from paying also the tribute of a tear to his pathetic address. He observed me. “Dost thou weep for me? Stranger, thou art more kind than I was to my son. I wept not for him when he knelt to me. I now weep tears of blood. Hast thou a father?” I replied that I had not—that he was dead, but that he lived always in my mind, and that his image was engraven in my heart. The miniature my father had given me at this moment escaped from my shirt,

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having always preserved it fastened round my neck by a ribbon. The old gentleman took hold of it, but no sooner had he cast a glance at it, than he started with the utmost astonishment in his looks. "God of Heaven can it be? It is too much to hope." With an amazing eagerness in his look and manner, he asked me my name. A deep melancholy took possession of his features as soon as I informed him: "It is not. I am deceived, and yet how strong the resemblance. Wretched Clarendon!" I started in my turn. "Clarendon, Sir, is your name, Clarendon." "It is—Hast thou heard of such a wretch before?" "I dropped on my knees, and seized his hand. I asked him if his son's name were Charles. "It was—It was." "Then he was my father, Sir. In his dying moments, on the field of battle, he called me to him, told me that his name was not Montgomery, that he had assumed it on account of the ill usage of his father, whose name was Clarendon, finally he delivered me this miniature of his mother,

ther, and desired me never to take or reveal my name, unless it should be of material service to me." Cecilia, now on her knees, intreated his blessing. I informed him she was my sister. "Oh, offspring of an injured father! Oh, children of a deserted parent! come to my heart, and let me atone for the wrongs I heaped on the head of my son, by my conduct to you both. He then embraced us with great affection, wept and blessed us. Edward and Lady Louisa were in the utmost surprise, the former of whom I presented to him as the husband of his Cecilia, and he received him with great kindness.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

LET-

old girl

LETTER CXLIV.

THE SAME.

TO

THE SAME.

CECILIA now intreated her grand-father to persuade her husband to suffer himself to be released from prison. The old gentleman insisted immediately on discharging his debts, and Edward's consent was almost obtained when the entrance of another person totally absorbed our attention.—A gentleman in the dress of an officer, regardless of ceremony, rushed into the room, and throwing himself on the bed, exclaimed, “My Edward! my Edward! behold your father!” Edward clasped his hands
in

in transport, and his father hiding his face in his bosom, they both wept aloud. "And do I behold my father?" "And do I see my son once more? Oh, bliss ineffable! Oh, exquisite happiness!"—Recovered a little from their emotions, the father surveyed his son with deep sorrow. "And is it thus I see my son? in sickness and in prison!" Edward endeavoured to comfort his father, assured him that he felt much better than he was, that his drooping spirits had been cheered, (and he cast a look of affection at Cecilia) and that his father's presence had infinitely revived him. Eager to know how the Major had escaped from slavery, his son then pressed him to relate to what cause he owed his escape from slavery. The Major consented to his request in the following words: "After the last letter I wrote to you, Edward, I judged that every day would be my last, and prepared myself accordingly. My tyrant several times commanded me to be brought before him, still questioning me whether I preferred my own

religion to the Mahometan. I persisted, and was always ordered back to my dungeon. Weary and tired of life, I anxiously longed for the hour which should deprive me of it, when one evening my dungeon door was opened, and a person entered. I guessed it was the minister of death, and told him I was ready to submit to the fatal stroke. "Christian, you are mistaken, (exclaimed one, whom I instantly knew to be my mistress,) I am come on a better errand. I have this afternoon learnt, that at the dead of night it is intended to dispatch you. My soul recoiled with horror at the infamous design. I resolved if possible to prevent it. There was but one way, which was by flight. The brutality of the tyrant made me also resolve to leave him. I therefore disguised myself as a slave, and securing all the jewels which he had given me in this casket, procured the key of your dungeon. Time is precious—follow me." I eagerly obeyed, and we escaped out of the house unobserved. Two horses were ready saddled.

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These we mounted, and travelled all night, till we come to the sea shore. There we hired a vessel at an extravagant price to carry us to Gibraltar, where we arrived in safety, and instantly engaged with the captain of an English ship on the point of sailing to carry us to England. My generous deliverer had undergone such fatigue and anxiety of mind, that as soon as we set sail from Gibraltar, she was seized with a fever, which proved fatal. In her dying moments she delivered me her casket of jewels, which she said were very valuable, begged my acceptance of them, and secured them to me by a will. On my arrival in England I hastened to the castle, where I found Letitia dead, and you in prison. Astonished and confounded, I hastened back instantly to London, and thank Heaven! have found you here." The Major would have wished to have heard his son's narration in return, but this was delayed till his release. The major not having yet converted his jewels into cash, the debt was discharged by my grandfather,

father, and Edward was soon removed from his wretched apartment. He is now recovering fast, and no doubts are entertained but that he is health will soon be entirely restored. The Major has heard his son's story, and it is not to be doubted but that his tenderness is increased by this proof of filial affection. Cecilia has received his blessing, and he is already remarkably fond of her.— For me, Archer, now that my fortune is equal to that of Louisa, perhaps I may not have longer reason to complain of the severity of my fate. I hope to see you soon in England, to witness the happiness of

HENRY CLARENDON.

LET.

LETTER CXLV.

LOUISA

TO

LAURA.

STRANGE events have happened since I wrote to you last, of which I will defer acquainting you till I see you. Montgomery (now Clarendon) has at length thrown off his reserve and studied silence, and whispered in my ear a tale, which is not the *most disagreeable* I ever heard. Laura, the cause of his behaviour was owing to his fear, lest, should he offer himself, his conduct might be imputed to interested motives. I tell him, that therefore to please the world, he consented to make two persons miserable. Adieu! Your happy, happy,

LOUISA,

LET-

LETTER CXVI.

HUMPHREY CLARENDON, ESQ.

TO

WILLIAM NETERVILLE, ESQ.

OH, wondrous mercy of God! I have discovered the children of my injured son. I have been the means of restoring them to happiness. My heart is eased of its woes, and its burthen is lightened. Hasten over to England, and devote the remainder of your life to friendship, and

HUMPHREY CLARENDON.

LET-

LETTER CXLVII.

EDWARD

TO

THE REV. MR. STAFFORD.

FROM the depth of misery to the height of happiness am I exalted. My Cecilia is restored to me. My father is released from captivity, and no longer a wretched inhabitant of the *Fleet prison* is your

EDWARD UMPHREVILLE.

LET-

LETTER CXLVIII.

CECILIA

TO

ELIZA.

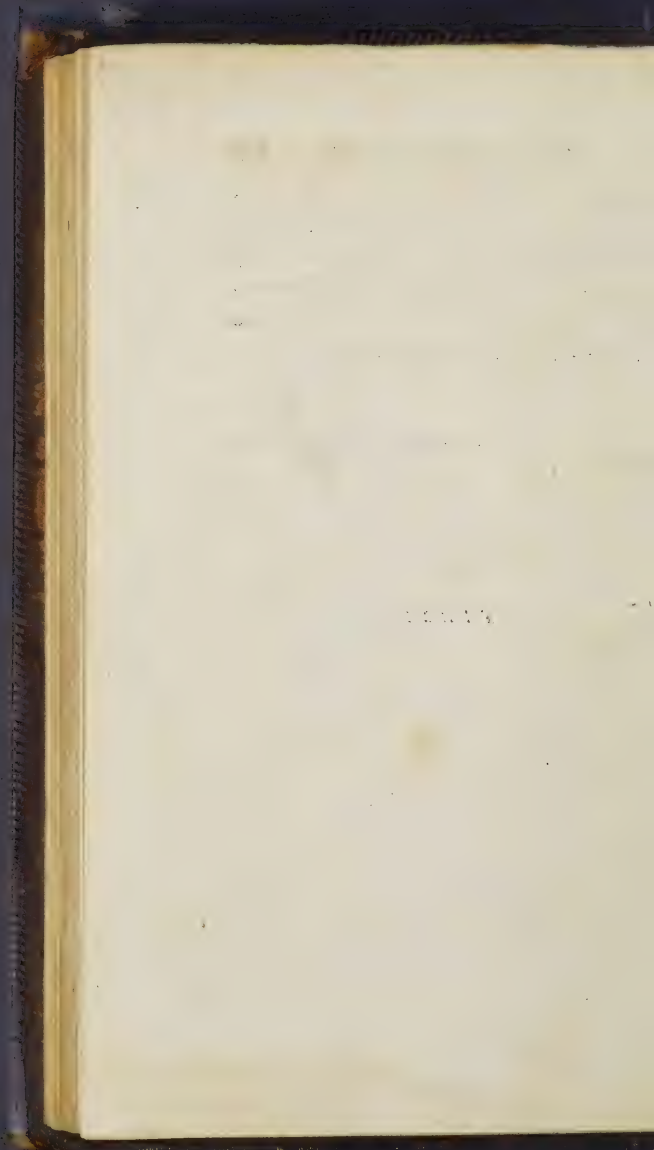
HENCEFORTH let not misery despair. No situation is so wretched, as not to admit of hope. My Eliza, I thought myself doomed to eternal woe, and behold the prospect around me barren and desolate. My sight was that of a weak mortal. God has removed the dreary view, and placed the most enchanting one before me. My Edward is recovered from his illness, and worthy of my fondest affection. I have found a grandfather also. Hereafter

3 / you

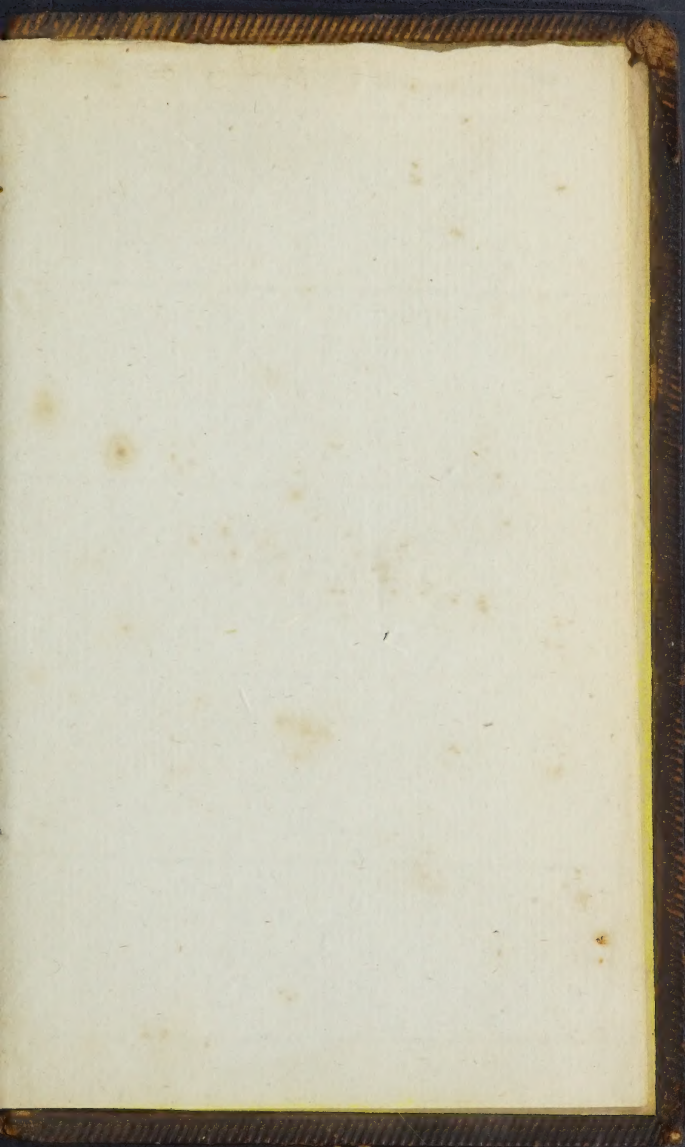
you shall know the strange event that occasioned the discovery. Your Cecilia is possessed of every wish of her heart, and lowly does she bend in grateful thankfulness to him "who suffereth not the sigh of the wretched to come to him in vain."

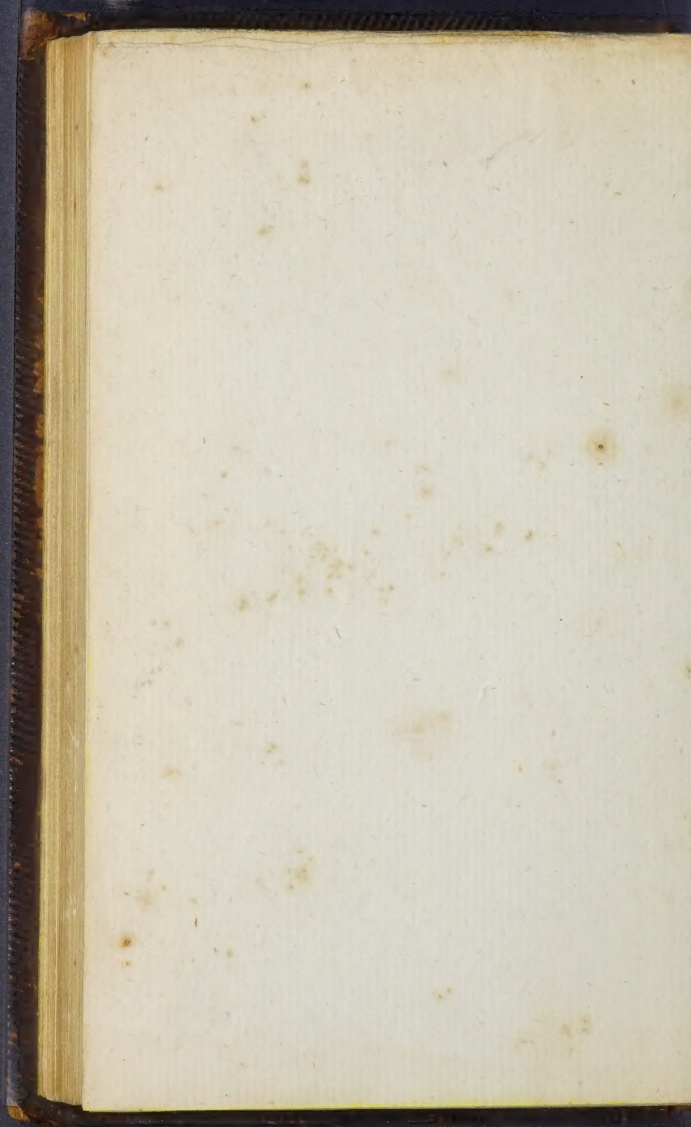
CECILIA UMPHREVILLE.

FINIS.









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